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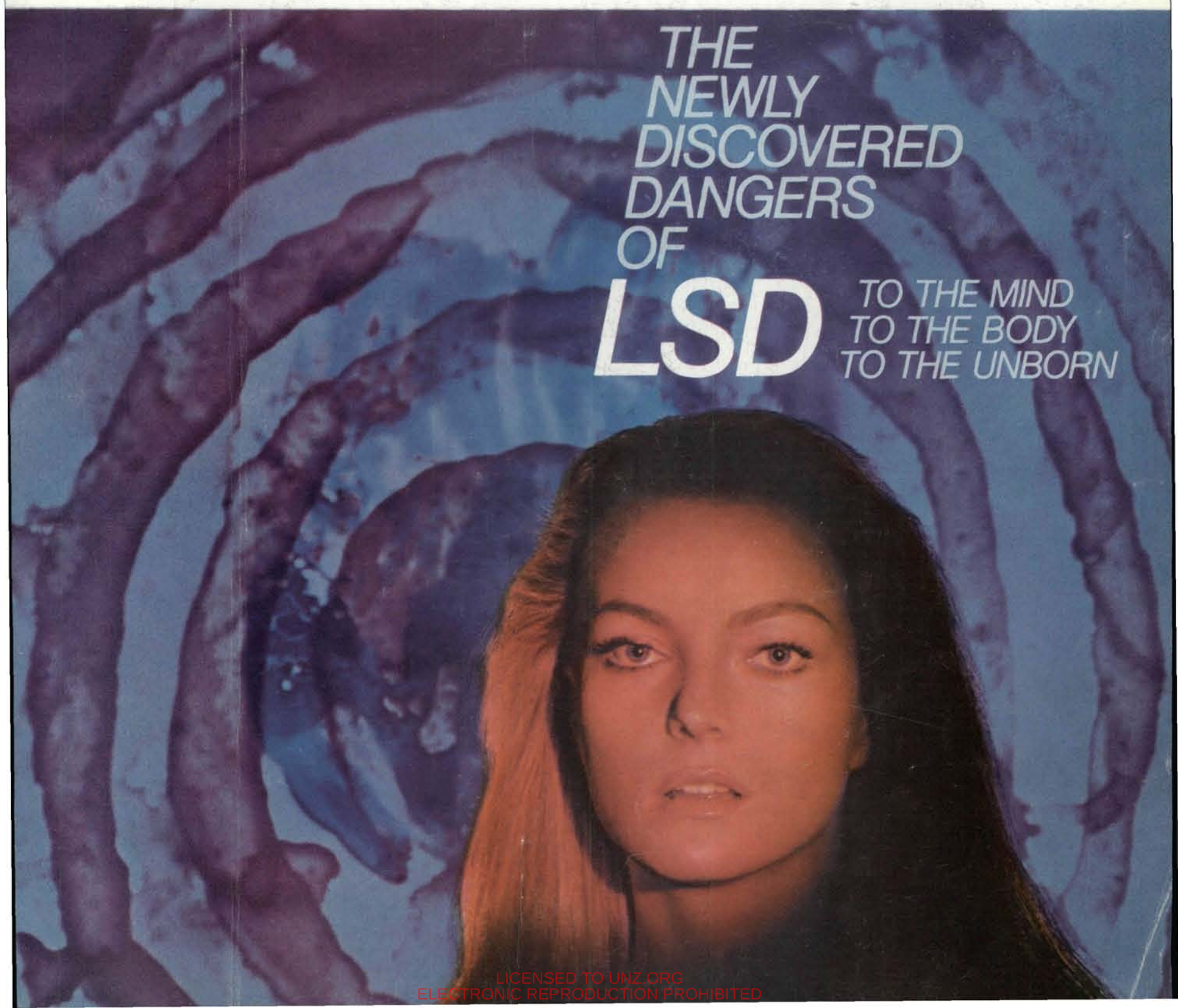

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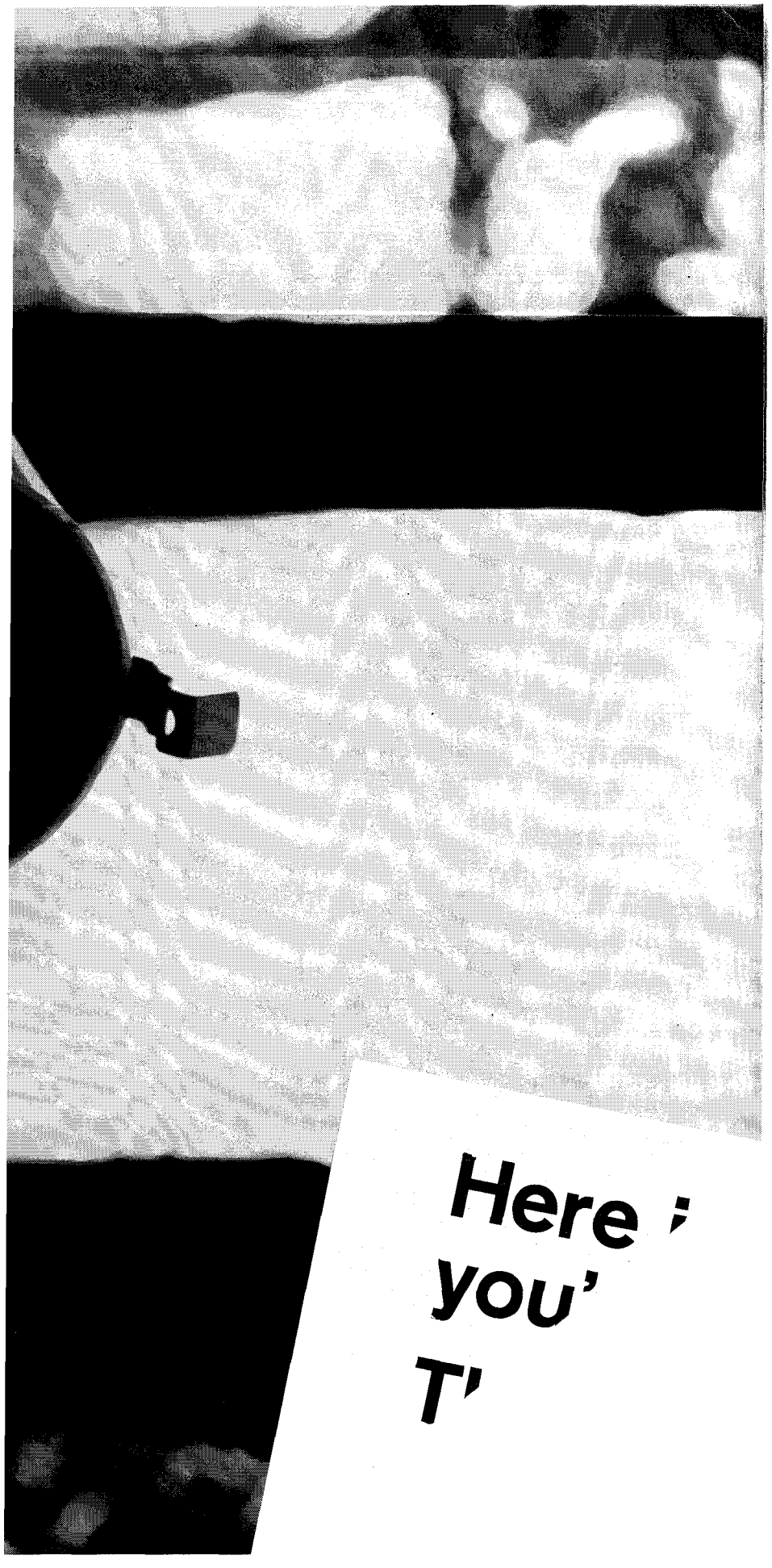

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More traction, safer cornering, better braking.

When the ordinary tires that come on most new cars are worn bald, The Sears Steel Radial Tire is just getting its second wind.

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• • •

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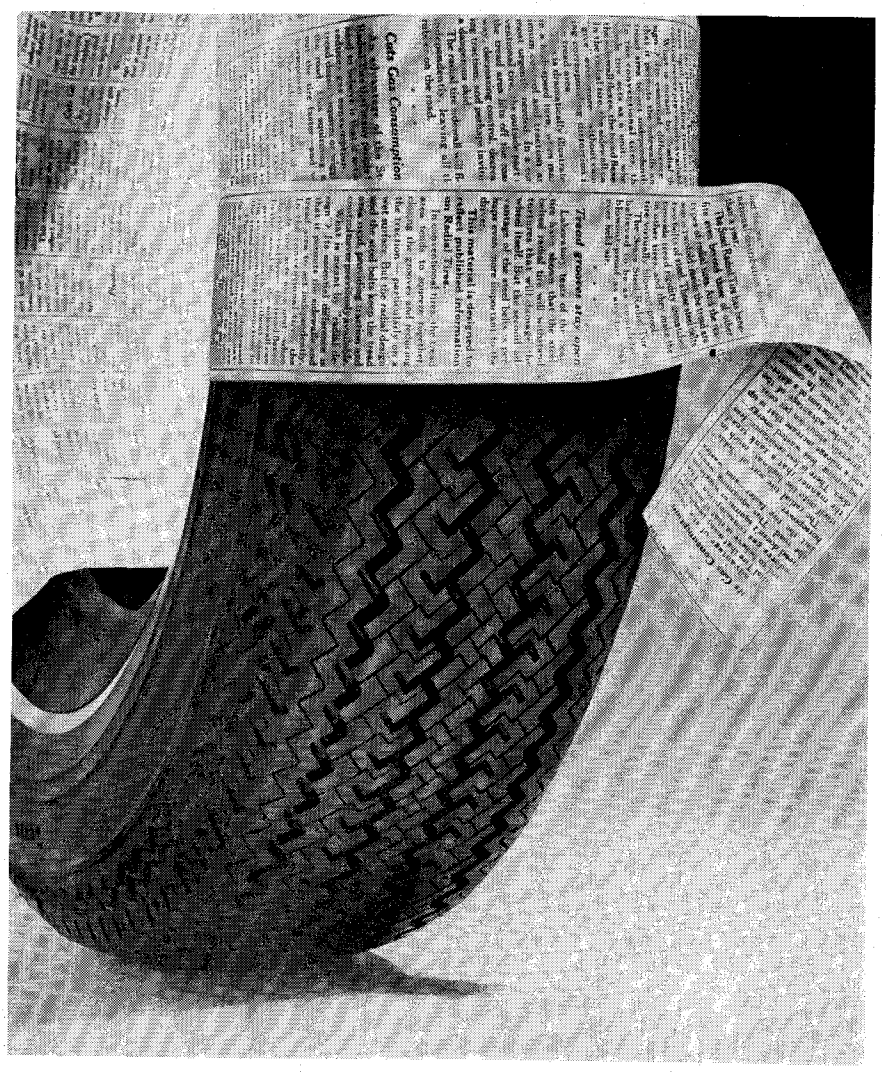

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The Saturday Evening
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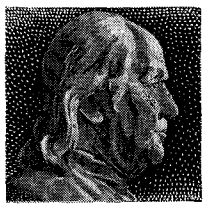

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From the Editor

At the end of a 1,000-mile automobile trip with my five children and two cats, I have come to one conclusion. The scientists are right: Time and space do interpenetrate, and at the point of interpenetration curious things happen to the human beings involved. Our recent ride from Larchmont, N. Y., to Tate Mountain, Ga., provided perfect conditions for the study of what happens to people and pets stuffed into a sealed environment and propelled at a high rate of speed for the better part of two days.

Scientists like Konrad Lorenz have observed that individual birds in a flock never come nearer to each other than a certain "minimum distance." Starlings strung out on a telephone wire will peck furiously at each other if this minimum distance is violated. Larger animals on game preserves become vicious and destructive of their own kind if they are overcrowded. During the summer, crowded slums provide strikingly similar patterns of human violence. Now it becomes apparent that the ordinary American family can approximate the conditions in a slum, a game preserve or even a spaceship merely by packing a good number of children and pets into a car and taking off on a vacation.

No spaceship bound for the moon has to be more perfectly packed than the family car. Tennis rackets, shotguns, typewriters and large plastic ducks do not naturally ride well together. The dispositions of the human beings involved in travel are even more complicated. Personalities, tempers, dozens of habits and sizes of feet have to be matched seat by seat. No matter how many pains you take, individual distances are violated, aggressions are expressed, and the battle in the back seat is joined. But, there is one preventive.

If you insist that your car-bound children eat great quantities of ice, it will tend to cool tempers and snuff aggression. You can also use ice to restore a wilting driver by clapping a large piece to the back of his neck just when he seems to be dozing off. The shock is so electric that the victim may drag the state-police car in the next lane without meaning to.

The pressures of heat, traffic and distemper tend to squeeze the essence from characters involved at high speed, revealing all sorts of things. After a few hours on the highway parents get a clearer view of their children, and from the looks in their eyes, children return the compliment. The family that travels together may not stay together, but they have a better understanding of each other while the unit maintains.

Bill Emerson

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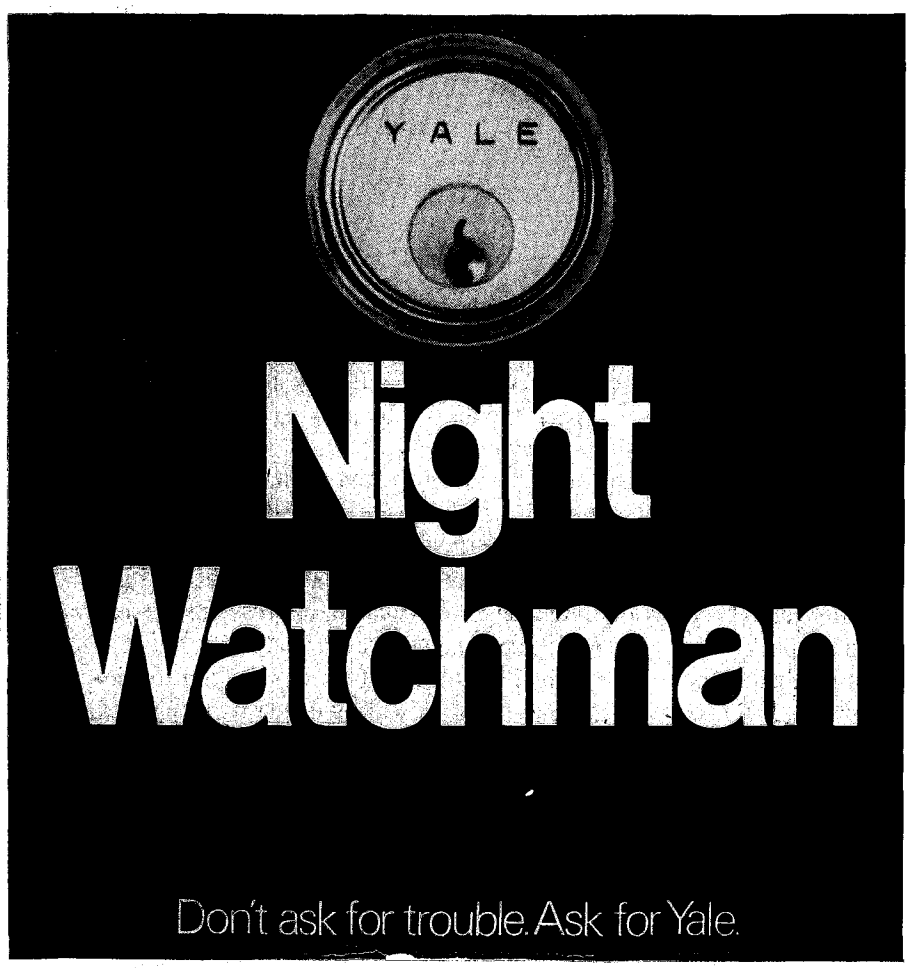

Letters

Abolish the draft?

Dear Sir:

I am sure a lot of people, at least among those I know, have been thinking along the lines suggested by Sen. Mark O. Hatfield in his article, THE DRAFT SHOULD BE ABOLISHED, in your July 1 issue. I am grateful to the senator for his SPEAKING OUT and to you for affording him the opportunity to do so.

REV. S. LESLIE REID
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Hurrah for statesmen like Mark Hatfield living at a time when just such "real and factual" thinking is desperately needed. We seem to be a nation that is more concerned with what is effective than what is right, a nation that thinks a government is an establishment for the people to serve without question or dissent instead of an establishment to serve the people. What a subtle way for a nation to lose the freedom it might think it is fighting for.

MRS. B. F. LOEWEN
Brownwood, Tex.

Sir:

The suggestion that we should depend exclusively on a professional and voluntary military to implement our national policy seems stultifying and degrading. How did we achieve and preserve our liberty?—not by ignoring the self-perpetuating principle that American citizenship obligates every able-bodied male to bear arms.

COL. R. L. GREENE, USA-RET.
Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Our young generation is now unable to plan for any future after high school, and their lives have become a hopeless, chaotic state of restlessness—and this poses far more threat and danger to this country and its strength than any mythical invasion.

MILDRED G. DEEM
Chillicothe, Ohio

Dear Editors:

When a government decides it knows better than you do what is best for you, it sounds like Russia! This country, the people and their government, must *motivate* rather than *force* its young men to fight for it.

DENNIS M. MILLER
Columbiana, Ohio

World of a surfer

Dear Sir:

After reading the article by Phil Edwards in the July 1 *Post*, I have come to the conclusion that 'YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE AN HOUR AGO' is the best article ever written about surfing and the feelings of a surfer—and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it.

DIANNE VEILLON
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

I'm a housewife whose primary experience with water is in the puddles from her basement washing machine; but when Phil Edwards told about riding down that closed tube of a wave—in "a whirling cathedral; immense, overpowering, somehow quiet"—I could feel exactly what he was talking about. Vicarious or not, it was still a thrill.

CATHLEEN MACKEY
Omaha, Nebr.

Hells Canyon

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed John Skow's article FAREWELL TO HELLS CANYON [July 1]. I have traveled this area often and am acquainted with some of the people and many of the places mentioned in the article.

It makes me very sad to know this area will be covered with water.

LE ROY S. PARRIS
Portland, Oreg.

Gentlemen:

In John Skow's article he implied that the High Mountain Sheep Dam is inevitable. It is not. A small but growing number of Idahoans is determined that this state shall preserve some of the natural beauty and wild rivers that are becoming so rare.

We feel that the Bureau of Reclamation (perhaps it should be called the Bureau-to-Wreck-Our-Nation) has outlived its usefulness. Nuclear power plants can provide us the electricity we need at competitive prices without destroying something that is irreplaceable—one of the most awesome and beautiful canyons on earth, and its wild river.

BOYD E. NORTON
Idaho Falls, Idaho

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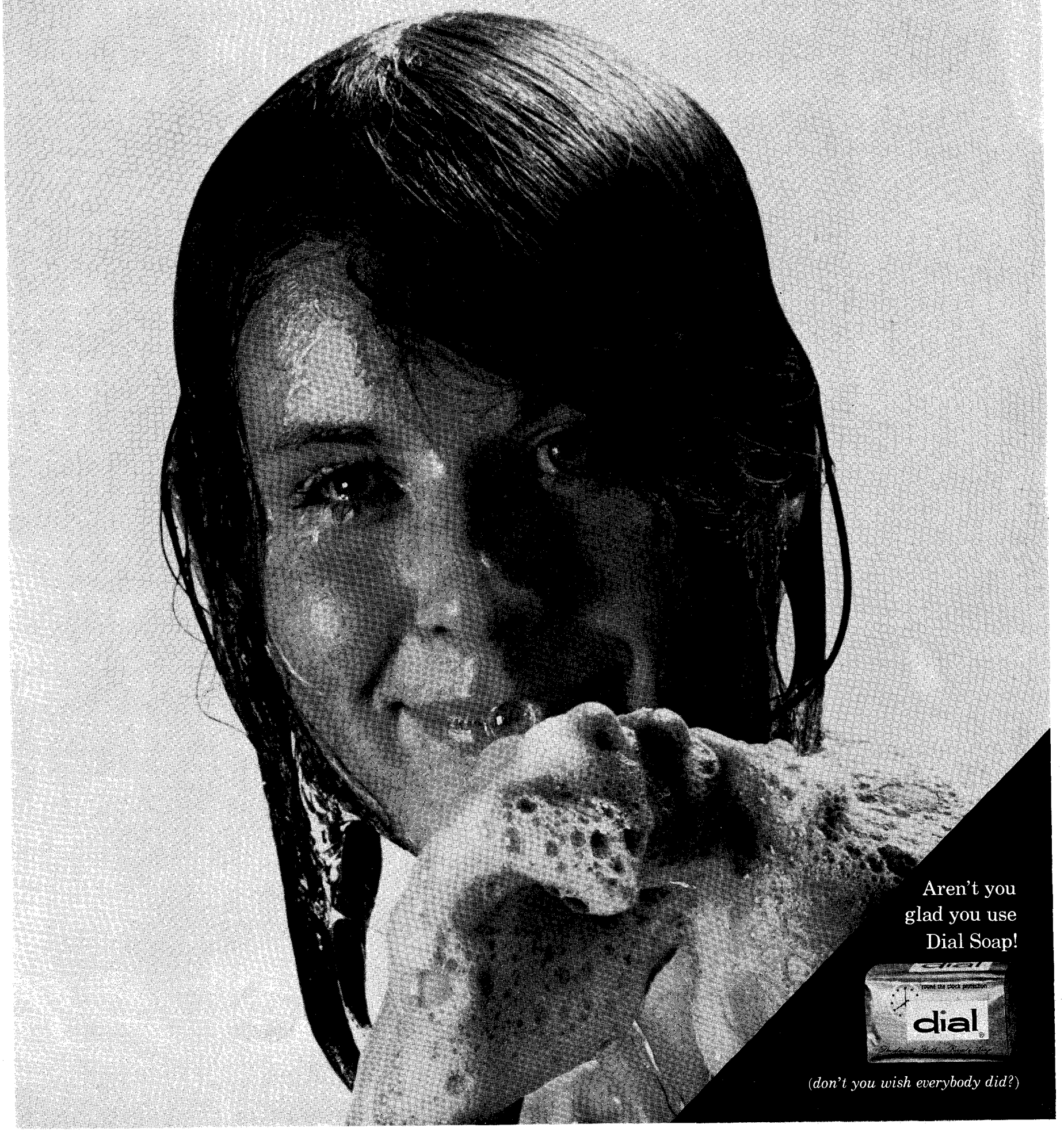

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"Please take care of my sister..."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(And if you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Taiwan, India, Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

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Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

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☐ Please send me more information

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Letters

Mind of a murderer

Dear Editor:

Your article on Richard Speck [THE MIND OF A MURDERER by Jack Altman and Marvin Ziporyn, M.D., July 1–July 15] was one more feature to add to the laurels of the *Post*. The article places the reader as close as he could possibly be to the events leading to and culminating in this shocking tragedy.

GEORGE COX
Munhall, Pa.

Sir:

There is enough violence and destruction in the world without your July 1 cover of Richard Speck to remind a person of it.

MRS. F. V. KENYON
Anaheim, Calif.

Dear Sir:

There is no possible consolation for the price paid by these innocent victims, but the retaliation of a death sentence only elevates this grave tragedy to a regretfully higher zenith.

PASQUALE VESCIO
Brattleboro, Vt.

Editors:

"I will pass my life in purity and practice my profession faithfully"—twelve words of the Florence Nightingale oath which eight young girls never pledged because they were brutally and viciously murdered. And we are told by your July 1 editorial [THE MIND OF A MURDERER] that "the murderer is as human as any of us, and his crime may even be his desperate attempt to assert that humanity."

The commandment was given: "Thou shalt not kill." The murders were inexcusable.

MARJA WALDON, R.N.
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sir:

I still find it hard to understand why a few psychiatrists such as Dr. Ziporyn feel it necessary to spend many hours probing the mind of an alcoholic, psychopathic killer obviously beyond the point of rehabilitation, when they could spend a fraction of that time ministering to the thousands of mental patients who could be cured, if only there were enough competent psychiatrists to treat them.

DR. J. A. COOVER
Hastings, Nebr.

California's Reagan

Dear Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Gov. Ronald Reagan by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak [NOW THAT REAGAN IS GOVERNOR, HOW'S HE DOING? July 1] and felt that it was well done and factual. However, I do not know on what information Messrs. Evans and Novak base their assertions that Reagan has *not* lost his popularity in California—I wish to categorically state that in my opinion he is losing ground every day.

F. HUNTER
Inglewood, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I couldn't wait to find out what your esteemed writers would come up with about Ronald Reagan's administration, one which has hardly had time to get off the ground. Heavens, you *are* overanxious—give the guy a chance, can't you?

LUCILLE STEWART
Cincinnati, Ohio

Editor:

If a Pulitzer Prize category existed for the most biased article of the year, I'm sure you would walk away with it in grand style. The only competition you might receive for such a prize would be LBJ writing a character reference for Bobby Kennedy.

BILL CORDONNIER
San Jose, Calif.

Editor:

Reagan's supporters say that a "prairie fire" may sweep the country to make Reagan the Republican nominee in 1968. Let the Republican firemen put out the blaze, lest we be consumed—the White House should not be a kindergarten for statesmanship.

EVELYN CRANE
Hollywood, Calif.

From the editor

Dear Sir:

Bill Emerson let a bluebird out of the sack with his July 1 FROM THE EDITOR column. Glad to see that he'll be writing these often.

MIKE DIXON
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Editor:

"The truth" you speak of in your editor's column has the hide of a chameleon—and the light of change makes it so. It is subject, therefore, to the times and minds through which it passes. The truth is reality reported with integrity.

Your declaration is commendable. Who could ask for more?

SARAH HOWARD
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sir:

To get at the truth or the reality of a subject is no easy task, but you are trying hard to do so in the *Post*. More power to you!

REV. LEON SAURAGEAN
Willimansett, Mass.

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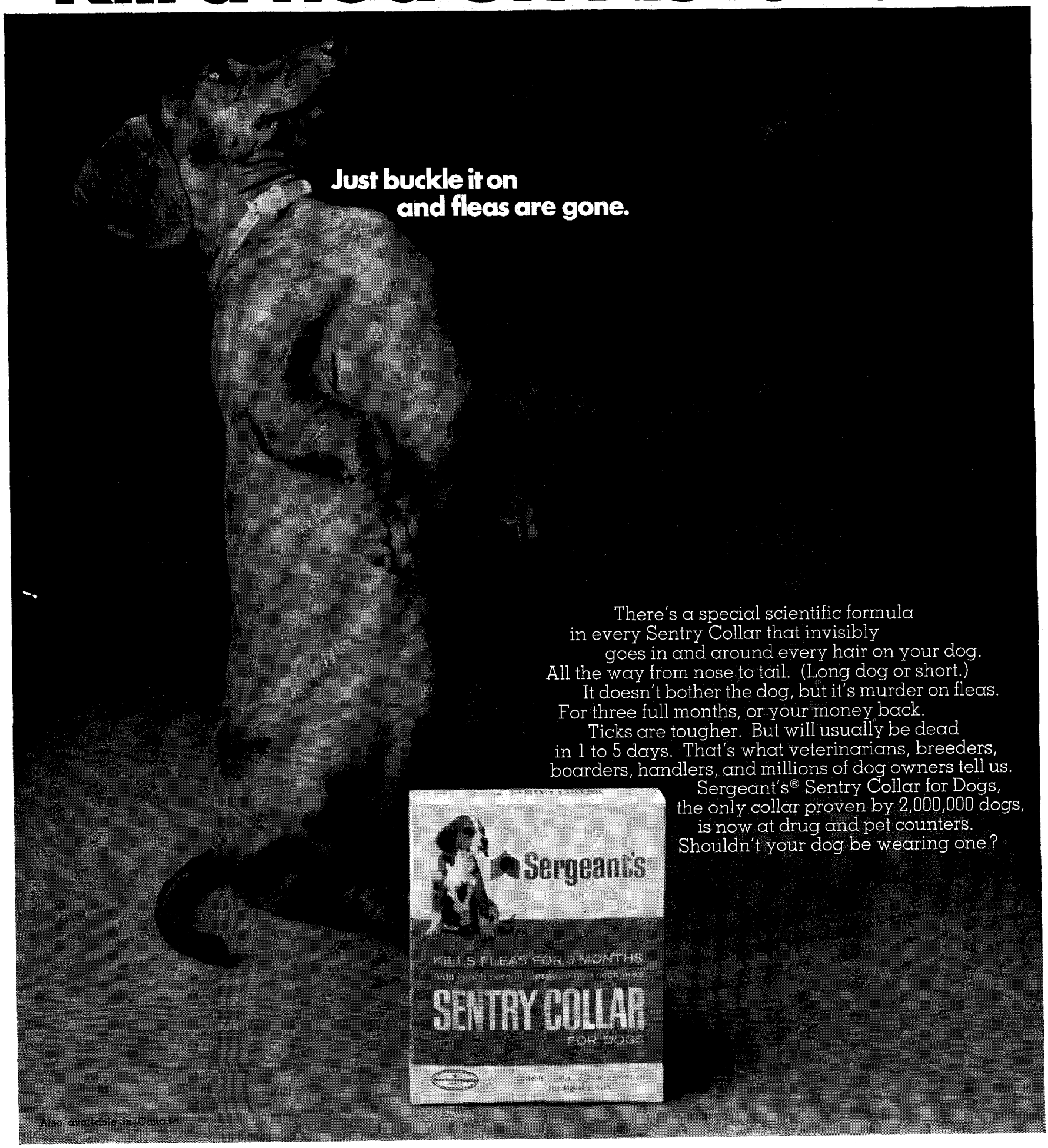
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It doesn't bother the dog, but it's murder on fleas.
For three full months, or your money back.
Ticks are tougher. But will usually be dead
in 1 to 5 days. That's what veterinarians, breeders,
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is now at drug and pet counters.
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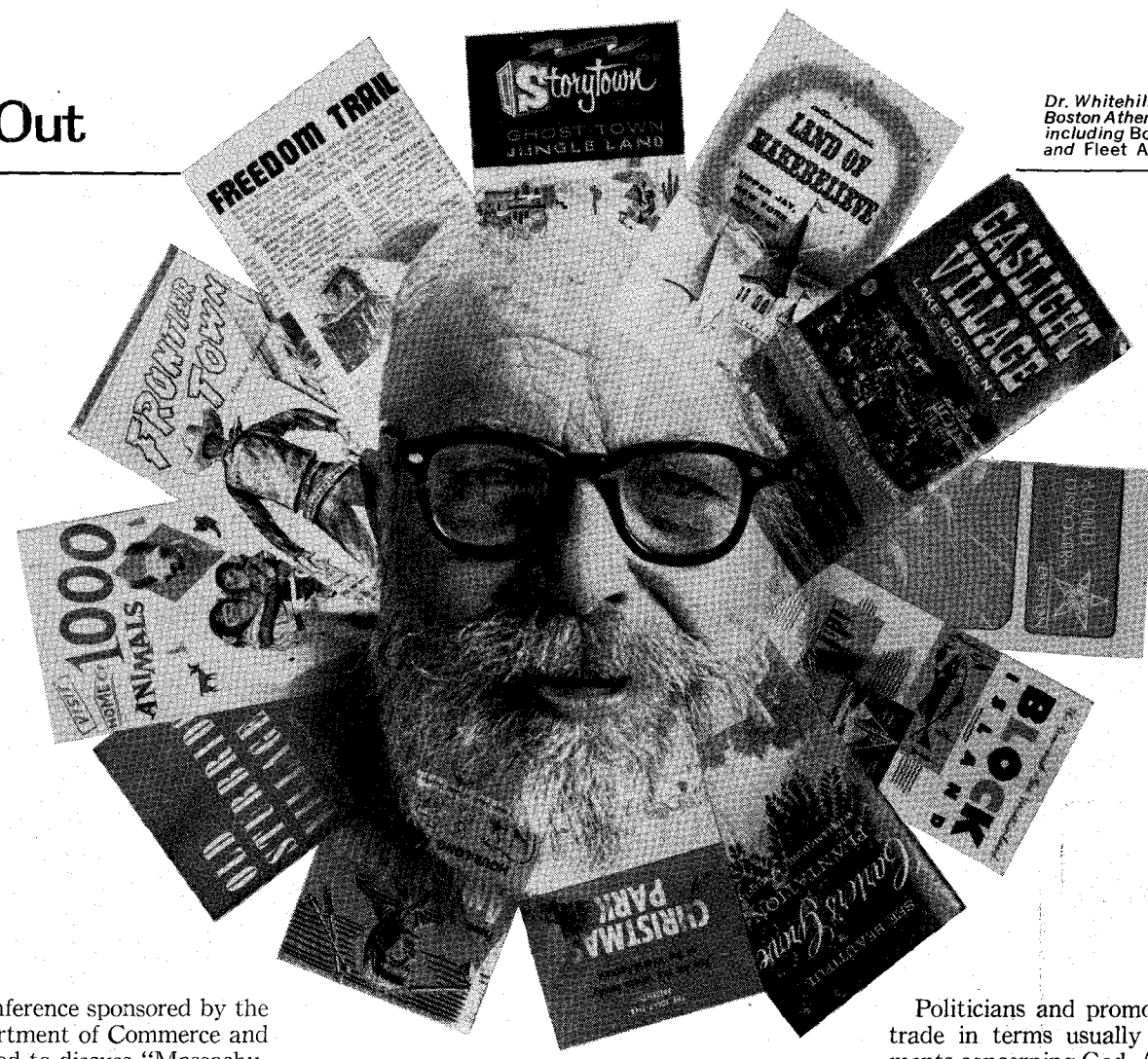

TOURIST, STAY HOME!

by Walter Muir Whitehill

Dr. Whitehill is director of the Library of the Boston Athenaeum and author of many books, including Boston: A Topographical History, *and* Fleet Admiral King, A Naval Record.

Last November, at a conference sponsored by the Massachusetts Department of Commerce and Development, I was billed to discuss "Massachusetts' Historic Resources and the Tourist Trade." The election was over, and the conference was not a political rally but a serious attempt to gather facts, and thus I had no alternative to candor. I had to state that even while I am deeply and inextricably involved in the preservation and support of the resources of Massachusetts, with emphasis on the historic ones, I have as little enthusiasm for the tourist trade as devout persons are supposed to have for the Devil.

This statement raised a lively hubbub. A public official described listening to my address as a "traumatic experience." A Boston newspaper reporter suggested that I be placed in the stocks on Boston Common, adding that "the stocks would be justified because Dr. Whitehill smokes a pipe and has a bushy beard, and if the spectacle could be thrown open to public inspection it should serve as quite a tourist attraction in itself."

Dr. Whitehill in stocks, puffing his pipe and perhaps setting fire to his beard, might well attract hordes of gawkers from faraway places, and this is precisely the sort of activity against which I wish to protest. The tourist trade has developed a mystique of the kind that makes folly possible and even likely. Touring seems to have become a patriotic duty that only a clod would fail to respect.

The United Nations has designated 1967 as International Tourist Year with the slogan "tourism is the passport to peace," and even within the United States, where peace requires no passport, drums are being beaten with increasing fervor for the promotion of the tourist trade. We have it on the word of our President that a good American will go forth and tour America.

In my own state of Massachusetts tourism is boasted about as a $1.2 billion business, the second largest industry. Gov. Mills E. Godwin Jr. of Virginia, tourist hunting last fall in New York, presented to a group of travel writers the happy news that for the first time his state's travel-promotion budget had risen to as much as one million dollars. Early in February the Walt Disney Co. announced that it would outdo its California extravaganza, Disneyland, by building a $100 million entertainment center in central Florida, and almost immediately the repercussions were felt as far away as Bangor, Maine. In that city, a newspaper took notice of the new Disney project and cried accusingly: "What is Vacationland Maine doing about building up its recreational industry?" Supplying its own answer, the paper suggested construction of a Bunyanland—a museum "depicting the state's colorful lumbering history."

The Essex County Tourist Council praises its own corner of Massachusetts thus: "No other section of America offers so much of the old and the new—historical shrines unlimited, the birth of our Republic unfolded on every side. . . ." Such boasts are heard in every section of the nation. In return for his money, the tourist is assured he will be educated, uplifted and even amused, for, we are often told, "history is fun" when "relived" on the spot where it happened, or "re-created" in the restorations that have sprung up all over the country. Thus tourism comes to be accepted as an article of national faith. In fact, it is not only a silly activity, as a rule, but actually can be quite destructive to the sites that are exploited to attract visitors.

Let me make it clear that I agree there is nothing objectionable in people traveling, especially if they have a serious reason to go elsewhere or simply don't like being where they are. But the "tourist" is a different species from the "traveler"; indeed, he represents a quite new idea, involving the movement of millions of people, usually for idle reasons, to trample on and deface lands where they are not wanted by most of the residents.

Politicians and promoters speak of the tourist trade in terms usually reserved for pronouncements concerning God. And yet to tell the citizens of a region which is to be swarmed over by casual, disinterested and often barbaric armies of strangers that they should be *pleased* by the invasion is diabolic. To me, the tourist trade is indeed one of the inventions of the Devil, as skillfully disguised as the gifts Mephistopheles offered Faust. Any region that encourages it, and is satisfied with the results, has lost its soul beyond recovery.

True, tourists bring money, but only for a limited and specialized part of the population—and very likely not a part that actually cares about the region in any serious way. It is a delusion that tourists help history to survive by supporting the historic buildings and areas they visit. Even where admission fees are charged, the sums received from large crowds seldom meet even the expenses of looking after these crowds and protecting the objects exhibited from their depredations.

Mount Vernon and Monticello are the only two historic houses known to me that are completely maintained in excellent style solely by the admission fees. These are exceptional cases. Not only are they the homes of our first and third Presidents but they are extraordinarily attractive buildings set in situations of great natural beauty, and their former occupants get a lot of publicity with their likenesses on coins and postage stamps.

Yet even the "success" of these places has its considerable drawbacks. When, several years ago I last went to Mount Vernon, at the opening hour on a rainy Sunday morning in October, the house resembled a New York subway at rush hour. Solid lines of people were shuffling through, pressed forward inexorably, with little chance to look at anything; the idea that these tourists were learning about history or enjoying themselves is farcical.

With many historic houses and museums having a hard time for funds, it is tempting to believe that if they had *more* visitors their financial problems would be solved. The fact is that more visitors simply bring more expense than they will pay for. Moreover, as increased revenue is dissipated in providing more guards, more toilets, more parking space, the last state of that institution is worse than the first. It can hardly be claimed seriously that when a historic site is turned into a comfor

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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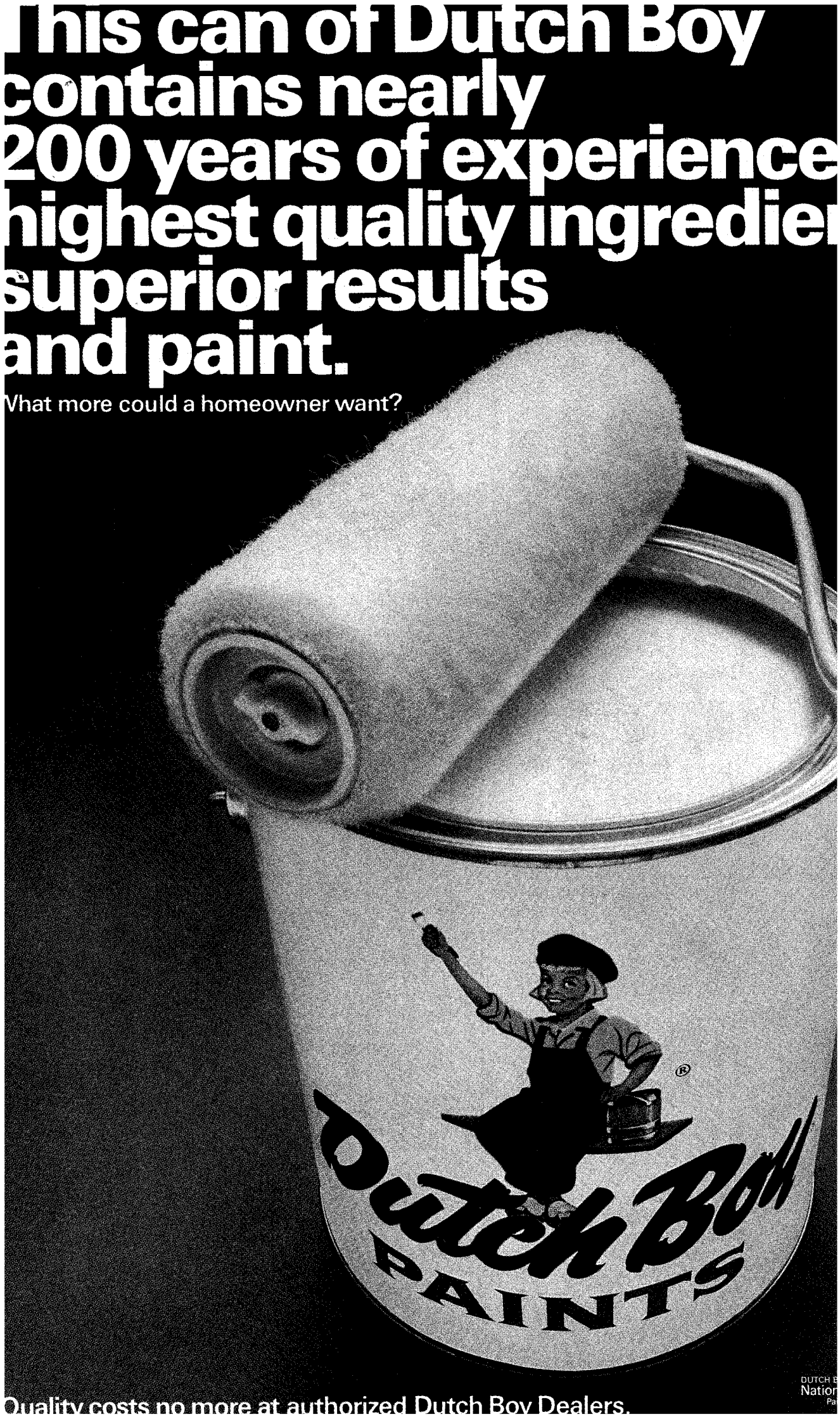

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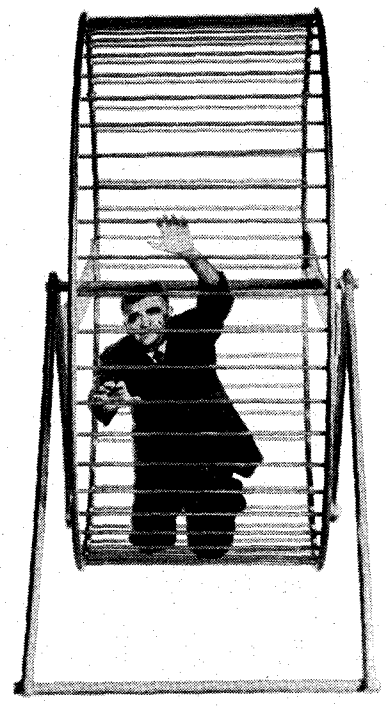

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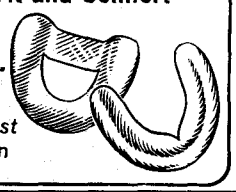
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Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia is the ultimate proof that great numbers of visitors do not bring profit, or even self-sufficiency. It is the largest and most richly endowed historical institution in the country, and is admirably managed. It drew over one million visitors last year, who left something over $14 million. Yet without an endowment of over $50 million, given largely by the late John D. Rockefeller Jr., continued operation of Williamsburg on its present level would be impossible. Since this is the case with the most attractive and best-operated historic site, what in the name of heaven would be gained by smaller institutions in seeking to draw more people? And why should people have to submit to seeing their regions overrun, their highways turned into a claptrap clutter and their historic buildings worn out?

That tourist dollars can make an impact on local economic statistics is indisputable, but this "achievement" comes about only to the profit of the minority who find a way to profit from the visitors, and at the expense of most of the residents and to the detriment of the scenery and history that are being exploited. Unless protected rigorously, scenes of great natural beauty or legitimate historic sites often inspire the commercially avid to produce the most grotesque fakery in order to catch the tourist dollar. In the Adirondack Mountains in New York, for instance, the shores of Lake George and Lake Champlain are of breathtaking beauty, while Fort Ticonderoga, which guarded the water route from Albany to Montreal when Canada was still French, is a vivid reminder of colonial wars. All this *is* educational, as well as beautiful. But this is not enough for the tourist trappers. In this same area, one may return to childhood by seeing Storytown, U.S.A., "where your favorite nursery rhymes come to life," or the "Wild West" at Ghost Town, site of "exciting shows and outlaw action of the 1880's." There is also Jungle Land, "for an adventure on a Safari," and Gaslight Village on Lake George, while farther north one reaches North Pole, "Home of Santa's Workshop." I do not find the situation very different from an African scene Alan Moorehead presents in his engaging travel book, *No Room in the Ark*. He tells how a group of befeathered Watusi put on a war dance for a party of 20 foreigners, for a payment of £25. Another group of Watusi, in white shorts and striped sweaters, passed by on their return from a football match, looking considerably more cheerful than both their bedizened countrymen and the visitors. One surely leaves the Watusi country, as one leaves those Adirondack shores, applying to those who batten on the tourist trade the words of the prophet Jeremiah: 'But when ye entered, ye defiled my land, and made mine heritage an abomination."

And what does the tourist get for the $22.9 billion he is pressured and tricked into spending in this country each year? If he has familiarized himself with the history, geology, botany or any other aspect of the region he visits, he may profit—provided the vagrant hordes don't get in the way. If he comes solely because he has been enticed by the tales about how thrilling a tourist's life can be, and knows the world chiefly from Hollywood and television, the chances of his returning home richer in knowledge are invisible.

This becomes particularly clear in cities and other areas that have a well-established economic life of their own, so that a financial case for the tourist trade is more difficult to make than in underdeveloped regions. In Boston several years ago a group of advertising men seeking to promote tourism marked a route through the city that linked the principal buildings associated with colonial and Revolutionary history. They dubbed this the Freedom Trail. The name strikes me as unfortunate, for "trail" hardly suggests a route along crowded sidewalks in a city's business district. Nevertheless, thousands of visitors each year doggedly follow the Freedom Trail signs. Mrs. Ropes Cabot, curator of the Bostonian Society, which maintains the Old State House, remarked last year: "My respect for American sightseers grows as they follow the numbered route religiously, complete with babes in arms, children of all ages and newly acquired Boston bean pots." When these people get to the Paul Revere House, they find that the building is so small that they must shuffle in one door and right out another. I presume Revere would have galloped straight away from such a ludicrous scene on his very fast horse.

Perhaps the best solution is to tell the truth and steer the tourist to something that he *really* wants to see, thus sparing him the boredom of historic houses about which he usually knows little and cares less, while simultaneously protecting the residents of historic regions from being overrun and saving history itself from the sort of ruin that mobs can bring. Honesty is involved, and the facts were clearly delineated not long ago in the *Boston Globe*, when sports-writer Bud Collins suggested that, as the Freedom Trail was overcrowded, an alternative genuinely attractive to tourists should be set up. The new route, Collins urged, would have a truly popular name: the Brink's Trail.

"This would appeal to a new generation of Americans," Collins wrote, "who think of Boston not as the home of Paul Revere but as the location of the Brink's job"—a reference to the stunning $2.8 million holdup of an armored car company in 1950. Collins outlines an admirable set of tourist sights. He includes the State Hospital at Bridgewater, home of the reputed Boston Strangler. His trail concludes with "The Fence, between Train Street and Victory Road, Dorchester. This is a real tourist attraction. In avoiding Trigger Burke's machine gun in 1954, Specs O'Keefe set a world high-jump record of 8 feet 3 inches over the fence." Burke and O'Keefe had been involved in the Brink's job, but had a falling-out, and one can see the gleam in the tourists' eyes as the guide concludes his discussion of this historic site with a punch line—to quote Collins again: "Even motivated by Burke's machine gun, O'Keefe never believed he could get so high sober." Surely the typical tourist would prefer to view The Fence rather than some old house distinguished only by the fact that some man who helped make our history had slept there.

Walter Muir Whitehill

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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The revival of Rockefeller

NEW YORK:

The current clichés about leading politicians tell at least as much about their real situation as their standings in the polls. The current cliché about Nelson Rockefeller runs about like this: "Nelson would have the best chance of winning, and he'd probably make the best President. But of course he can't be nominated."

The first half of this cliché is being said so often—even by conservative Republicans—that it is beginning to cast a certain doubt on the second half. The second half, to be sure, seems perfectly logical. It is easy to demonstrate why Rockefeller "can't be nominated."

More than a quarter of the delegates to next year's Republican convention will come from southern states which are sure to send down-the-line, right-wing, Goldwaterite delegates to the convention. These people would walk out rather than accept Nelson Rockefeller as their candidate. Thus Rockefeller would have to get the votes of more than two thirds of the other delegates—and given the strength of the Goldwater conservatives outside the South, that is simply impossible. Q.E.D. As Barry Goldwater says: "Rockefeller's *dead*."

But is he?

Nelson Rockefeller has been dead before, but he has shown a remarkable aptitude for resuscitation. Only two years ago he seemed to be not only dead but buried. His standing in the polls in his native New York State was abysmal. Sen. Jacob Javits and other fellow Republicans were trying to nudge him right out of the political picture. But then, as Rockefeller says, "I got mad." After he got mad, he was triumphantly reelected governor. And now, all of a sudden, a great many Republicans are beginning to wonder out loud whether Nelson Rockefeller might not be their best presidential bet after all.

Over and over, in public and in private, with a seeming sincerity and even a certain passion, Nelson Rockefeller insists that he is not a candidate and will not become a candidate. Sure, he says, he tried for the nomination in 1960, and he tried harder in 1964. But now "something's happened," and he just doesn't want it anymore. His candidate is George Romney, and his candidate will continue to be George Romney.

But what if the Romney candidacy collapses? The question is what Franklin Roosevelt called "iffy," and Rockefeller wisely ducks it. But it has obviously occurred to him, and to a lot of other people too.

One old pro to whom the question has occurred puts the answer this way: "If Romney collapses, Nelson will have to say to himself, 'I'll go for Chuck Percy, or I'll go for me.' " Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois is widely regarded as the fall-back candidate of the Rockefeller-led "moderates." Percy rather pallidly supported Goldwater in 1964, and Goldwater likes him personally, as do other Republican conservatives, which is why Percy may emerge as the compromise candidate next year. But to become the compromise candidate, he needs the support of Rockefeller and his allies. And it is not at all certain that, given the choice described above, Rockefeller would "go for Chuck."

Personal relationships play as important a part as issues and ideologies in the peculiar process by which presidential candidates are chosen (consider, for example, the mutual dislike of Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy, or Barry Goldwater's unrelenting bitterness toward Rockefeller). The relationship between Rockefeller and Percy is an interesting one.

In his drive for the nomination in 1964, Nelson Rockefeller at first considered Percy, who was running for governor of Illinois, an important Midwestern ally. Percy was a personal friend and a business associate—he had been made a director of the Rockefeller-run Chase Manhattan Bank. Several months before the 1964 convention, Rockefeller made a delegate-hunting foray into Illinois, which was Goldwater country.

In a calculated slap in the face, all the Illinois Republican leaders treated Rockefeller as though he had some dreadful and communicable disease. They refused to appear at his rallies, or even to be photographed shaking his hand. Conspicuous among the absentees was Charles Percy.

At the time, Rockefeller was furious—not long afterward, Percy resigned as a Chase director. Nowadays Rockefeller says tolerantly that he knows Percy was in a difficult position politically. The two men are relations by marriage, since Percy's daughter married Rockefeller's nephew. Rockefellers take their family seriously, and he and Percy are friendly. But Rockefellers take their pride seriously too, and they are unaccustomed to snubs. Percy's snub has by no means been forgotten.

Rockefeller would no doubt "go for Chuck" if Percy were the only alternative to either Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan. But the time could come when Rockefeller himself was the only practical alternative to Reagan, and if that time came, there is very little doubt that Rockefeller would "go for me."

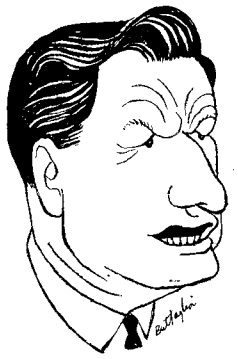
Richard Nixon's candidacy is visibly fading. It has been in any case a remarkable exercise in levitation, performed by a man who has no political base and who has not been elected to office in his own right since 1950. The "winability issue" has hurt Nixon badly, and so has the candidacy of George Wallace, which erodes the "southern strategy." But Nixon has been hurt most of all by his fellow conservative, Ronald Reagan. As Goldwater says, support for Nixon and Reagan "comes out of the same box," and the box is not big enough for both.

The candidacy of Ronald Reagan, who was a fading B-picture movie actor only a couple of years ago, is now a dead-serious matter. Clifton White, the political magician who engineered Goldwater's first-ballot win in 1964, is expected to become Reagan's manager. In that case, by convention time in 1968 Reagan could turn out to be the man to beat. And Nelson Rockefeller could turn out to be the only man with a chance to beat him.

Reagan is no fool. He has already proved himself a brilliant natural politician, and he utters the simplicities of the Goldwater right both more plausibly and far more entertainingly than Nixon or Goldwater himself. Yet the notion of this amiable ex-actor, totally inexperienced in foreign affairs, as the standard-bearer of the Grand Old Party would surely appall a lot of Republicans. With Romney and Nixon out of contention, these appalled Republicans seem less likely to turn to the relatively inexperienced and little-known Percy to save them than to Nelson Rockefeller, who is by now one of this country's major national figures.

All this is very speculative, of course. But there is one question to which it is possible to give an unequivocal answer. If the time of decision comes, will non-candidate Rockefeller be willing to become a candidate again? The answer: Of course he will. Presidential ambition is more addictive than any drug, and no man has ever kicked the addiction. Besides, Rockefeller might "get mad" again.

Stewart Alsop



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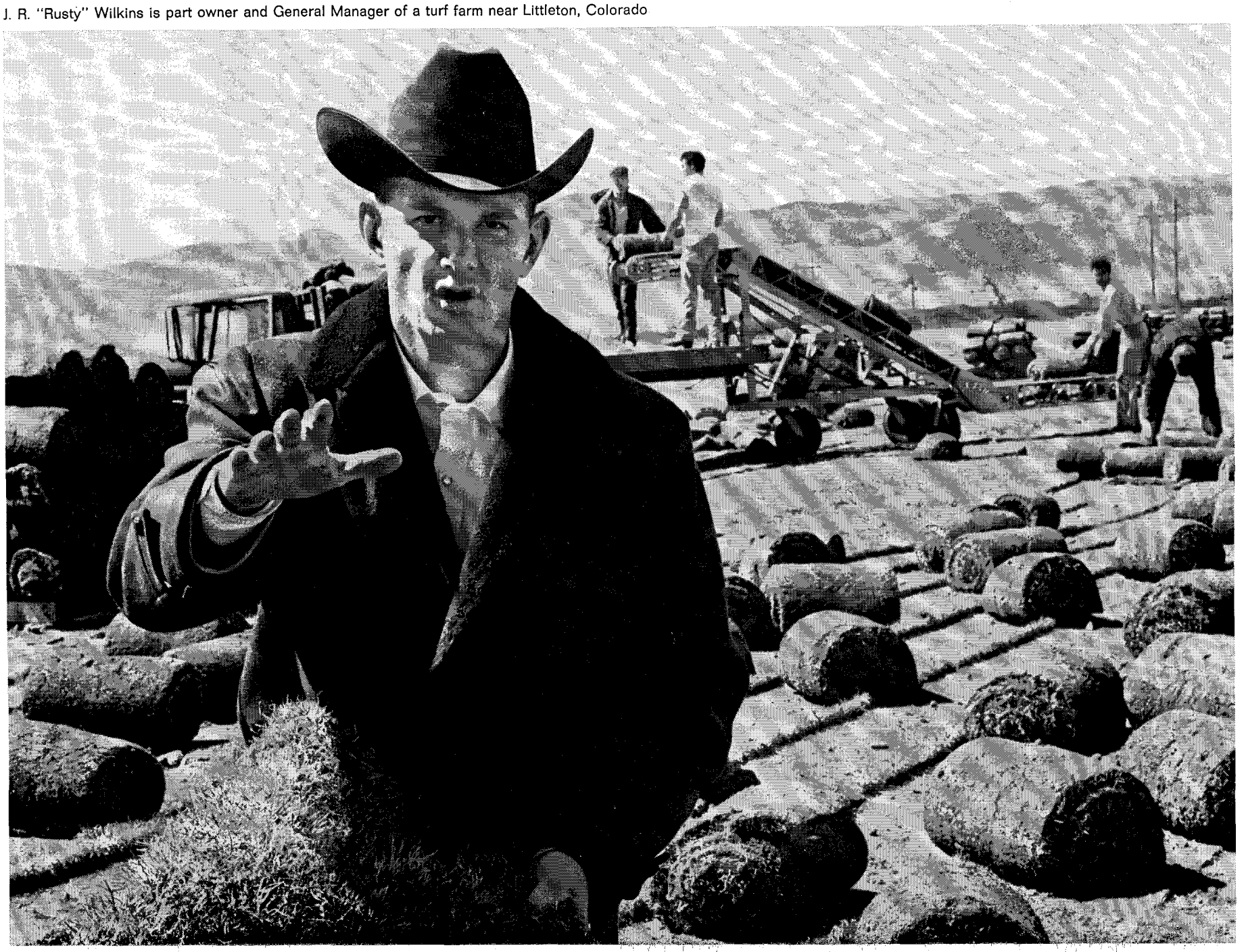

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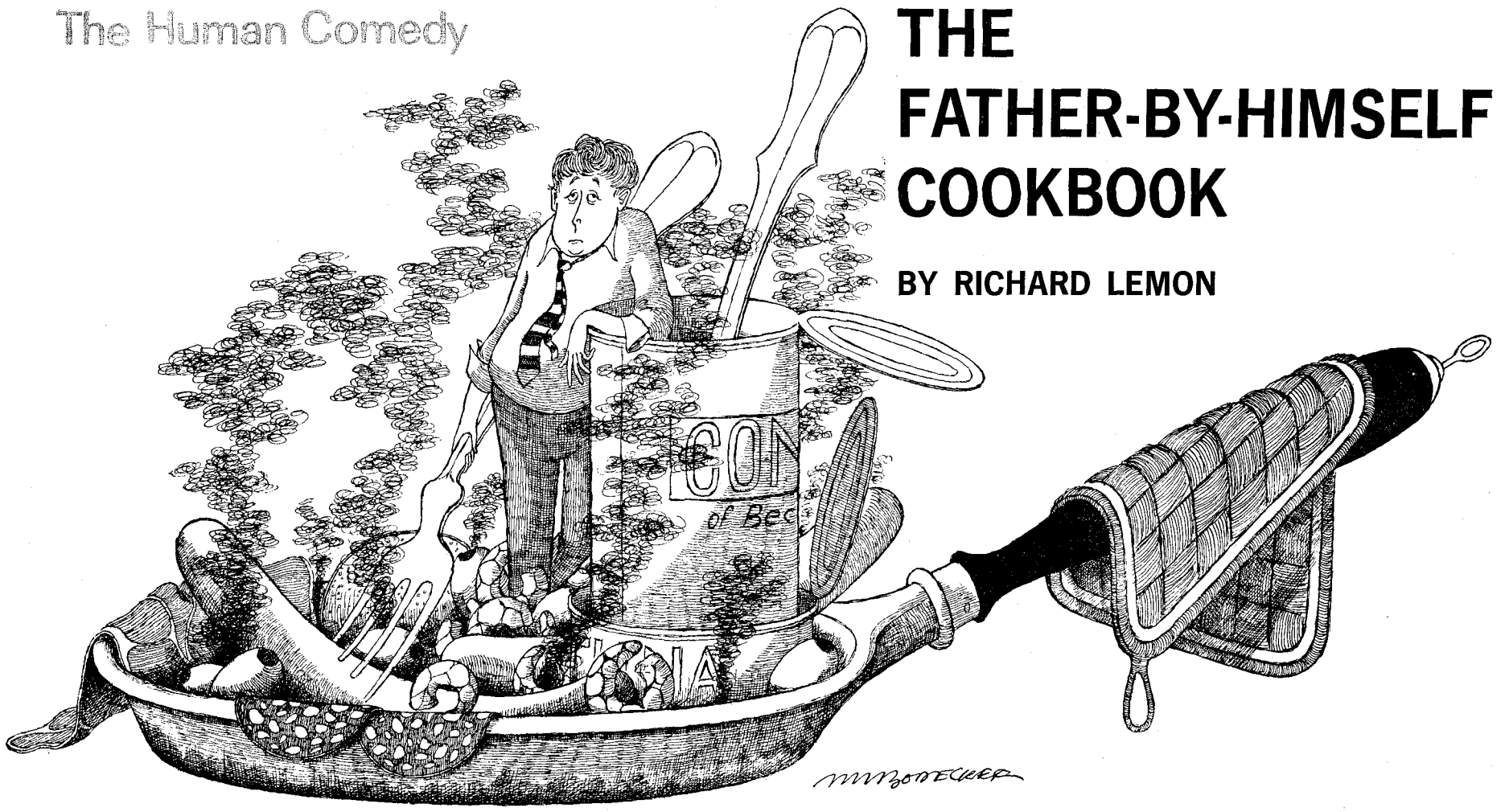
THE FATHER-BY-HIMSELF COOKBOOK

BY RICHARD LEMON



This is the time of year when many of you fathers will find yourselves alone in a quiet house, with loved ones far away, facing the prospect of getting something to eat. This is at best a difficult time, but it can be eased considerably with a little planning for mealtimes, which are as susceptible to solutions as all other problems. Mealtimes only appear to be insurmountable because no one has approached them from the point of view of a man who does not give a hoot what he eats as long as he doesn't have to work on it too long. That is the *raison d'être* for this short, practical guide for the man who must cook for himself, and then eat what he has cooked.

The first fact that a male chef must face is that his wife, no matter how good she is about other things, will not have bought enough frozen potpies. The reason for this is that she cannot conceive of a man wanting to eat frozen potpies 14 nights in a row, which indicates how little women understand men's cooking-and-eating tastes. Thus, if she is to be gone a week, you will find only four potpies in the freezer; if two weeks, only seven potpies. This means that roughly half the time you will have to think up something for yourself. Do not try to eat only half a potpie per night, as potpies coagulate within 12 hours of being cooked. Face facts.

The first thing the solitary male should do is to go down to the food store and buy a number of easy-to-cook staples: hamburger, tunafish, frozen peas, doughnuts and canned plums. Desirable as this may be, however, the solitary male is not going to do it, either the first or the last thing; out of the delusion that he is too busy, he will avoid the food store almost entirely, and live largely on what is already in the house. About the third night, noting that the potpie supply is going fast, he will discover that basically what is in the house is bologna, hot dogs, some sliced ham, lettuce and a dozen eggs. After a week he will make his lone trip to the food store, where he will buy milk, eggs, butter, an unusual bread (probably pumpernickel) and possibly canned shrimp, to show that he can fend for himself with flair. Another sign of this inclination will be a tendency to combine foods in an unusual fashion.

Given these supplies, here are some helpful hints on how to put them together. Dessert is an ice-cream bar, unless otherwise noted.

Hot Dog in Fried Sliced Ham on Burnt Toast

A most unusual dish which satisfies the urge to demonstrate originality without wasting any time. Unfortunately, there are no cooking directions on hot-dog packages, absurd as that sounds. Therefore, sooner or later you will find yourself at the stove with six hot dogs in hand and, grease on your fingers, thinking vaguely of trichinosis. (Set your mind at ease on this score. Trichinosis comes from uncooked pork, while hot dogs as far as I know don't.) Basically, the two ways of preparing hot dogs are frying and boiling. Frying produces better results, but gets grease on the stove. Therefore, boiling is recommended if hot dogs are the sole dish. Proper boiling time is six to ten minutes, depending on the spacing of the TV commercials.

However, hot dogs alone tend to produce a feeling of failure and are not recommended. In preparing the dish discussed here, drop hot dogs and sliced ham into frying pan. Turn on stove slightly. Open a can of jellied consommé. Go to TV room and watch program, eating consommé from can. At commercial, come back and stir hot dogs and ham and drop bread in toaster. Repeat at subsequent commercial, popping toast down again to get it browner. Here it will be necessary to take time to put the food together. Scrape unneeded char from toast and roll the hot dogs in the fried ham for visual excitement. The estimated lost viewing time is two and one half minutes. At the next station break you may wish to run back to the kitchen and get some more cold consommé.

Baked Potato, Scrambled Eggs and Other Things

This is very good in a pinch, which, of course, is most of the time. In some sections it is called Western omelette, but the name will bring back bad memories of childhood cooking attempts and should be avoided. I myself, when very young, used to make a deliberately unattractive concoction I called goulash, consisting of bread, water, gravy and oddments, which I put in milk bottles and buried in the woods, for reasons that are no longer clear to me. I tend to think of Western omelette and this goulash in the same way. In any case, the baked potato gives the present dish more elegance than the ordinary Western omelette, which is the main reason for its being there. Do not substitute French fries, which, like hot dogs, bring on a feeling of inadequacy.

The baked potato takes 40 minutes and is cooked separately, while the Other Things go in with the eggs. Some of the most highly recommended Other Things are bologna, ham, salami, onions, olives, garlic, peppers, beer, paprika, celery salt, rosemary, thyme, nutmeg, chives, cloves, carrots, raisins, canned peas, cold cereal, mozzarèlla, American cheese, cheddar cheese, wheat germ and raspberry preserves. Some things that are not recommended are Swiss cheese, ginger and marshmallows.

Shrimp-Bologna

This is an imaginative dish which will make the least food-oriented man feel a rush of triumph at his cooking skills. A drawback is that it does not taste very good, but this is a minor flaw stacked against the gratification of making it.

Shrimp-Bologna consists of a slice of bologna, lightly fried; one lettuce leaf, and one can of cooked shrimp, about which a word of caution. The directions on the can state, "Add half a teaspoon of salt." Do not do this under any circumstances. If anything, subtract half a teaspoon of salt. The directions also call for boiling in water for a certain period of time—I forget just how long. You will find that, toward the end, the shrimp begins to disintegrate. This is entirely normal, whether desirable or not. *Do not throw the disintegrating shrimp out.* Bad as it may look in the water, it will enhance your plate considerably when dumped on top of the fried bologna and lettuce. All together, this will be a lovely-looking plate, although the only good-tasting part will be the bologna. Shrimp-Bologna is excellent served with *Attila*, or *Attila the Hun* (there is a slight variation in TV listings according to newspaper), and it is suggested that it be eaten standing up, for de-emphasis. It is also recommended that it be preceded by cold consommé. For that matter, it is recommended that all meals be preceded by cold consommé.

Assuming seven potpies and at least four invitations to eat out, these dishes will see the temporary bachelor through two weeks of meals. Some readers may have dishes of their own to add to the list. If so, I would be pleased if they would send them to me before August. □

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The only thing a Chrysler hasn't got is a big price tag.

If you've been thinking a Chrysler automatically means big money, you're in for a happy kind of surprise.

Four full-size Newport models are now priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped. Including little ones with big-car names.

Which means, with a 383 cu. in. V-8, automatic transmission, power steering and brakes, radio, heater, whitewalls.

Chrysler's small difference in price also includes the biggest brakes in the medium-price field.

Now that you know how really easy it is to do—Take Charge. See your Chrysler dealer and move up today.

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Test Price A Chrysler

Illustrated above, the Newport 2-Door Hardtop equipped with optional vinyl roof.
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WHO CAN HE RUN TO?

With no mother . . . and no father . . . what can a small child do? Who can he run to when he scrapes his knee . . . when he's tired and sleepy? Yes, Abandoned is a harsh word. One we're barely familiar with. But this small child knows the terrifying fear. And he somehow knows, too, that he isn't loved . . . isn't wanted. He is the child of an American serviceman and an Asian mother . . . left by his father, abandoned in desperation by his mother.

Even now he has begun to taste the tears of his future. Survival will become his daily task . . . education will remain always beyond his reach . . . and hard discrimination will follow him constantly.

But with your help, this shall not be! For just 50¢ a day, barely more than a pack of cigarettes, will provide for his welfare and education, and create his future. And to be there when a child turns to you is a great glory!

The Pearl S. Buck Foundation, dedicated to the welfare and education of Amerasian children, works not only to save lives . . . but to build lives. Help us now, we beg of you.

Pearl S. Buck

PEARL S. BUCK FOUNDATION, INC. Dept. SEP P. O.Box 2137, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

☐ I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year) to support a ☐ boy ☐ girl.

☐ I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year) toward a counselor for 2 children.

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I enclose my first payment of $_____

I cannot make a pledge, but wish to give $_____

Name _____

Address _____

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Your contribution is tax deductible.

Points West

By John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion

'The good, the true and the beautiful'

It is difficult to pick up the newspaper these days without finding a full-page advertisement advising Lyndon Johnson how to run the war in Vietnam. PULL OUT, MR. PRESIDENT, urge 300 assistant professors. HANG ONE ON HANOI, counter the 50 largest used-car dealers in Orange County. As it happens, an old friend of mine, Marvin Liebman, is one of the leading practitioners of the arcane craft of putting these ads together. And when in New York recently, I went down to Marvin's office on lower Madison Avenue to see how the propaganda business was faring.

The anteroom of Marvin's office is hung with nostalgic souvenirs of his handiwork. DOPE, shouts one advertisement, COMMUNIST CHINA'S ROLE IN THE INTERNATIONAL DRUG TRADE. Another ad, another set of marching orders: KATANGA IS THE HUNGARY OF 1961. In a cacophony of silence, the headlines march by: DEFEAT THE TREATY OF MOSCOW, SEND ARMS TO THE KATANGAN PEOPLE, JOIN THOSE AMERICANS WHO SAY "NO."

Marvin not only speaks for lobbies, he invents them. Over the years, his fertile brain has hatched just about every right-wing front in memory: The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China to the United Nations, The Committee for the Monroe Doctrine, Aid Refugee Chinese Intellectuals, Inc., The American Emergency Committee for Tibetan Refugees, The Student Committee for a Free China, The National Committee for Justice for Tom Dodd, The National Committee for Walter Judd for Vice President, The National Committee for Walter Judd as Secretary of State, The National Committee for Walter Judd for Congressman. About these last three, Marvin is now stoical. "You win a few," he says, "and you lose a few."

Depending on his mood, Marvin fancies that he resembles either Director Sidney Lumet or Benito Mussolini. He is short, just the wrong side of chunky, has a long nose and sculptured lips, and wears thick glasses that give him a perpetually quizzical look. A dedicated dilettante, he has written a play, published books, and tried to produce a movie. When the routine of one committee gets him down, he rekindles his interest by starting another. Though he is restless and easily bored, Marvin is nonetheless a believer. The causes of the Right are, in his words, the causes of "the good, the true and the beautiful."

Yet he has no illusions about himself or the impact of his work. It provides him with a good living and the feeling that he is doing his bit. "For want of a better name," he once told me, "I call this work public relations." He has since found that better name. "I am," he now says somewhat grandly, "the agitprop of the Right."

I first began to appreciate Marvin's peculiar talents when I examined a list of sponsors for the Committee of One Million. It is no mean feat to find room on the same letterhead for "Mr. Bob Feller" and "Miss Katherine Anne Porter," or to have persuaded "Dr. William Carlos Williams" to make common cause with "Miss Taylor Caldwell." But these are ploys really savored only by connoisseurs. Marvin's prime asset is an uncanny sense of timing. "He can always pick out a potential issue, the one that's going to count at a particular moment," says a former associate. "Then he goes out and gets the line of thinking of some consummate political thinker like Walter Judd and clichés it, stereotypes it, capsulizes it."

When Marvin finds an idea he can cliché, stereotype and capsulize, he sets up a committee. The front names are usually the right wing's standard marquee personalities—William F. Buckley Jr., Eddie Rickenbacker, Spruille Braden. But they are

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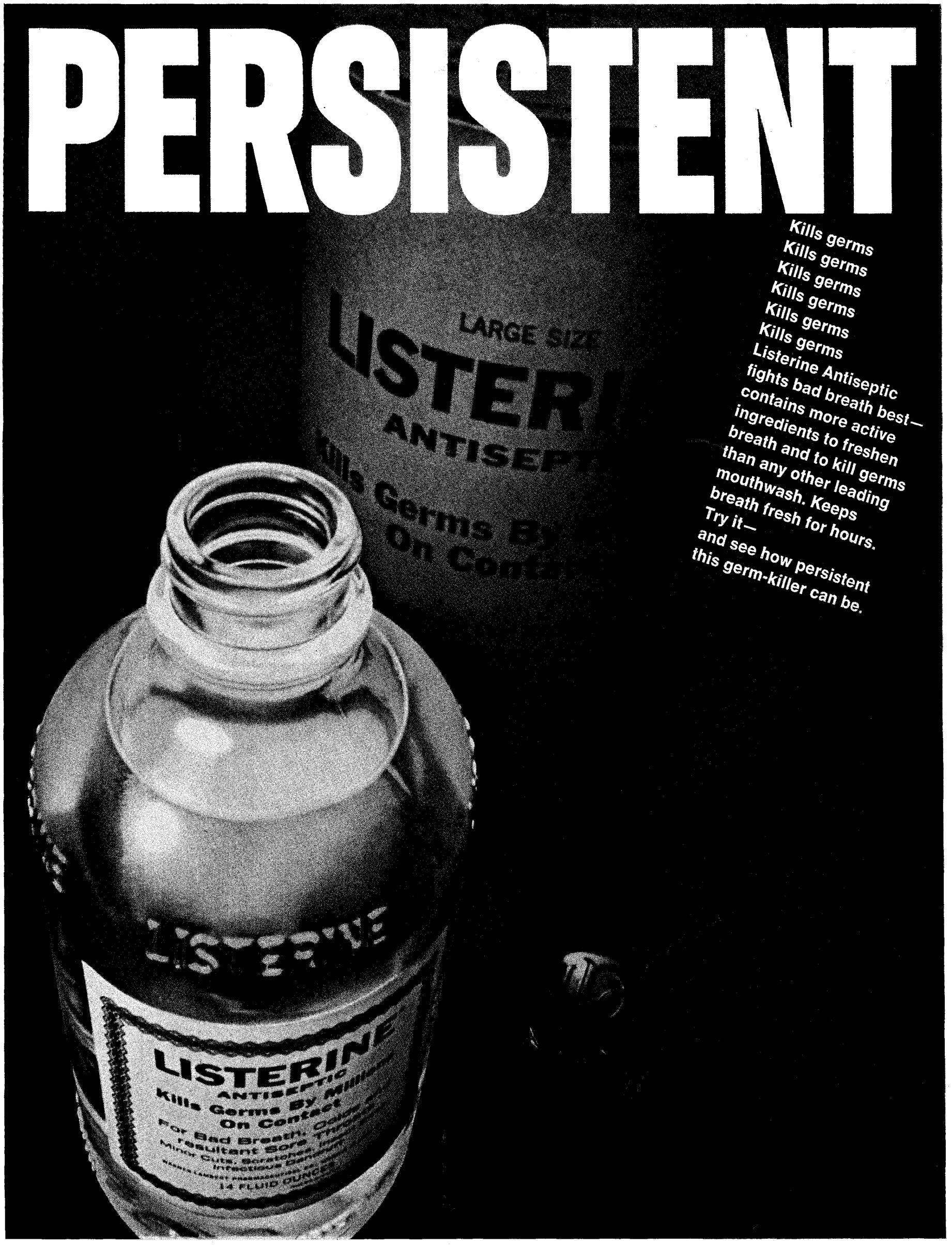
PERSISTENT



Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
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Listerine Antiseptic
fights bad breath best—
contains more active
ingredients to freshen
breath and to kill germs
than any other leading
mouthwash. Keeps
breath fresh for hours.
Try it—
and see how persistent
this germ-killer can be.

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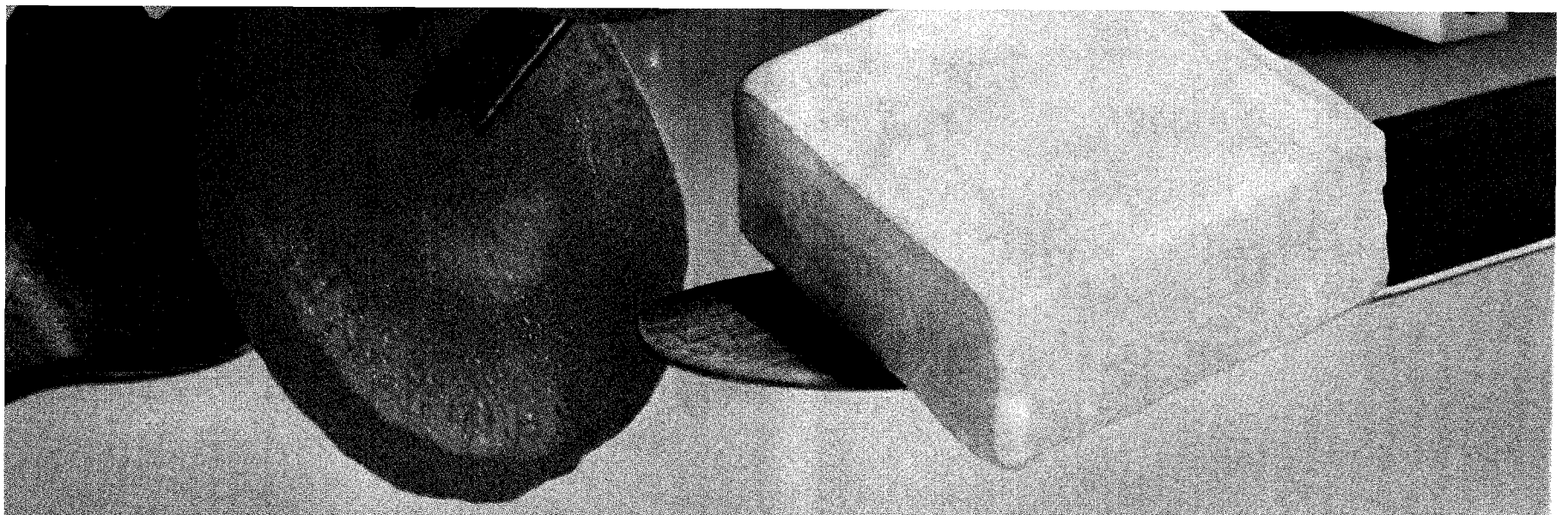

Vitamin A is the plus in carrots. Polyunsaturates are the plus in Mazola®

Eat carrots and you get more than just good taste.
You get the "plus" of Vitamin A.

Use Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine and you get *more than good taste.* You get the "plus" of polyunsaturates.

Mazola 100% Corn Oil does more than make light, crispy fried foods and tangy salad dressings. Mazola Margarine, whose major ingredient is liquid Mazola Corn Oil, *does more than make toast,* vegetables or lobster taste better.

Mazola, used in place of the more saturated fats, is a simply delicious way to help balance the fats in your diet with polyunsaturates.

Mazola makes good eating good sense!

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only a beard for Marvin. In each of his committees, Marvin tries to stay in the background, delegating to himself, if his name appears at all, the unobtrusive title of executive secretary. Once a committee is set up, the propaganda starts. Using his most priceless asset, a mailing list of 100,000 names, all of whom speak with a single voice politically, Marvin solicits funds and endorsements. Advertisements are written, speeches ghosted and mailings dispatched. "I have a marvelous facility for throwing out broadsides," Marvin says. "If you read my ads, they all say exactly the same thing. You find the same cliches falling over from committee to committee. In my heart of hearts, they're all the same."

Curiously enough, the Right is more critical of Marvin than the Left. "The Birch people call me 'a smart New Yorker,'" he told me. "Read 'Jew.' Rockwell's boys don't mess around. They say I'm 'the Kosher Konservative.'" Other torrid conservatives get easily upset because Marvin ignores them. But Marvin's disapproval of such worthies as General Edwin Walker and Phoebe Courtney (who has been known to order her steak "Communist blood rare") is not entirely ideological. "Names like these only add animosity," he says, "and cut down other contributions." Inevitably, Marvin's enemies spread manic stories about him. One former right-wing associate told me seriously that Marvin was made a partner in a Chinese restaurant in New York as a "payoff from Chiang Kai-shek."

Listening to Marvin today, it is easy to think he must have spent his youth down at the Trans-Lux hissing Roosevelt. But actually he arrived on the Right via the Communist Party. He was born in Brooklyn, the son of a garage owner, and joined the Young Communist League at 15. At New York University he majored in rabble-rousing and drifted away in a year and a half. After service in the Army, he became a full-fledged Party member, so much so that when he was married the ceremony was performed by the religion editor of *The Daily Worker*. (The marriage lasted a little more than a year.) But Communism was beginning to pall for Marvin and he turned to Zionism. Although he had no previous seafaring experience, he signed on as a crew member on the *S.S. Ben Hecht*, a ship chartered by the terrorist Irgun organization to take refugee European Jews through the British blockade into Palestine. "Some people run guns," Marvin says. "I ran Jews." But not far. The British navy intercepted the *Ben Hecht*, and Marvin spent some uncomfortable time in a D.P. camp on Cyprus before making his way back to New York.

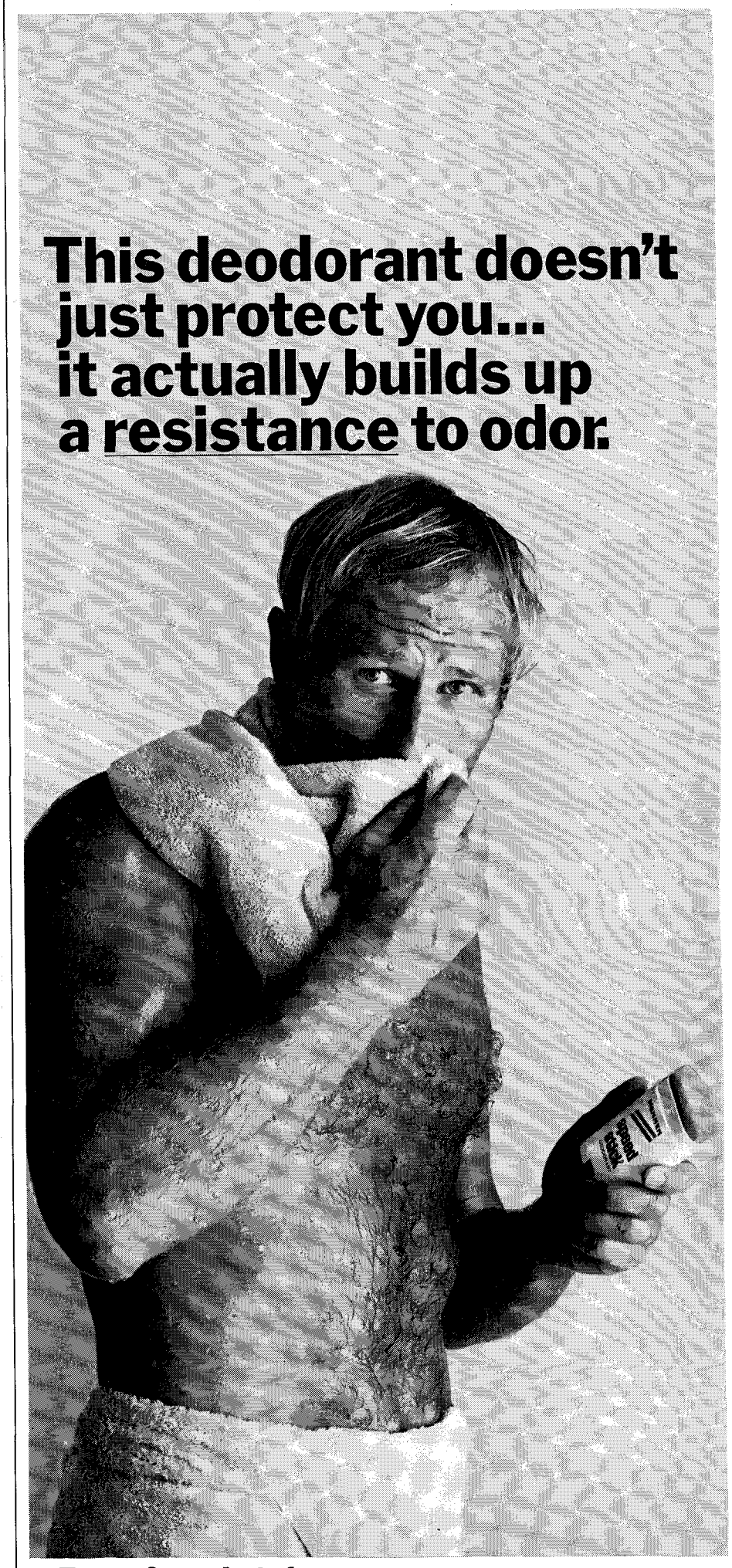
His experience with the Irgun, however, gave Marvin something negotiable. He became a fund raiser for a number of Jewish welfare agencies. With respectability, Marvin's dialectical parabola began, and in 1953 he dreamed up the front that was to make him—the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China to the United Nations.

By temperament, Marvin was an ideal propagandist—he liked to protest. "During the Hungarian Revolution," says his friend, William Buckley, "Marvin literally didn't sleep." Not only did Marvin not sleep, he seemed bent on starting World War III as he tried to think up a stunt that would save the Hungarian rebels. The walls of his apartment were lined with charts and battle plans. Drifters, college boys and conservative money-men bounced in and out with offers to help. "My first idea," Marvin recalls, "was to get Ike to fly to Rome, pick up the Pope and land in Budapest." The White House would have none of that. Undeterred, Marvin came up with his master stratagem—invade.

Marvin's army was a ragtag volunteer band of some 250 college students. Using money pledged by rich conservatives, General Liebman planned to charter planes in Canada, fly the volunteers to Vienna, then truck them to the border. His plan had a Machiavellian simplicity. "The kids were all from prominent families, Ivy League types," he told me. "We were hoping that once they were across the border, their families would raise hell with Washington and we'd have to send a division in to bail them out." I asked where the plan had gone awry. "Midterms came up," he shrugged. "The kids all had to go back to school."

Except for a few pro-Vietnam flurries ("I organize spontaneous demonstrations"), things have not been quite so heady for Marvin of late. There are times, when musing on the minimal effect his efforts have had on the body politic, that he has even thought of quitting and becoming a gentleman of leisure. But just across the horizon there is always another cause, a Nasser to attack, a Tom Dodd to defend. "I'm just utilizing an apparatus and some professional skills to do something I want to do," he says. "I'm taking citizen action." And then he smiles. "And it's all for the good, the true and the beautiful."

John Gregory Dunne



Even after a hot shower, Mennen Speed Stick deodorant doesn't stop protecting you.

Speed Stick's special bacteria-fighting ingredient builds up a protection that lasts even through a hot soapy shower.

That's why men who use Mennen Speed Stick stay with it for good. Try it. You'll be happier with it than any deodorant you've ever used.

Mennen Speed Stick. *The deodorant that actually builds a resistance to odor.*

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The 7 Minute Cigarette.

If you think it's just another cigarette, time it.

Go ahead. Put it against the clock.
You'll soon notice the difference.
You can't knock it off in a fast 5 minutes.
You have to give it at least 7.
Because it's longer.
But when you taste it, you may wish it were even longer than longer.

Pall Mall Gold 100's
Mild taste in a longer length

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The Saturday Evening POST

THE HIDDEN EVILS OF LSD

New research finds it's causing genetic damage that poses a threat of havoc now and appalling abnormalities for generations yet unborn.

By Bill Davidson

Photographs by Don Ornitz

☐ In Oregon, a young mother brought her newborn baby in to be examined. The child had a defect of the intestinal tract and its head was developing grotesquely—one side growing at a much faster rate than the other.

☐ A mental patient in New York and six young men in Oregon were found to have extensive damage of their heritage-carrying chromosomes—damage of the type that is known to result in misshapen and defective babies.

☐ Two of the young men in Oregon also were found to have a chromosomal abnormality that seems to be identical with the first stages of leukemia, the incurable blood cancer that proliferated at Hiroshima after the bomb fell.

☐ A graduate student in Los Angeles has twice undergone typical epileptic *grand mal* convulsions—one time with seizures so violent that he broke two vertebrae.

The young mother, the mental patient in New York, the young men in Oregon and the graduate student—along with several thousands of new mental-hospital inmates—all have one thing in common. They all took LSD.

The baby, of course, hadn't taken much of anything—except, perhaps, the consequences.

The scientific evidence linking LSD with the baby's deformities,

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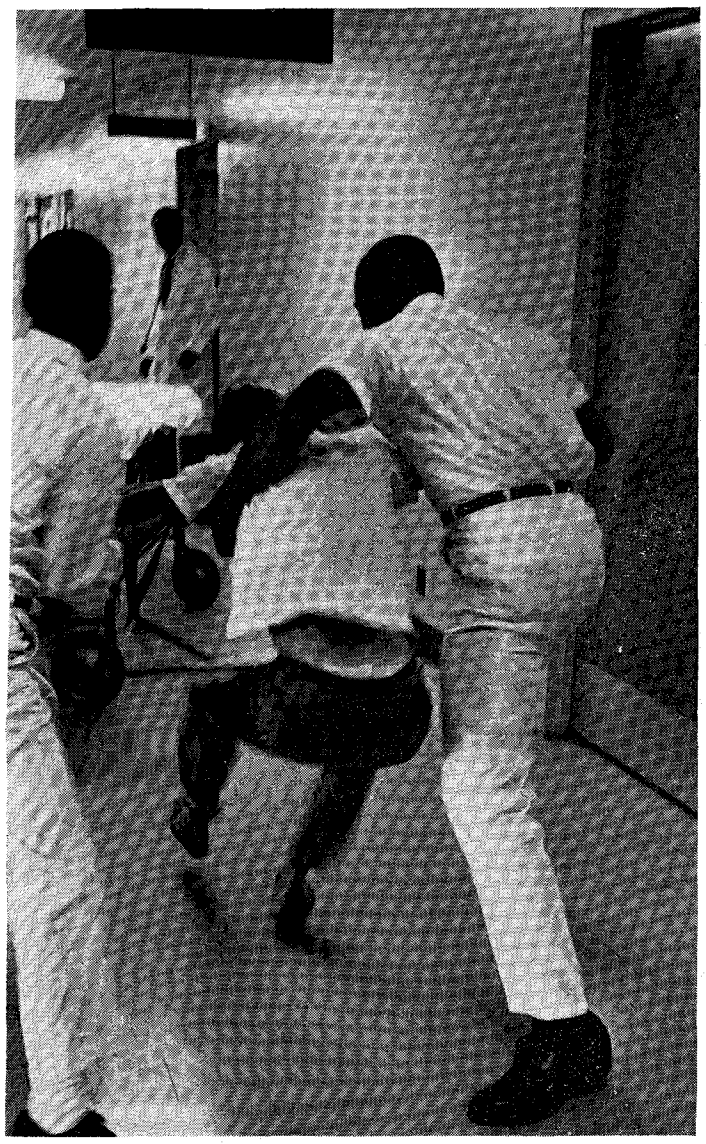
The 'orange man' locked himself in his room. He was afraid that if anyone touched him he would turn into orange juice.



the broken chromosomes, the leukemia-like chromosomal abnormality and the convulsions is still circumstantial. No one has yet proved, except in test tubes, that LSD breaks chromosomes, but the horror that broken chromosomes can wreak on human beings, and on their offspring, has been amply proved. And, for that matter, it took some time to get proof of what Thalidomide could do to unborn babies, but when the ghastly proof came, it was as irremediable as it was convincing.

The staggering implications of the evidence gathered so far have added an enormous dimension to LSD, which already means different things to different people. To the chemist, the letters stand for Lysergic Acid Diethylamide, the formal name for the powerful mind-altering drug, the manufacture and sale of which are now illegal in the United States. To the hippie, LSD is "acid," "the chief," "the hawk," a droplet of which can take him on a mental "trip" in which he thinks he will experience instant euphoria. To Dr. Timothy Leary, the unfrocked Harvard professor who is high priest of the estimated four million users in the United States, LSD stands for League of Spiritual Discovery, a new religion he has founded, which uses the drug as a "sacrament."

But to the medical scientists now studying the effects of LSD on the human body, the three letters invoke a threat of deadly damage now and appalling defects for generations yet unborn. As Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider, a psychiatrist specializing in LSD cases at the University of California at Los Angeles, told me, "The research of the last few months has convinced me that this is the most dangerous drug to come down the pike in a long, long time."

The new research, begun only this year, is unfolding one horror after another before it is even out of the preliminary stages. The Oregon cases evolved at the University of Oregon Medical School, Portland, where eight young men, LSD takers, volunteered blood samples for microscopic studies. Six of the eight were found to have damaged—broken—chromosomes. And two of the six—the two who were by far the heaviest users of LSD—have the chromosomal abnormality that seems to be identical to one seen only in the first irreversible stages of leukemia.

This form of leukemia is so rare that if the abnormality had shown up in only one of the volunteers, it might have been considered a coincidence. But when it showed up in two, the drug became the prime suspect.

The medical school's call for volunteers in Portland also brought in the young mother, with her baby. She had taken a single dose of LSD in the first month of her pregnancy, and she was worried about the effects on the baby. The infant was the first to be examined under a Federal Government grant to study possible abnormalities in the offspring of LSD users. According to the chief geneticist of the study, the baby had Hirschsprung's disease, a defect of the lower intestinal tract that interferes with bowel movements. It also had hyperplasia of the face; the right side of its head has developed far more than the left.

Again, it is too early in the research to bind LSD to these and other possible abnormalities (such as brain damage). The circumstantial evidence, however, is there. The prime question in the minds of the research team centers on the one small dose of LSD taken by the mother.

"From what we know," the geneticist said, "the baby *would* have abnormalities if the mother had taken large doses of LSD in the first three months she was pregnant. The drug could be as dangerous to a developing foetus as Thalidomide."

Even earlier danger signals had gone up at the State University of New York Medical Center in Buffalo, where a mental patient who had taken LSD for six years was found to have a high rate of chromosome damage resembling that seen in some tumor cells and in patients with a severe form of anemia. The same damage occurred when LSD was turned loose on blood in test tubes.

In Canada and in Los Angeles there have been reports of epileptic seizures in persons taking LSD. One Los Angeles case is particularly clear-cut. It involved a 32-year-old graduate student in anthropology who took black-market LSD for the first time, under the guidance of a so-called "sitter," or guide—in this case a clinical psychologist who was able to describe the victim's actions scientifically when the student was later admitted to the U.C.L.A. Medical Center.

The sitter reported that 50 minutes after the student had swallowed his LSD capsule, he went into spasms and convulsions—a typical *grand mal* seizure so violent that the student broke two vertebrae. At the hospital, X rays confirmed the fractures, but standard brain-wave tests could not locate the peculiar brain dysfunction that normally shows up in epileptics.

After the first episode, the student tried LSD four more times—without seizures. The fifth time, he had another massive epileptic attack. Frightened, he stopped taking the drug. He has had no more seizures.

Along with the new physiological evidence that is coming to light, psychiatric testimony continues to mount against LSD. Dr. William A. Frosch of the New York University Medical Center reports that more than 200 patients a year are being admitted to the Bellevue Hospital psychiatric wards, suffering various grades of LSD-induced paranoia and schizophrenia. "Some cases are so bad," says Dr. Frosch, "that we have had to transfer them to state mental hospitals, and the patients are still committed there after more than a year."

The same holds true in other big metropolitan centers, such as Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. At U.C.L.A.'s Neuropsychiatric Institute, LSD psychotics are no longer admitted—they are sent directly to Camarillo, the nearest state mental hospital. "We were overwhelmed with LSD cases," Dr. Duke D. Fisher, psychiatric resident, told me, "to the extent that we didn't have room for *normally* disturbed patients—no joke intended."

But even these figures don't tell the whole story, for, as Dr. Fisher points out, the "acidheads try to hide their 'casualties,' as they call them—they don't let them go to hospitals if they can help it—to protect the image of LSD."

Dr. Fisher tells of one case he attempted to treat—a Los Angeles man who took LSD several times and then became convinced that he was an orange. "He locked himself in his room," Dr. Fisher says, "and refused to leave it for fear that if someone touched him he'd turn into orange juice. He also refused to let me treat him. This man is totally and perhaps permanently psychotic, but, like thousands of other poor creatures wandering around in a dazed condition in hippie neighborhoods, his case will never be reported and he may never be treated. The hippie community brings food to the orange man's room and they look after his basic needs."

This factor showed up frequently in the stories of the dozen LSD victims with whom I spoke. Typical was the experience of a girl, whom we'll call Yvonne, in Encino, Calif. After careful negotiations, her psychiatrist arranged for me to talk with her, and she poured out her story for two hours in the living room of her home while her father padded nervously in and out. Yvonne, now 23, is a tall, pretty brunette from a well-to-do middle-class family. She began smoking "grass" (marijuana) when she was 17 and still in high school. She says, "It was very simple. I was at my girl friend's house with a lot of other kids and someone said, 'Do you want to get high?' I smoked the grass because everyone else was doing it and I didn't want to look like a square."

Yvonne graduated from high school in 1962 and began nurses' training at a Los Angeles hospital. Three years later she "graduated" from marijuana to LSD. She says, "I kept reading the wonderful things Dr. Leary said about LSD and I decided I was a psychedelic person. I began to dress in psychedelic boots and pants. Then one day I asked a friend of mine where I could get some LSD, and he gave me a number to call. I did, and a fellow showed up at the phone booth a few minutes later with two sugar cubes that had the acid in them. They cost five dollars apiece—we call it five dollars a ticket. My girl friend and I ate the sugar cubes and then we started to drive to the Teen-age Fair. Suddenly everything was in slow motion and flickering like an old-time movie. I couldn't drive anymore, so we went back to her house. We lay back on the floor and it was a good trip. We rolled on the floor and we laughed and the room filled up with gold fog and we swam through it. It was beautiful."

A week later Yvonne decided to try LSD again.

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She took it at a party, "but nothing happened for five hours, even though everyone else was nice and high. Then we drove to a guy's house in Beverly Hills and while I was in the car it hit me. I began to shake and sweat and I felt like someone was pulling a band tight around my head. The whole world looked like it was a comic strip, like it was drawn by a lousy artist, and I was a cartoon character in the middle of it. I screamed and said, 'Please help me. Get me an ambulance.' When they wouldn't, I tried to walk to a phone booth to call an ambulance. But two guys tackled me and knocked me down. They said, 'You can't go to a hospital. You'll blow it for all of us.' They took me to my girl friend's house. Her mother is a spiritualist and she also takes LSD. They kept me there in the house for three days, and my friend's mother talked religion to me and gave me tranquilizers. They didn't help."

At the end of the three days, Yvonne's friends decided to move her to the hippie community in San Francisco. Yvonne says, "I was still trembling and crying all the time and everything still had that nightmare comic-strip look. I couldn't eat or sleep. The day after I got to San Francisco, the people there had a 21st-birthday party for me. I walked out in the middle of it and somehow I got on a plane and went back to Los Angeles. I stayed with an aunt because I was afraid to tell my parents what had happened to me. They thought I had gotten a job in San Francisco. I spent my days wandering around from church to church, praying that the nightmare would go away. Finally I walked into the medical center at U.C.L.A. and said, 'Please help me! Please take me in!' Thank God they did."

Yvonne was a patient at the Neuropsychiatric Institute for 2½ months. She was treated with heavy doses of the powerful tranquilizer, chlorpromazine, and was given daily psychotherapy until the nightmare subsided. When I saw her nearly two years later, she had not taken any more LSD (the two doses that precipitated her psychosis were the only ones she ever had), but she was still trembling and still unable to work.

To LSD advocates, such cases are "casualties" or "accidents"—the unfortunate price paid by a few in order that the multitude may enjoy the wonders of the drug. Among the "accidents" are several suicides (one boy flung himself from a cliff in the belief that he could fly; another went out a high window under the same impression), at least one murder (a girl stabbed her boy friend with a kitchen knife and didn't even know it), hundreds of cases of acute schizophrenia (one man refused to eat; he believed he was the New Messiah and required no sustenance) and recurrent hallucinations months and years after the drug has been taken (a young man driving on a highway, a year after his only LSD experience, suddenly saw a hundred headlights coming at him instead of just two, and he crashed his car).

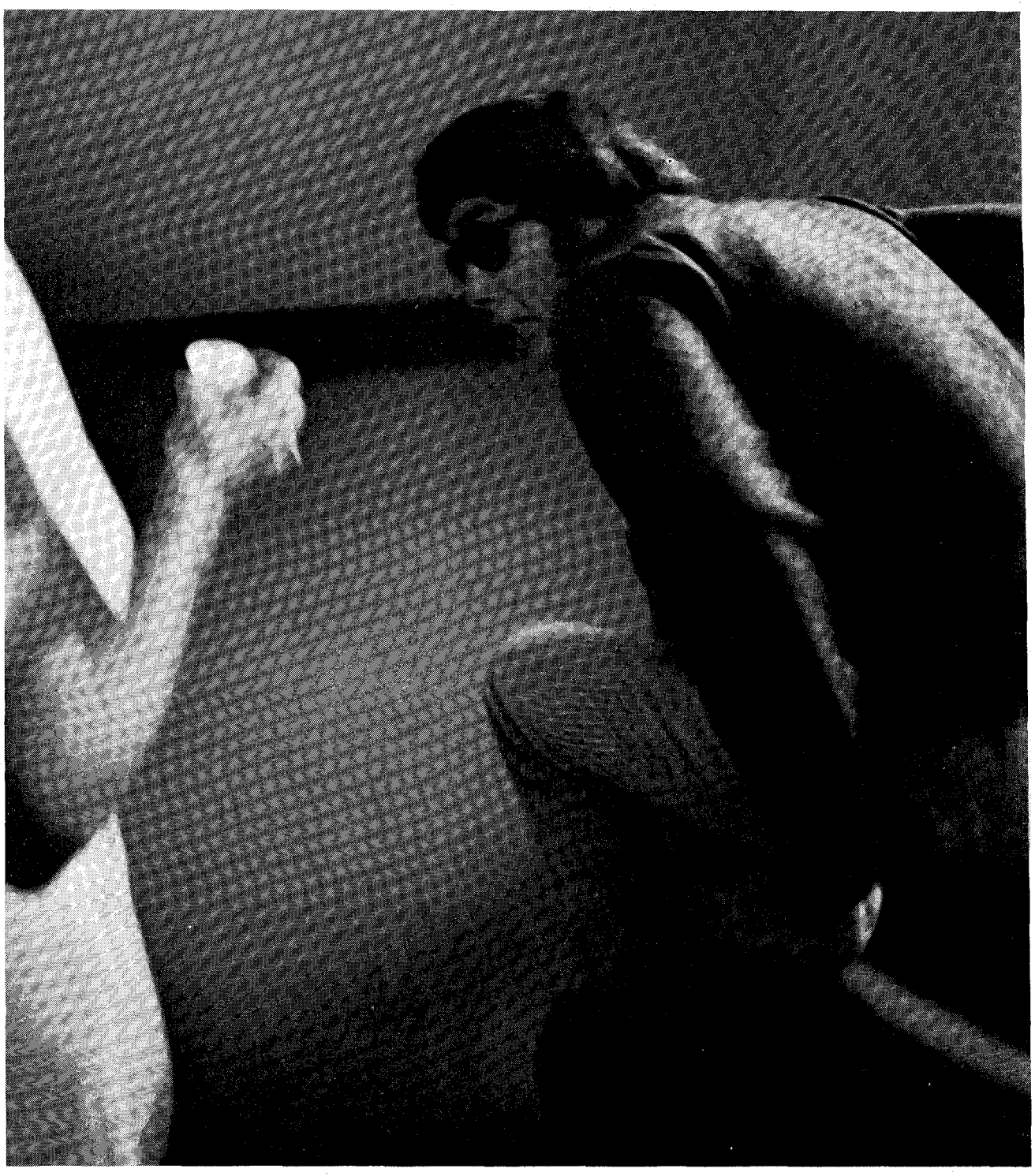
The most pathetic "accident" I saw was a beautiful 19-year-old girl in a mental hospital in the Midwest. It was her second confinement—she had previously been hospitalized after just two exposures to LSD but had recovered in three weeks and been released. Then, to give her a change of environment, her parents, who are wealthy, sent her to visit friends in New York City last Christmas. At a New Year's Eve party, someone slipped the girl a dose of DMT (dimethyltryptamine, a hallucinogenic drug even more powerful than LSD and currently in favor on the East Coast). The girl went raving mad at the party and was rushed to Bellevue Hospital, where she was confined in a straitjacket. Her own doctor flew to New York from the Midwest and took her home, still in the straitjacket, on a private ambulance plane.

I saw the girl six months later on the grounds of the mental hospital, which is near her home. Her doctor and I approached as she was playing volleyball with other patients. Except that she wasn't really playing; she was just standing there. As we approached, she said to the doctor, "Your eyes are movie cameras and they're looking right through me." She talked rationally for a few minutes, then she shrank back and pointed to an envelope the doctor was carrying. "Why did you bring that computer with you?" We left.

"Six months of treatment and she's getting worse," the doctor said. "The prognosis is poor."

With the new evidence of chromosome damage added to the already extensively documented history of psychiatric damage, the prognosis for the usefulness of LSD itself is poor, too.

Few drugs have begun with greater promise than LSD. It was first synthesized in 1938 by Dr. Albert Hofmann, a Swiss chemist who was looking for a new drug with which to treat migraine headache. He ran a series of tests with various derivatives of lysergic acid, a component of ergot, a fungus that grows on rye. On the 25th try, he came up with the chemical combination that has now become famous as LSD. He swallowed some, and as he later wrote, "Space and time became disorganized, and I was overcome with fears that I was going crazy." He, in fact, did become temporarily insane. But his quick recovery led to the great expectations for the drug. Research psychiatrists reasoned that if they could safely induce what they called a "model psychosis," it might lead them to answers to the still-unsolved questions about how to treat real psychosis. American researchers, with the approval of the Government's National Institute of Mental Health, began to look into the possibilities of using LSD in



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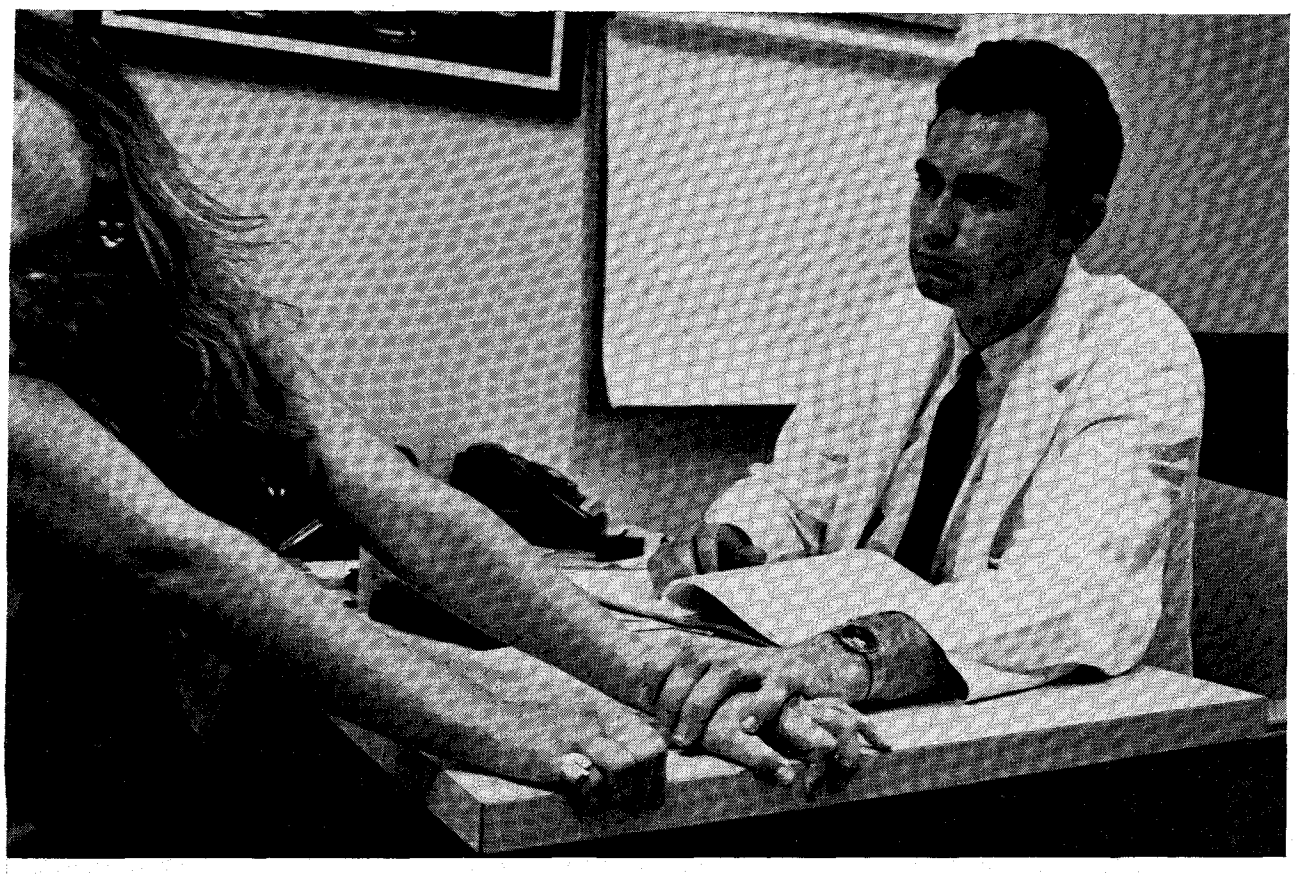
If you take LSD even once, your children may be born malformed or retarded.



alcoholism and psychoneurosis. Some experimenters even thought it might be useful in treating homosexuality and frigidity.

For 20 years LSD remained relatively unknown to the general public, although it was being used here and there. In the late 1950's, for example, Cary Grant underwent a series of LSD experiments with a doctor and wrote glowingly of the self-knowledge that he gained.

Then, in 1962, Dr. Timothy Leary and his colleague in the Harvard psychology department, Richard Alpert, latched onto the drug. They had originally started experiments with the "mind-expanding" chemical psilocybin, a substance derived from Mexican mushrooms, which primitive Indian tribes had used as hallucinogens. But Leary and Alpert soon switched to the far more potent LSD. When they were fired from Harvard for holding candlelight drug parties for students, Leary and Alpert embarked on a crusade to spread The Word about LSD through hippie colonies and a series of private organizations, the latest of which is the League of Spiritual Discovery.

One of the peculiarities of LSD is that it instills in its users a missionary zeal. Also, Leary is a skilled publicist. He turned to his advantage his dismissal from Harvard and his conviction and 30-year sentence in Texas (still on appeal) for illegally transporting untaxed marijuana, claiming violation of his constitutional right to alter his own states of consciousness. By founding his religion, using LSD as a sacrament, he is laying the basis for a court fight in which he will claim protection under the freedom-of-religion guarantees of the First Amendment. The courts already have ruled in favor of the Native American Church, in which western Indian tribes chew hallucinogenic peyote, from cactus, also as a so-called sacrament.

Leary has done a remarkable job of spreading his Word, the essence of which is that by taking LSD and other "mind-expanding" drugs, you get insights into yourself that you never had before, you solve your problems, you isolate yourself from the "life-games" that cause tension in the world, and you greatly increase your creativity. "Turn on, tune in, drop out," said Leary.

But by early 1966 the LSD boom began to lose its respectability. First the Federal Government's Food and Drug Administration took note of the great number of psychiatric casualties caused by illegal traffic in LSD. The FDA listed it as a "dangerous drug" and outlawed the traffic by including LSD in the Drug Abuse Control law that provides fines and jail terms for those who make or sell such drugs. Several states, including New York and California, had made even simple possession of LSD a crime.

These actions temporarily slowed, but did not halt, the distribution of LSD. Making LSD is relatively easy for anyone with a reasonable competence in chemistry. And the distribution system is already there; it has been identified in congressional testimony as a Cosa Nostra operation.

The only legal source of LSD in the United States today is the National Institute of Mental Health, which doles it out only to those few scientific projects it has approved.

These Government-approved research projects, which only now are beginning to be reported, indicate that LSD is turning out to be a bust. Dr. Jonathan Cole of the National Institute of Mental Health told me, "The 'model psychosis' theory of LSD has been discredited and abandoned. The drug produces effects which are nothing like real psychosis." Dr. Jerome Levine, also of the Institute, says, "The alcoholism and neurosis research with LSD is drawing to a close. The final results won't be in for another year, but I've been keeping tabs on the work, and my guess is that there will be no startling new revelations, no worthwhile new psychiatric tool. My guess also is that LSD never will become a widely used treatment."

Nearly every carefully controlled research project has deflated the scientific value of LSD. At the Missouri Institute of Psychiatry, the drug was tried on 150 severe schizophrenics. It helped none, and three got worse. Dr. Sidney Cohen, chief of psychiatry at the Veterans Hospital in Los Angeles, tested the LSD-users' claim that the drug made them more creative. He worked with 24 volunteers who were put on LSD, watching their creative efforts in writing, painting, etc. "At the end of the study," Dr. Cohen told me, "the LSD people all *felt* they were creating far better than before. But by objective analysis of their work and by every test we could give them, they were doing about the same or worse."

At U.C.L.A., Dr. Thomas Ungerleider and Dr. Duke Fisher made studies of 50 patients and outside hippies to test Leary's claim that LSD is harmless and useful if taken with the proper "set and setting." This means being in a calm frame of mind before taking the drug; taking it in a room with soft lighting and a soft carpet to sit on, with one or two friends and an experienced "sitter" or guide present. Drs. Ungerleider and Fisher concluded: "We have hospitalized many persons who had taken these precautions and who also had had up to 100 previous good LSD experiences. . . . There is no single factor that guarantees immunity from an adverse LSD reaction."

As a result of their studies, the U.C.L.A. experts also believe that even carefully controlled scientific experiments with LSD are dangerous. Dr. Ungerleider told me of a young psychologist who was screened carefully for mental stability and who was given only small doses of the drug in a federally licensed hospital experiment. One day the psychologist was found sitting in his underwear in the electroencephalograph room of the hospital, in a stupor, staring at the brain-wave machine. He was treated with tranquilizers. But when he recovered he left his job and joined a beatnik colony.

Today the number of Government-supported research programs using LSD on humans has dwindled to five. There are about 50 other approved projects, many of them investigating the possibilities of LSD damage to the body and to the unborn. "In fact," says the National Institute of Mental Health's Dr. Cole, "we're so concerned about what's been turned up so far that we're encouraging new research in this area."

The first word of warning on genetic damage came in the March 17 issue of *Science* magazine from Dr. Maimon M. Cohen, a highly respected geneticist at the State University of New York in Buffalo. Dr. Cohen studies chromosomes—those tiny components in the microscopic cells of the body that transmit heredity factors such as skin-, eye- and hair-color, and physical and personality characteristics from one generation to another.

It has been known for a long time that certain violent factors, such as atomic radiation and intense X rays, disrupt and break the chromosomes, causing illness and death from leukemia and other malignancies. Also, breakage in the chromosomes in parents may result in malformed babies.

Geneticist Cohen started his tests with normal human blood cells in a test tube. He added minute quantities of LSD and studied the chromosomes under a microscope. He was startled and alarmed to see the same kind of chromosomal damage that occurs with radiation. Then he took blood cells from a mental-hospital patient who had been treated with LSD in one of the experiments. Again, a high rate of chromosomal breakage.

Cohen published his results, setting off alarm bells in the world of science. But to be absolutely sure, he initiated another research project involving New York University and Mount Sinai Hos-

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pital in New York, where plenty of LSD takers are available for observation. Cohen, along with research teams headed by Dr. William Frosch and Dr. Kurt Hirschhorn, examined the blood cells of three mothers, all LSD users, and their four children. The same frightening breakage of chromosomes showed up. The babies are now being studied for abnormalities.

An even more positive confirmation of the Cohen findings was then made with the volunteers at the University of Oregon Medical School and the Oregon Regional Primate Research Center, by Dr. Samuel Irwin and Dr. Jose Egozcue, a young Spanish geneticist. They studied the blood cells of eight LSD users and nine men and women who had not taken LSD. Six of the eight LSD users had abnormally broken chromosomes and only one of the non-LSD users showed slight breakage, and it was determined that he had previously undergone intensive X-ray therapy. In the LSD-user group, the worst chromosome damage took place in the blood cells of those who had taken the largest doses. It was in two of these young men—the two heaviest users—that Dr. Egozcue found what appears to be the so-called Philadelphia-L chromosome, which never occurs in normal blood cells and always shows up in the initial stages of fatal chronic myelogenous leukemia.

Dr. Egozcue explained to me some of the other implications of broken chromosomes. He said, "The biggest problem, when broken chromosomes occur in parents, is mental retardation and other malformations in their children. We get all kinds of aberrations. Most frequently there is mongolism—a dull-witted child with distorted features and slanted eyes and lax, inefficient muscles.

"Then there's the problem of peculiar bone structure in the child—also accompanied by mental retardation. At Vanderbilt University they studied such a child, the product of chromosome damage in the parents. This youngster was very short and had an enormous skull, the two halves of which never properly closed. The child had a double row of front teeth.

"Still a third possibility which is likely to occur with LSD, because of the same kind of break in the chromosome, is what we call the *cri-du-chat* syndrome. The baby cries like a cat, not a human. The child is always severely defective, both mentally and physically."

In the first of a projected new series of Government-sponsored animal studies to determine the effect of LSD on heredity, Dr. Robert Auerbach and James Rugowski at the University of Wisconsin gave minute quantities of LSD to pregnant mice. Dr. Auerbach told me, "We got horrible malformations and brain defects in virtually all of the baby mice—so horrible, in fact, that we're running the entire experiment all over again, to be sure we haven't made a mistake."

Concerning possible LSD-caused chromosome damage in adults, Oregon's Dr. Egozcue lists, as the No. 1 likelihood, a change in the chemistry of the brain cells—which could account for the psychosis and epilepsy-like seizures already noted. (Brain-damage studies are underway now to attempt to confirm this supposition.)

While the world of science is expressing deepest concern over the new findings on LSD, the world of the acid-heads, apparently, couldn't care less. It simply moves on to bigger and better hallucinogenic drugs. Recently, for example, a new hallucinogen, called STP by the hippies (after the powerful oil additive for automobiles), turned up in great quantities on the West Coast. In a two-week period dozens of victims showed up in California hospitals suffering the effects of STP, which is perhaps four times more virulent than LSD. One of the patients nearly died. He had taken chlorpromazine, normally an antidote for LSD. However, chlorpromazine actually intensifies the reaction to STP and can cause respiratory paralysis, convulsions and possibly death. Drug experts have identified STP as a combat weapon designed to incapacitate enemy soldiers, developed for the Army under the label JB 314.

None of this news seems to affect the pastoral calm that pervades the 2,500-acre estate in rural Millbrook, N.Y., where Timothy Leary presides over his colony—the Mother Church of his League of Spiritual Discovery. On a recent afternoon some 75 of his disciples wandered contentedly around the premises in blue jeans and sneakers. In a cottage called "The Bowling Alley," a card game was in progress on the floor in front of a solemn statue of Buddha, while a phonograph played Bob Dylan records. In a pale-blue outbuilding called "The Chicken Coop," a dozen hippies played guitars, pounded wooden staffs on the floor and recited what they called "The Hare Krishna Chant." It was as if they had never heard of chromosome damage.

But they had.

Eddie Schwartz, a Leary lieutenant, an artist, an LSD user for six years, said, "Acid is a very, very, highly dangerous drug. Every time you blow your mind, you might end up in the nuthouse. But to me it's worth the risk. If you're sincere with it, it works for you and not against you."

Asked about the new genetic findings in Buffalo, Portland and New York, Schwartz snorted: "It's just scare tactics by the Government. I'm not at all worried about what the doctors find. Doctors are programmed to the illnesses of the world, not the happiness. You can't cure happiness."

And the guitars played on. □

Photograph by David Attie

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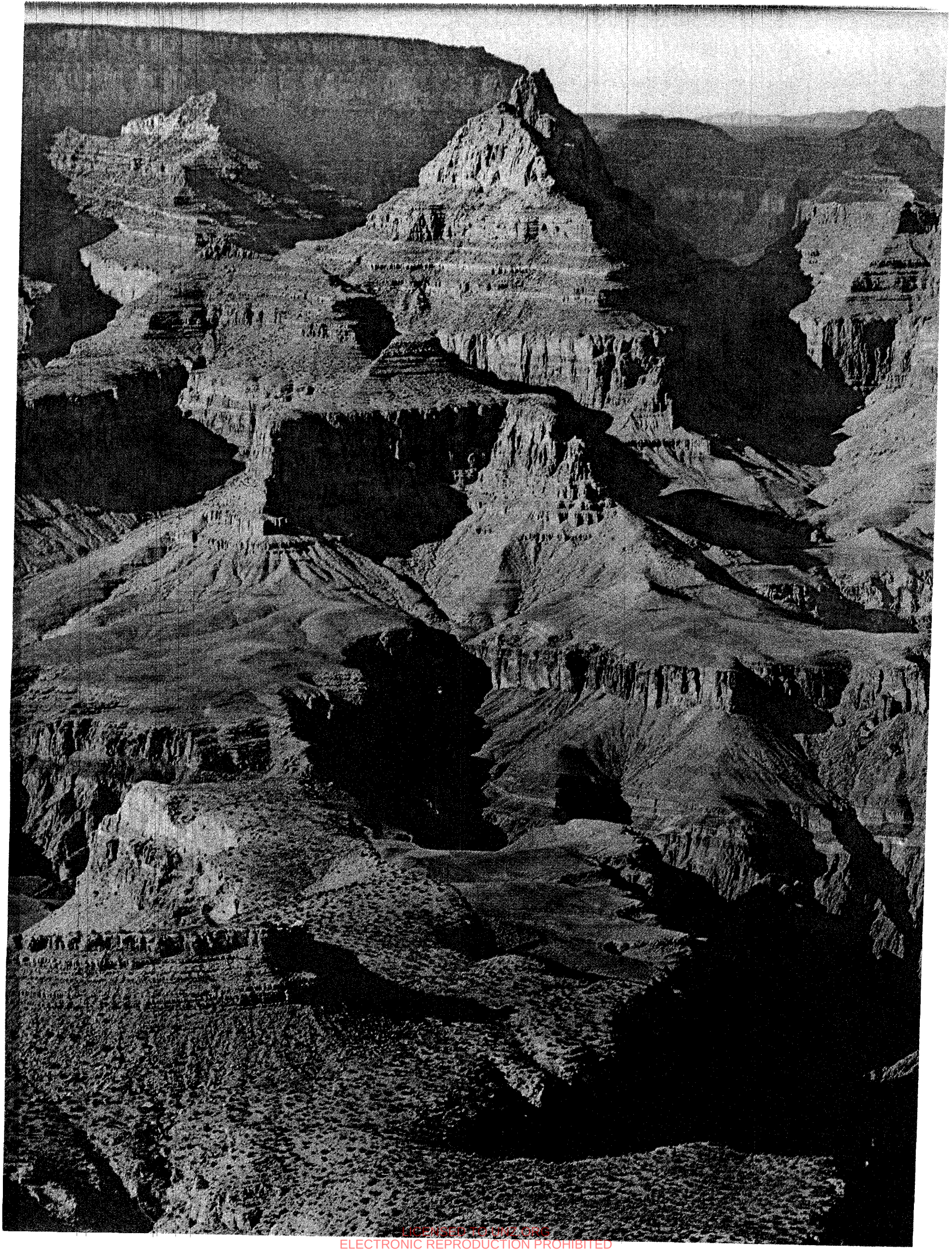

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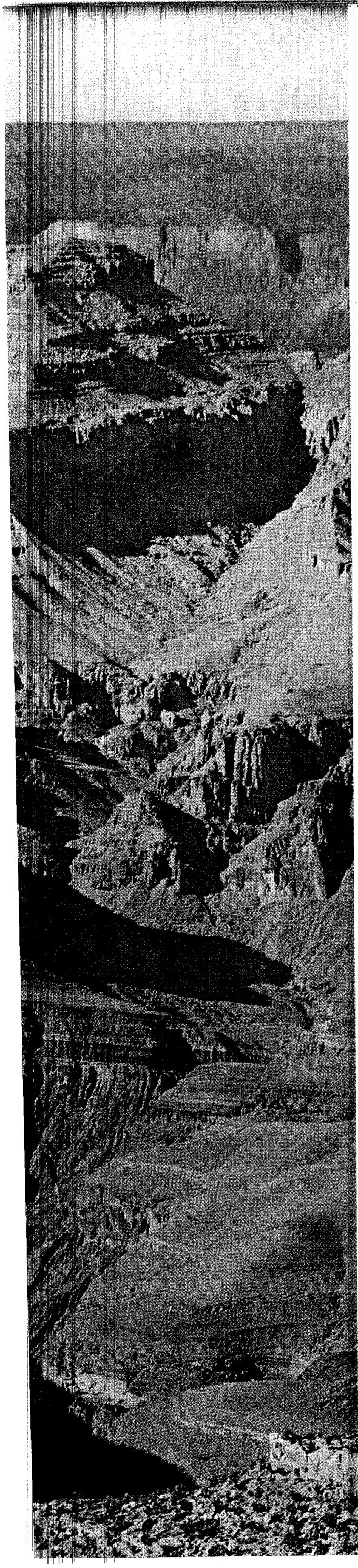


Fifth in a series on the American environment

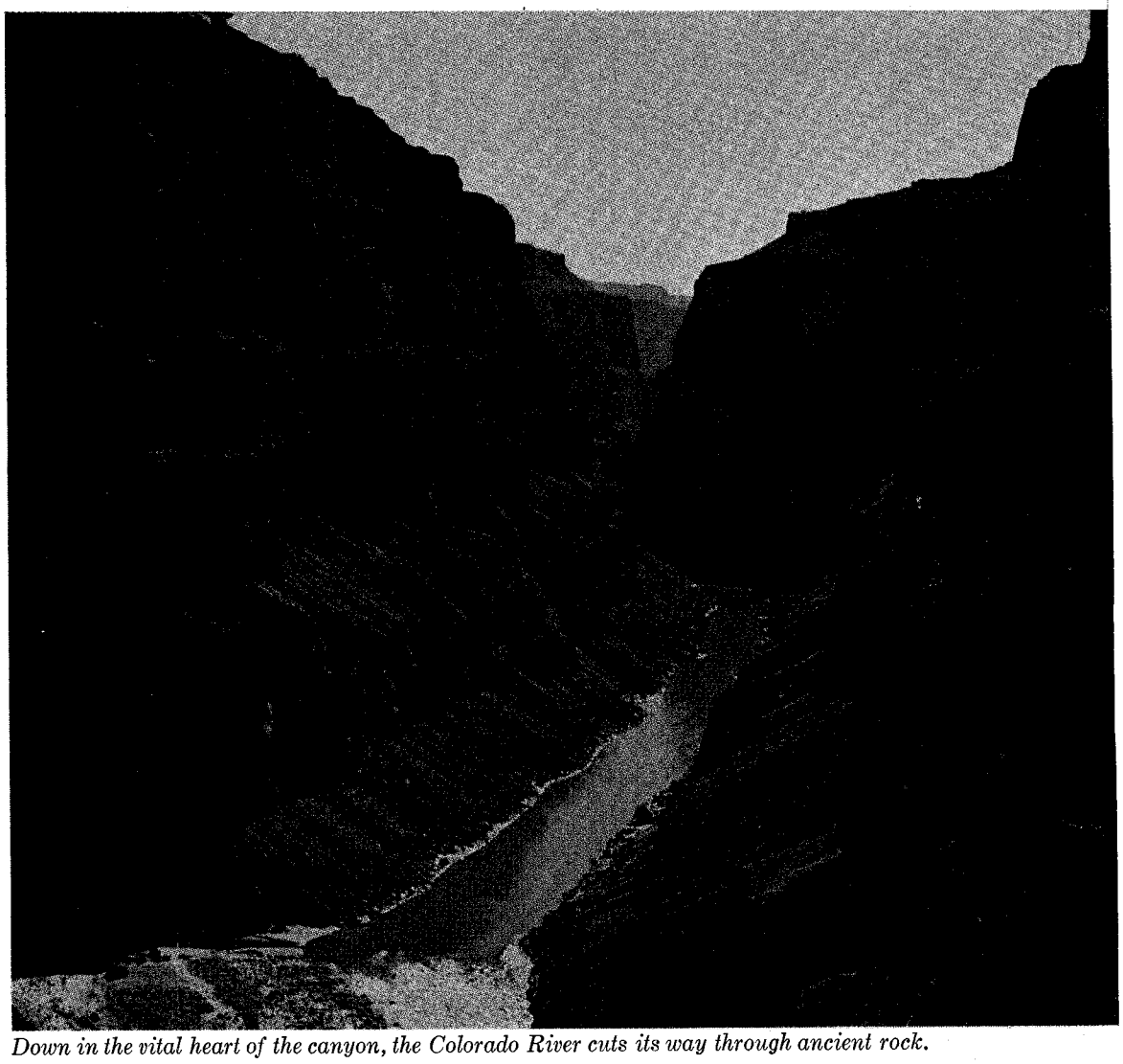
'Don't flood our Grand Canyon' By John Bird

Last year this emotional plea to Congress
blocked a plan to build dams in the incomparable gorge.
But the dam builders refuse to give up.

I wasn't prepared for the eerie sensation as the small plane dipped into the immense chasm. I had to look *up*, not down, to see the surface from which we had taken off. Then the plane dropped lower, its wings seeming to brush the up-reaching crags, the sheer cliff walls, the castled buttes, and my whole attention was caught up in the vast, fantastic world that is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The purpose of this flight was not sight-seeing, as such, but to take a close look at one of the places in the canyon where engineers want to plunk down a huge, concrete-and-steel power dam. For although conservationists last year managed to fight off federal dam proposals, there now are half-a-dozen bills before Congress, backed by powerful reclamation and power interests, which would authorize Grand Canyon dams.

Seen from the air the canyon is a broad trench, the sides of which descend in shelf-like steps to a sharp, v-shaped inner gorge, but the scale of this trench is almost beyond comprehension. At one point along our route the pilot, a veteran canyon flier, pointed to a silverish litter at the base of a towering red butte. "Remember those two airliners that collided over the canyon some years back?" he asked. "That's the wreckage. There's no



Down in the vital heart of the canyon, the Colorado River cuts its way through ancient rock.

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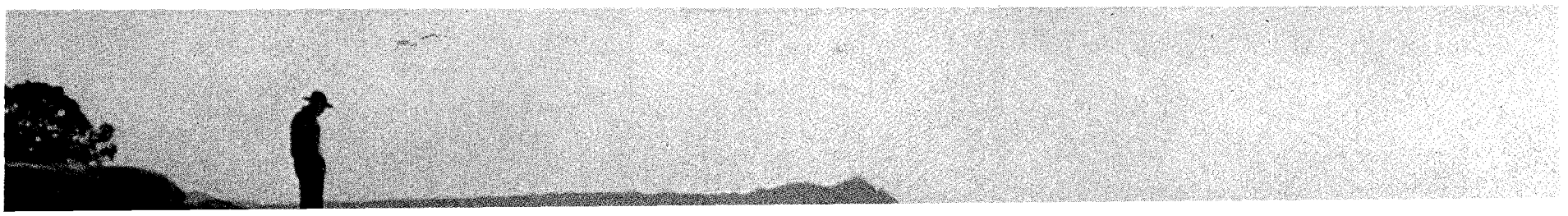
way to get it out.[59] In this colossal landscape, the spot looked no larger than a dime.

Down we drifted, past the layers of rock and shale cross-sectioned in the canyon walls—pink, brown, purple, gray, green, black. Here, as in no other place in the world, the story of our planet's life is told, chapter by chapter—all exposed by the silver knife of an ancient river, the Colorado, as it sliced its way downward through the earth's crust. Not far below the rim we saw relatively "new" laminations of shale and limestone, buff and red, which were deposited here perhaps 150 million years ago when great dinosaurs bellowed in swamps and reptiles and amphibians ruled the earth. Farther down, more millions of years back in history, are fossils of primitive creatures, such as trilobites, and simple sea plants which trace life back to its beginnings in primeval seas. And below that, at the bottom, is the hard black rock that was formed in the most ancient geologic era, perhaps two billion years ago when the earth was young and there was no life at all. Down in those depths the swift-flowing stream is still cutting away, adding new lines to the canyon's story. *What*, I wondered, *will power dams add to this story?*

Now we were swooping over a low plateau, nearing the center of the canyon—and suddenly the earth dropped out from under us. We had crossed the edge of the inner gorge, the 1,500-foot-deep slot. At first it was difficult to see in the gloomy depths, blue-shadowed by the almost vertical rock walls. Then the gorge curved, sunlight washed the cliffs with gold, and the river became a bright, glittering snake, "The beast that made it all," as a park ranger had told me. Flashes of froth marked rapids, evidence that this still was a swift, wild stream.

And here we spotted something scarce in this incredibly rugged wilderness: a work of man. True, it wasn't much. Just the remains of a cableway down the walls and, on a ledge near the river, a few weather-beaten cabins. This was the camp used many years ago when the federal Bureau of Reclamation engineers tested the bedrock here for a dam, found it good and began drawing up their plans. This is where various reclamation and power interests want to build the Hualapai Dam—a 736-foot-high giant. Under one brand-new plan, advanced by the city of Los Angeles, there would even be *two* dams built here to wring the last possible kilowatt of electric energy from the river.

Circling among the crags and actually seeing the faint marks left by the engineers, I felt the proposed dam, or dams, suddenly becoming more than neat renderings on a sheet of paper. I could see where Hualapai Dam (once called Bridge Canyon Dam but renamed for an Indian tribe whose reservation is nearby) would sit athwart the river, how its mighty shoulders would lock into the living rock of the slot-like gorge. Here its massive, gray-white body would block the stream and still the rushing waters. A boast once made by Floyd Dominy, the tough-talking, hard-driving, dam-loving commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, came back to me. "We're gonna turn that



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mean, dirty, maverick Colorado into a beautiful blue trout stream," he had said.

They really mean to do it, I thought. *Plug the Grand Canyon. Right here.*

At this place the wild Colorado would become a reservoir of water to drive great hydroelectric generators. The reservoir would be 600 feet deep at the dam's face and would wind back through the inner gorge for 93 miles, drowning out the bottom of the canyon and its beautiful side arms, extending through the Grand Canyon National Monument and invading 13 miles of the Grand Canyon National Park. Set among the colorful cliffs, it would be a lovely expanse of water.

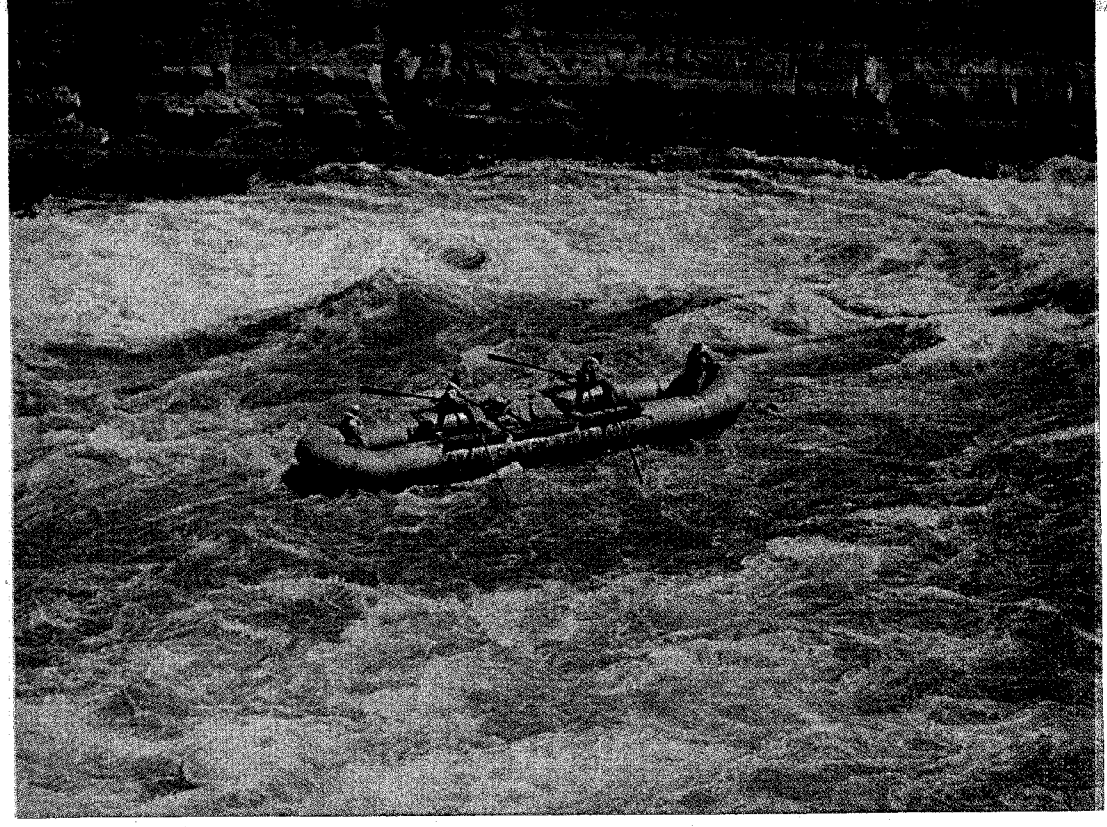
But I could also see that the dam—any dam—would drastically change the character of this part of the Grand Canyon. The ancient wilderness would no longer be wild; it would become a place where motorboats would buzz, power lines would march up the canyon walls, roads would penetrate. At the upper reaches of the reservoir, ugly mud flats would accumulate. As the water level dropped when power was being generated or when drought reduced the flow of the river, a lime deposit would mask the natural colors of the walls, daubing a masterpiece with whitewash.

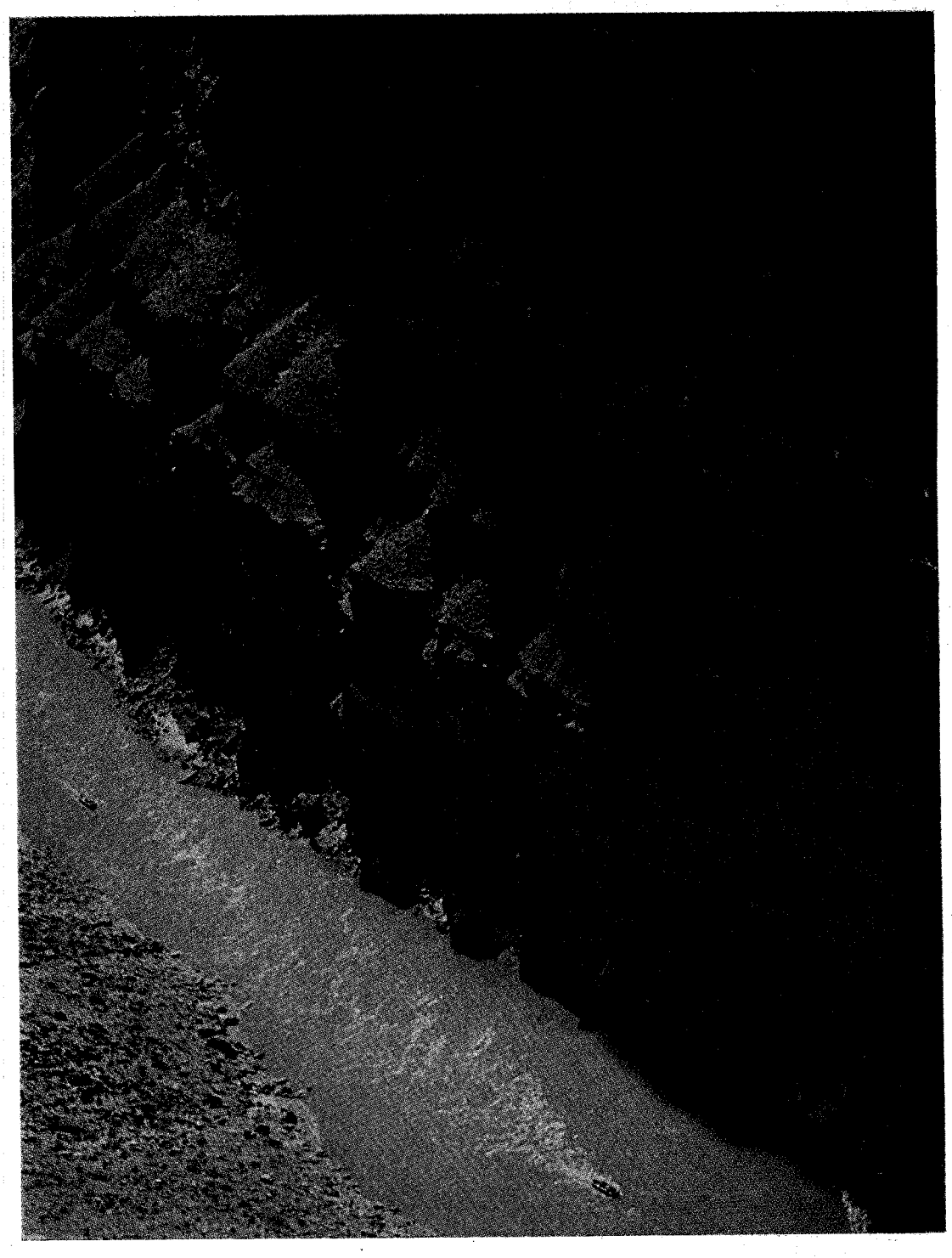
The dam itself, its powerhouses and other works, would be relatively insignificant compared to the immensity of the whole canyon, but they would trigger many larger processes within the natural, delicately balanced unit that is the Grand Canyon. For the canyon is not only unique, not only unspoiled, but also a rare, self-contained biological unit, an exquisitely interwoven pattern of terrain, water, climate, plants and animals, all hemmed in by these towering walls. It is a gigantic natural laboratory for all kinds of scientists seeking to unravel the mysteries of nature. This inner space may tell us more about life than we can learn from outer space.

I thought of a disheartening prediction the late Albert Schweitzer once had made: "Man has lost the capacity to foresee and forestall. He will end by destroying the earth."

The plane climbed up into the open sky and headed back toward the noise and clutter of civilization. And on the way back, one rather simple question kept repeating itself: *Why?* It is much the same *Why?* we Americans must ask ourselves about a lot of things we are doing, which add up to the ravaging of our once-magnificent environment. We should ask it about the superhighways that are pushing broad blankets of concrete and asphalt over the last green, open spaces near our cities. We should ask it of the cities and industries that have used our once-clear streams and rivers and air as handy places to dump their filth and poisonous wastes. We should ask it of the constant drives by some commercial interests to nibble away the boundaries of our national parks and wilderness areas. The question has become: How long can we plunder our countryside before we, in fact, do destroy our earth?

The idea of putting power dams in the Grand Canyon is a prime example of what Congressman John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania, long a conservationist, calls "technological arrogance toward our landscape." The fact that the proposed dams also happen to be unnecessary adds to the arrogance. Other, cheaper sources of electric power now are available in the Southwest and are being developed. The dams, of themselves, wouldn't add a





At left, park ranger John Riffey gazes 3,000 feet straight down from Toroweep Point, in the Grand Canyon National Monument; this part of the chasm would be flooded under 200 feet of water by one of the proposed dams. At right, boat parties shoot the rapids just below Phantom Ranch, then drift through a calmer passage downstream.

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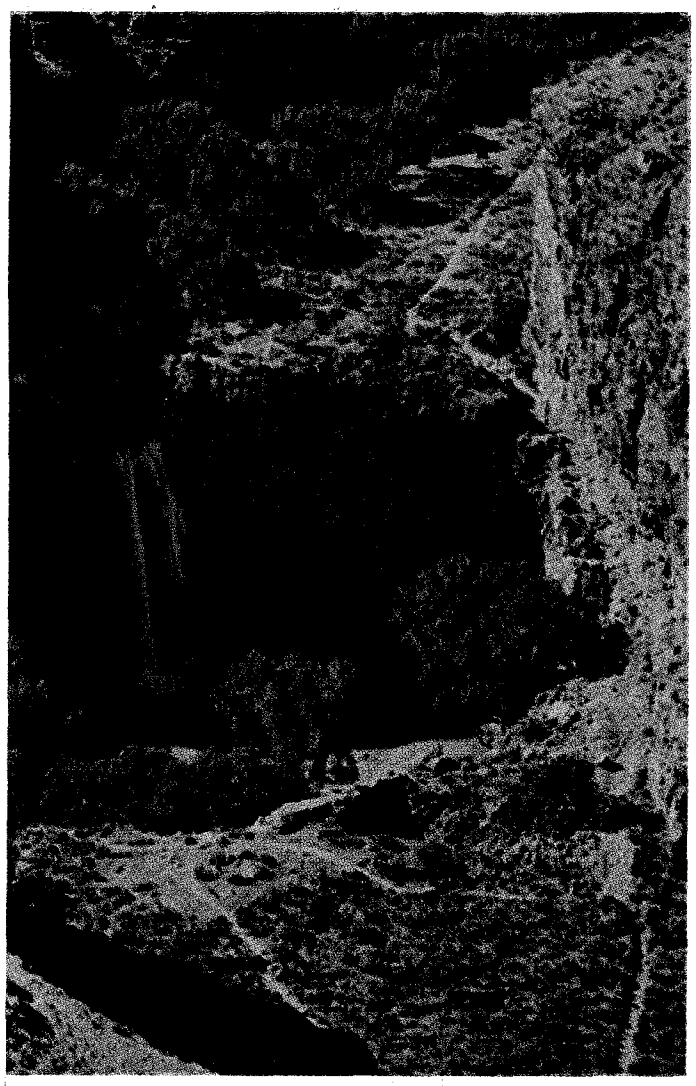


Waterfall in Havasu valley. Conservationists say dams would affect the canyon's unique plant and animal life.

drop of water to the supplies of the parched, over-expanded Southwest; instead, the considerable evaporation from their reservoirs would waste enormous quantities of precious water.

Then why build them?

Partly because of tradition, because big federal dams long have been used to promote and subsidize development in the West. The Grand Canyon dams, which would cost around $750 million, are meant to act as "cash registers" for other reclamation schemes. They would generate electric power, and the money from the sale of this power would fatten a Colorado Basin Development Fund. Had it not been for the strenuous opposition of conservation groups, especially the slashing attacks by the nature-loving Sierra Club, Congress might have authorized the Grand Canyon dams last year. The reclamation forces fully expected to push the plan through; they believe they failed largely because in their overconfidence they loaded their bill with too many extraneous projects and wasted too much time arguing over the division of the spoils. "The clock ran out on us," they explain. And now they are back with a simpler, more direct approach from which they hope to win at least one dam.

The battle for the Grand Canyon may now be in its last round. How it turns out is bound to influence, for good or ill, the way this country uses its scenic resources in the future. That's why we should take a close look at the forces, the reclamationists and the conservationists, which, like those two airliners, have collided over the Grand Canyon.

The driving power behind the southwestern reclamationists is the growing thirst of their land. They are running out of water and must find more if their boom is to continue. And for more water they must look to the canyon-carving Colorado, the major source for much of the Southwest, and in some cases the only source. Arizona's plight, in particular, is becoming desperate.

"Can you understand our frustration?" asks lanky Morris K. Udall, 45, Arizona congressman and younger brother of Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall. "For thirty years Arizona has been trying to get her fair share of the Colorado River water. Now we need it as a rescue operation."

Arizona has badly overused her scanty water resources in frenetic expansion since World War II. The signs are ominous in the state's central valleys. Here the people, their farms and factories are using more water than nature supplies in rainfall and stream flow: The water deficit is being filled by pumping from "historic" groundwater deposits deep in the earth. "We literally are mining water that has accumulated over thousands of years," Morris Udall says.

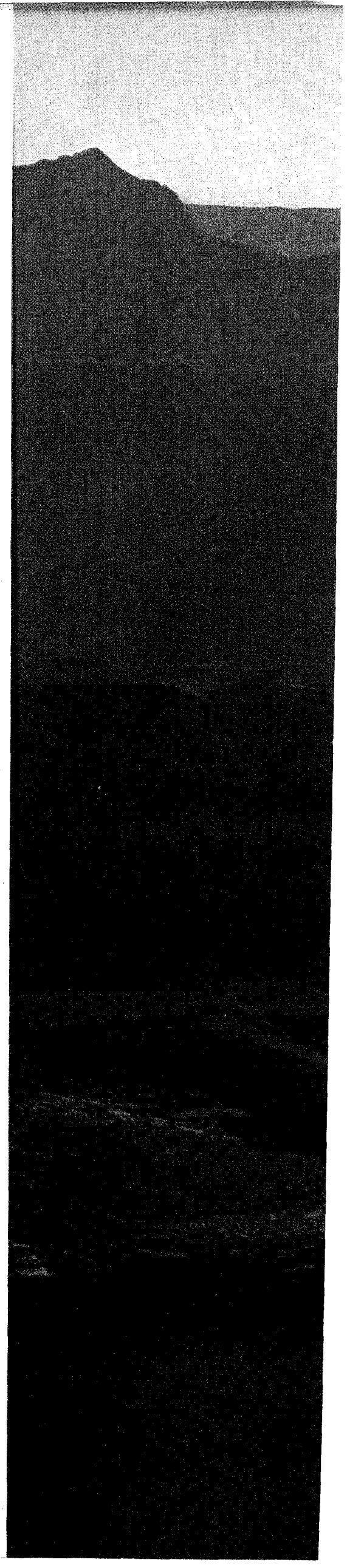
Arizonans don't have to be told that this is like crossing the desert with a leaky canteen. Each year the water tables fall lower, and thousands of acres of farm land go back to sand and sagebrush as irrigation pumps run dry. Already many thousands of acres have been abandoned. In some areas underground formations, once swollen with water, have been emptied and have collapsed. The earth above them has sagged, cracked and fallen.

"Opposing the Grand Canyon dams is like being against mother love or Barry Goldwater out here," one prominent Arizona businessman told me. But he also sees that the dams are incidental. "It's water, not dams, that we *must* have," he said. "If we can get the water without the dams, that's fine with me."

The river on which the Southwest pins its hopes is one of the hardest-working streams in the world. It rises high on the western slope of the Rockies in Colorado and Wyoming, then rushes and roars 1,400 miles to the southwest through Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and along the border of California before it flows into Mexico and the Gulf of California. Along the way, the river has sculpted a number of fantastic chasms, such as Glen Canyon and Marble Gorge, where walls of rock, colored and carved like abstract murals and bas-reliefs, rise thousands of feet. Glen Canyon's natural works of art already are partly below water, however, covered by Lake Powell, the tremendous reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam. Marble Gorge long has been on the dam builders' timetable as next for the same treatment.

Grand Canyon National Park starts below Marble Canyon, and here, where the river has achieved some of its most colossal works, two million Americans every year come to gape. The reaction of visitors when they first step up to the rim and look into the incredible self-contained world of the Grand Canyon is seldom mild. Long ago a cowboy is supposed to have peered into the depths and gasped, "Good Lord! Something sure as hell happened here." Tourists tend to stand gingerly back from the edge at first, holding their children tightly by the hand. They gaze with wonder and delight, peer through binoculars, and take photographs.

The river that is responsible for all this grandeur can be seen from only a few vantage points on the rims, a point much stressed by the dam builders. But natural scientists point out that since the canyon began, the river has been the key element in its life. They deduce that perhaps nine or ten million years ago the river meandered here over a spacious, low-lying plain which in even more ancient times had been the bottom of a sea. Then cataclysmic pressures (*continued on page 68*)



Photographs by Joern Gerdts

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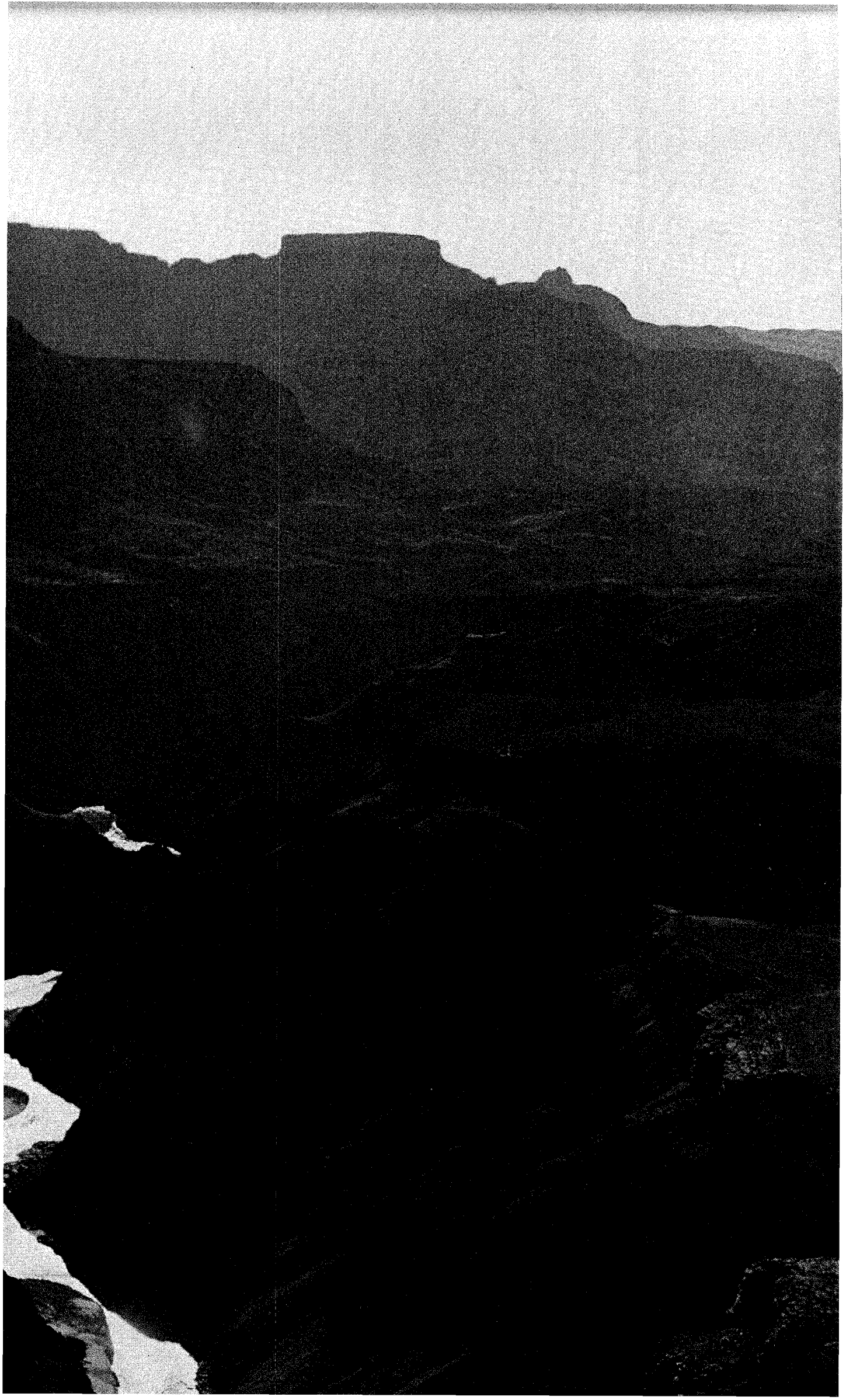

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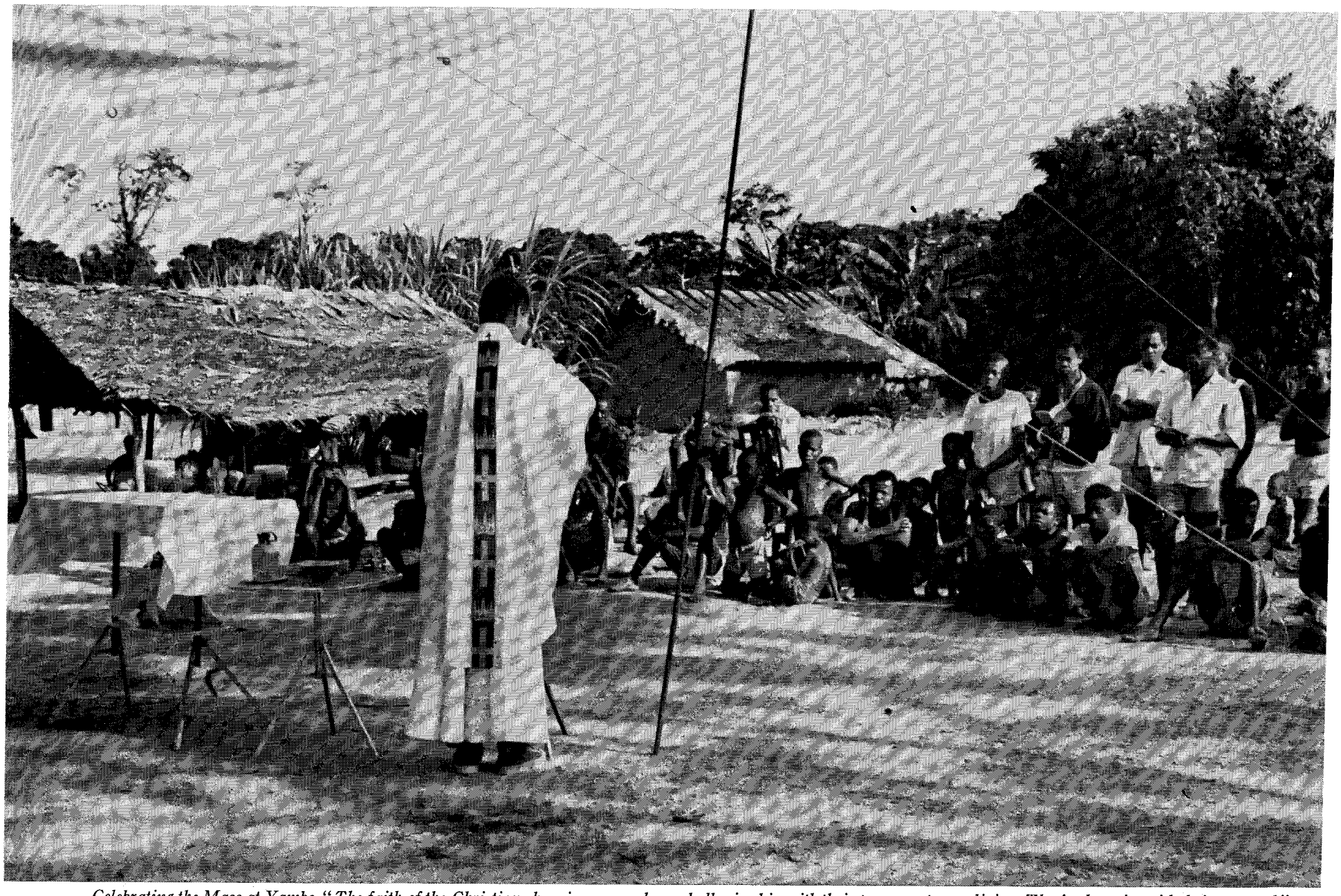

Celebrating the Mass at Yambo. "The faith of the Christians here is very crude, and all mixed in with their pagan nature-religion. They're happier with their own god."

IN THE FOREST OF FEAR

Martin Bormann, Hitler's deputy, is still hunted as a missing Nazi war criminal. His oldest son today pursues a far different destiny, as a Catholic missionary in the Congo.

BY EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN

The current ran against us, the current of the River Congo, hastening from the heart of that mysterious forest to a distant diaspora in the western sea. The *Gouverneur Costermans*, a steamboat-barge of bizarre construction, took three days, three very hot days, to cross Equatorial Province. I boarded at Mbandaka with a ticket for Lisala, and no sooner did evening come than the dances began on the cargo deck, little clusters of Congolese throbbing to their own makeshift music. With the rising of the moon the movements grew fervid, even outlandish. A young girl, lacking the customary ashes, smeared her face with toothpaste and, in a sort of reverse vaudeville, turned herself into a white woman.

During the day there was not much to do on deck, so I was happy for the books I had brought with me from Paris. As the *Gouverneur Costermans* glided slowly upriver through a colossal corridor of trees, I reread Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, which seemed appropriate since this very river was the scene of that inspired story. I also read a collection of Mozart's letters and *Essays on a Science of Mythology* by Carl Gustav Jung. The book by Jung may sound a bit heavy for that tropical heat, but I was writing a novel with some chapters set in Africa, and I intended to compare certain barbaric practices still evident in the African wilderness with similar outbursts in civilized Western society.

It was Dr. Jung's belief that practically all savage behavior, no matter where it happened, could be traced back to those immemorial and uni-

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versal patterns of the human mind which we have inherited from the murky ages of the past. There is a certain tribal memory at work in each of us. Vague totems, indistinct taboos, fearful rituals, fantastic mythologies, born at the very beginning of the human race and perhaps even before, are still being transmitted to all men—and maybe even to all animals—through what Dr. Jung called "the collective unconscious," a phenomenon that contains the whole psychic legacy of mankind.

I mention this only because I believe that it has a real relevance, however hazy and indistinct, to the story I am about to tell. Many hundreds of miles downriver, in Léopoldville (or rather Kinshasa, as the Congolese capital is known now), I met a bishop from a remote diocese deep in the great forest of the Congo. He was Monsignor Josef Weigl, the Bishop of Ikela, a gregarious little Austrian full of hair-raising tales about the recent Simba Rebellion in his region. He invited me to pay him a visit, and in the course of our conversation he referred casually to one of his priests, Father Martin Bormann, offering to make Father Bormann my guide in any expeditions into the forest. I had, of course, heard of Father Bormann, the son and namesake of Hitler's chief deputy, and that he had entered the priesthood supposedly to atone for the crimes of Nazism and of his father. An adventurous curiosity seized hold of me; the bishop and I forthwith arranged to meet again at his temporary headquarters at Bokungu, in the depths of Equatorial Province.

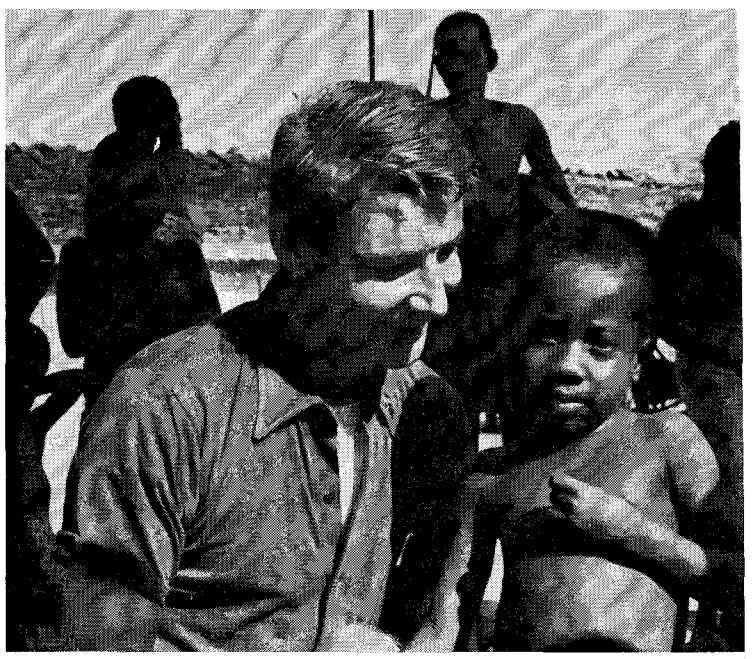
The *Gouverneur Costermans* arrived in Lisala almost a day late, but the bishop's pilot was waiting for me at the Catholic mission. In the *Pius X*, a four-seater American monoplane, we flew from the River Congo almost due south for about 250 miles over an immense forest. The tops of the trees appeared from our altitude like a great garden of bunched broccoli heads extending on to God knew where. The sun penetrated the trees in very few places, and only twice did I observe evidence of human life—a single plantation, and a solitary pirogue paddling his canoe down a glinting, lakelike stream. We landed on a bumpy dirt airstrip in the very middle of the village of Bokungu; at once we were encompassed by curious Mongo, the predominant tribesmen of Equatorial Province, some of their bare-breasted wives and a small multitude of their ragged children.

Next day after luncheon the jovial bishop drove me in his Volkswagen, for about 40 miles over deteriorating dirt roads through the forest, to the mission of St. Michel at Mondombe, where he said I would find Father Bormann. The bishop was clad in a white soutane with fading purple buttons and a pectoral cross; on his right hand flashed a large episcopal ring. Very often as we progressed over that dusty way, men, women and children fell reverently to their knees and crossed themselves; with his ringed hand the bishop conferred upon them a devout and affectionate benediction.

Toward late afternoon we reached the village of Mondombe, a collection of mud huts, crude fences, smoking hearths, scampering naked children. We came to a hill overlooking the River Tshuapa, which wound steaming and idyllic through a corridor of turquoise trees. And here was the mission of St. Michel, a scattered profusion of towering palm trees and red-brick buildings, some with thatched roofs, others with roofs of tin, and several in a state of obvious disrepair. The bishop drove to a large thatch-roofed house with a very wide veranda.

"This is the priests' house," he said. A group of Europeans and a single Congolese, most of them in overalls, got up from a wooden table and came down to greet us. We got out of the Volkswagen, and the bishop introduced a graying gentleman in spectacles and a white sport shirt, Father Matthias, rector of the mission. A tall, young, almost strikingly handsome man emerged from the veranda, his blond hair brushing against the thatched roof.

The elder Bormann was a powerful but undramatic figure, dedicated to carrying out Hitler's every wish.



Young Father Bormann and friend. "Our people love the missions, for our clothes, our medicines."

The bishop introduced me to Father Bormann. "Will you join us for tea?" the rector asked.

History remembers the senior Martin Bormann as Hitler's "Brown Eminence" and even as his Mephistopheles. Infinitely patient in the pursuit of his goals, he recognized from the first moment the paramount importance of representing his own position as insignificant. From the beginning he made a career of pandering with consummate skill to the *Führer*'s fantasies, and to the very end it was he who committed Hitler's ravings to paper and communicated them to Nazi officialdom in the form of meticulous but barbaric directives.

No other man ever knew Adolf Hitler as intimately as he did, but once away from the *Führer*, Bormann scarcely possessed an identity of his own. Unlike Hermann Goering, he detested flamboyance. He preferred instead (in William Shirer's phrase) "to burrow in the dark recesses of Party life to further his intrigues," disdaining not only publicity but most of the external rewards and trimmings. Photographs of him are regarded as a rarity—the few I have seen are of a rather obese Aryan in a Nazi uniform, his nose slightly aquiline and his mouth finely etched but faintly cruel, like his cold eyes. What interested Martin Bormann was the anonymous manipulation of power for its own sake.

He was born to a Protestant family in northern Germany in 1900, and following the First World War served a year in prison for complicity in a political murder. Bormann became one of Hitler's early companions in Munich, and soon after the Nazis legally seized power in 1933 he helped Hitler to arrange the purge in which Ernst Roehm, the head of the Storm Troopers, was summarily executed. At this time it was Rudolf Hess who held the title of Private Secretary to the *Führer;* Bormann was second private secretary, and he wanted

After the Stanleyville revolt, in which Bormann was held a captive, mercenaries sweep through rebel areas.

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Hess's job. Hitler loathed the details of day-to-day administration, and Bormann was only too happy to lighten the burden of the *Führer*'s paper work, since it helped to make him indispensable and augmented his own power. After the outbreak of the war, Hess began to realize that Bormann was systematically subverting him, secretly denouncing him to Hitler. When Hess fled to Britain in 1941, Hitler appointed Bormann to replace him as deputy leader and effective head of the Nazi Party. Bormann also conducted savage intrigues against Goering and Heinrich Himmler, succeeding eventually in alienating them from Hitler. As Hitler grew progressively more preoccupied with the war, complete control of Germany's internal affairs passed into Bormann's hands.

Despite his own Protestant beginnings Bormann entertained a venomous contempt for Christianity and all forms of traditional religion, exceeding in this respect even the hostility of Hitler. The *Führer* admired the power and organization of the Roman Catholic Church, but hated all Christianity as a creed, particularly its ethics and its belief in the immortality of the soul. Death was the end: Such immortality as man could achieve reposed in the race and in history. In fact, it was Bormann more than any other Nazi who was responsible for the Reich's campaign against the Catholic and Protestant churches. He wished to replace Christianity by reverting to the old pagan nature-religion of the early tribal Germanic gods, combining that with the modern paganism of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, which was actually to be used as the bible of the new creed.

From the primeval forest of the German collective unconscious, the Nazis had resurrected Wotan—the god, in Dr. Jung's words, "of storm and frenzy, the unleasher of passions and the lust of battle . . . a superlative magician and artist in illusion." This was not only an excellent description of Hitler himself; in Dr. Jung's view the mythological extravagances of Wotan's character did more to explain National Socialism than all the contemporary rationalizations combined. In seeking to supplant Christianity, Martin Bormann enthusiastically promoted this depraved reversion to the hereditary unconscious, this ancestral fantasy that man fully realizes himself only in league with the spirit of darkness. Bormann and his wife Gerda exchanged letters expressing their hatred of "the poison of Jewish Christianity," but it is assumed that he left to Himmler and others the details of the "Final Solution." In any case, with the immolation of the Jews, Nazi Wotanism—like the nature-religions of antiquity—descended to the ultimate horror of ritual murder.

As the war progressed, Nazi fortunes were reversed, and on July 20, 1944, there exploded the abortive "Generals' Plot" to assassinate Hitler at his headquarters in the forest of East Prussia. Now Bormann's patient persistence elevated him to an unmatched supremacy in Hitler's councils. Now he hardly let Hitler out of his sight, even to the point of retiring at dawn and rising at midday, just as his master did. Now he was the sole channel of Hitler's orders, the sole instrument of approach to that increasingly isolated and demented genius.

During the death agony of Nazism, immured with the *Führer* in the catacombs of the bunker under the Reichschancellery in Berlin, Bormann was a witness with Josef Goebbels to the pagan rites of Hitler's marriage to Eva Braun and was named by Hitler as the executor of his personal will. Hitler's suicide was now close at hand; Goebbels decided to accompany the *Führer* into oblivion by killing himself, his wife and their six children, but Bormann resolved to escape from the bunker. In his political testament Hitler named Bormann head of the Party and directed him to join the government of Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, which was to succeed Hitler at the moment of his death. On April 30, 1945, Hitler shot himself. Bormann dutifully helped to dispose of Hitler's and Eva Braun's bodies; in a mock Viking rite they were burned in the garden of the Reichschancellery, which was under heavy Soviet bombardment. Then Bormann made haste to flee northward from Berlin toward Admiral Doenitz's headquarters in Schleswig-Holstein. Under his nominal command, the five or six hundred men and women crammed into the labyrinth of bunkers around the Reichschancellery made a confused exodus on the night of May 1–2. Disguised, it is said, in the uniform of a common corporal, Bormann carried in his pocket the last copy of Hitler's private testament, a certificate of his claims to continued power under Admiral Doenitz.

When Bormann's group emerged onto the Friedrichstrasse they found the ruins of their once majestic capital enveloped in flames, with shells exploding in every direction. The group broke up in the chaos of the bombardment as its members sought individually to dash along the blazing Friedrichstrasse to the Weidendammer Bridge spanning the River Spree. They hoped to filter through the Russian lines to the north of the river. Bormann and a few other fugitives apparently succeeded in crossing the bridge and reached the Ziegelstrasse 300 yards ahead, but then there was a violent explosion and Bormann was hurled to the ground, though apparently not injured.

It was now every man for himself. Bormann and Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger, Hitler's personal surgeon, straggled eastward along the Invalidenstrasse toward the Stettiner station. Later, behind a bridge where the Invalidenstrasse crossed some railway tracks, Hitler Youth Leader Artur Axmann—so he subsequently testified—found both Dr. Stumpfegger and Bormann lying outstretched with the moonlight on their faces. They bore no obvious wounds. Presumably they had been shot in the back or had swallowed their capsules of poison when they concluded they could not evade Russian captivity.

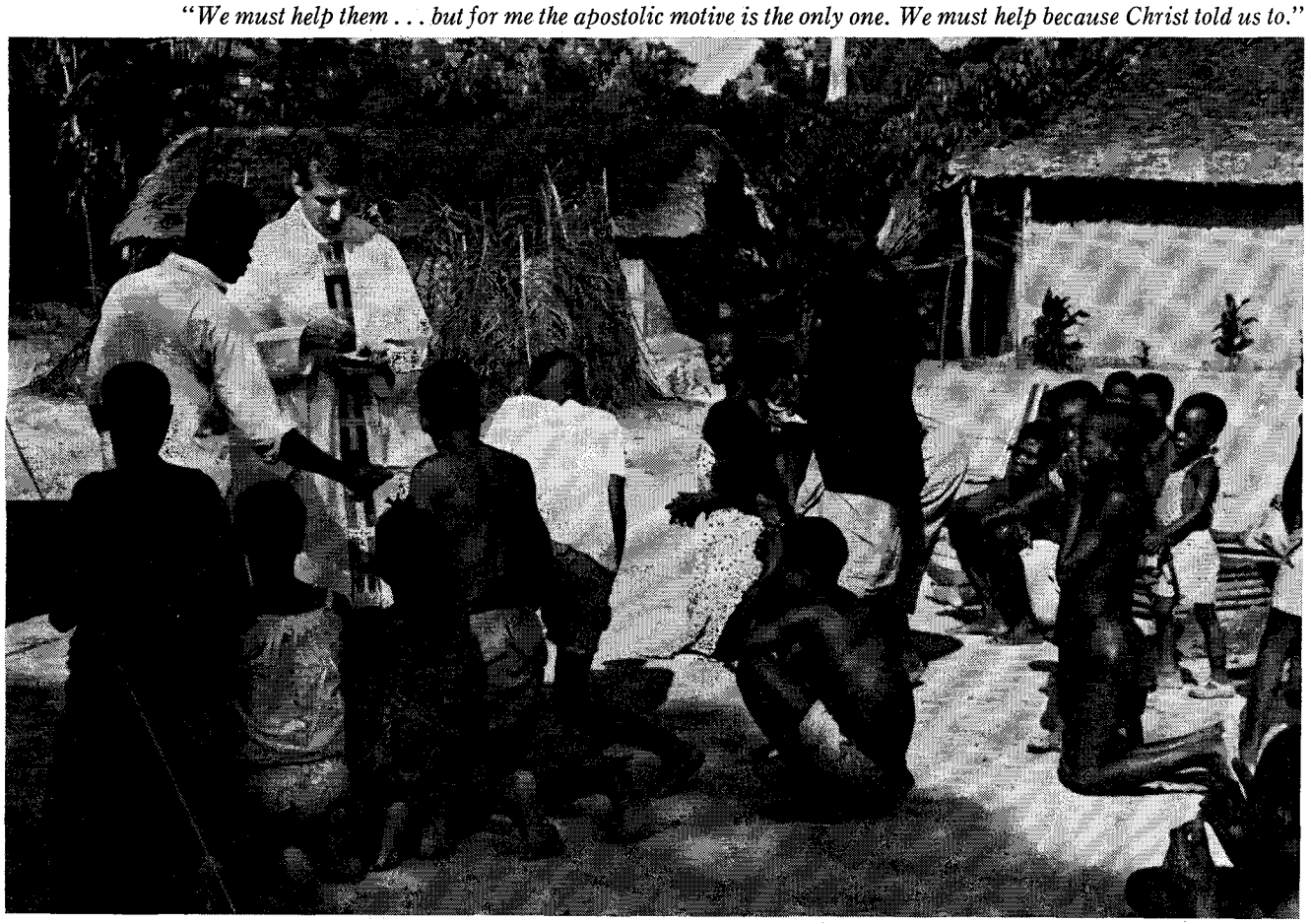
In considering the various accounts, the authorities differ. William Shirer states flatly that Bormann did not escape; Allan Bullock leaves the question open; Prof. H. R. Trevor-Roper believes that Axmann's story "could well have been a fable invented in order to stop all search for Bormann." He concludes that "there is not the slightest proof that Bormann actually died in 1945, and we find ourselves confronted with the possibility even the probability, that he escaped."

In 1946 Bormann was tried *in absentia* at Nuremberg and was sentenced to death by hanging. But the reports that Bormann escaped—possibly through a series of Roman Catholic monasteries—have persisted to the present day. There were rumors that he surreptitiously attended the funeral of his wife Gerda in Italy in 1946; subsequent allegations have placed him in Ireland, in Syria, in the Soviet Union as a prisoner of war, in South America, in Australia.

Adolf Eichmann, during his interrogation in Israel in 1960, is said to have declared, "Yes Bormann is alive," but he did not know, or refused to provide, further particulars. Israeli intelligence services have concerned themselves with any clues, however slight, that might lead them to Bormann. Simon Wiesenthal, a specialist in hunting down fugitive Nazis, has said he ha

Mickee, the palm-civet, is a carnivorous little beast. Father Bormann is trying to train him to gentler ways.

"We must help them . . . but for me the apostolic motive is the only one. We must help because Christ told us to."



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positive evidence that Bormann is alive in South America.

Bormann's wife Gerda, herself a fervent Nazi, bore him 10 children, a fecundity that reflected her wish, expressed in a letter to her husband, that "the *Führer* be presented with the priceless gift of the increase of sound German stock." In fact, she even urged Bormann to sire additional Aryans by his mistress. At the end of the war Gerda fled from Bavaria with the younger children (aged one year to 13) to the Austrian Tyrol, where they lived under an assumed name. Subsequently they moved to Bolzano in the Italian Alps, and Gerda died of cancer in a hospital at Merano in 1946, but not before appointing a Catholic priest the executor of her will and tutor of her children. The children were then adopted by an Austrian woman who had married an Italian aristocrat living in Bolzano, and they were all raised as Roman Catholics.

The eldest of the children, born in 1930 and away at school when the war ended, was Adolf Martin Bormann, whose first name was conferred in honor of Hitler. As the first son of so prominent a Nazi, young Martin was indoctrinated from the cradle, enlisted in the Hitler Youth at a tender age and enrolled successively in the elite academies of the Third Reich. The regime was severely Spartan. The youths lived outdoors—often in the forests where presumably they could commune with the great god Wotan—and they learned to excel in camping, rough sports and soldiering. They were immersed in the Nazi racial dogmas and trained to be killers. At the end of the war Adolf Martin was 15 and, by all accounts, the very model of a lean and fanatical Hitler youth. He must have revered his father. Today he is a priest.

Father Bormann seemed to possess a faint similarity to the one photograph of the elder Martin Bormann that I could recall on that tropical afternoon—there was the same slightly aquiline nose and the same finely etched mouth. The blue eyes were warmer. I mounted to the veranda of the priests' house at Mondombe and sat down with my hosts to join them in their afternoon refreshment, consuming not only tea and palm wine but a variety of sweet cakes and tropical fruits. The bishop sat at the head of the table; besides the rector and Father Bormann there were three or four Bavarian and Austrian lay Brothers and Frère Celestin, a Congolese lay Brother who kept bursting into laughter. They were all Missionaries of the Sacred Heart.

And they were all chattering in German; in deference to my presence, Father Bormann began reverting to French, which he spoke fluently. He explained that he was the "itinerant priest" of the Mondombe mission, solely responsible for evangelizing an area about half the size of Belgium. He smoked incessantly, throwing the butts off to the dirt driveway beyond the veranda. He had just come back from a journey in the forest, ministering to Christian villages; because of the Simba Rebellion, it had been his first such expedition in nearly two years, for only recently had he returned to the mission from a sojourn in Europe. "*Ils sont fainéants!*"—"they're lazy!" he exclaimed. "They did nothing to keep up their instructions while I was gone. *Sapristi*, in one village they had promised me to build a church. I told them, 'Next time, no church, no Mass!'"

As we conversed, Father Bormann would occasionally look up and cry out, "*Mickee! Mickee!*" Finally he rose, and from a cage on the sideboard extracted an infant palm-civet, a sort of mongoose, which he proceeded to nurse from a baby's bottle with a plastic nipple. The bishop, Father Rector and the lay Brothers gathered round, happy as children, outdoing even Father Bormann in the baby-talk they lavished on this tiny brown and spotted creature. "*Mickee! Mickee!*" It was obvious that Father Bormann had lost his heart to the beast; he put him in a box with some kittens, and then snuggled him atop the shaggy head of the mission's watchdog.

"We are experimenting with Mickee," Father Bormann explained. "We captured him right after he was born, and we are trying to teach him to overcome his savage instincts—to live in fraternity with all other animals." He admitted this would not be an easy task. The palm-civet is carnivorous, and when it grows to maturity (to about the size of a fox) it becomes ferocious, living in trees, consuming rodents and birds, feasting on frogs and venomous reptiles. But Father Bormann had resolved to destroy those appetities.

We decided that in the morning I would depart with Father Bormann on a journey deep into the forest—to Yambo, a remote Christian village more than 100 miles to the north. There were not enough beds at the mission, so despite my protests I slept in Father Bormann's room that night and he slept in the garage. It must have been sometime after midnight that a torrential rain began to fall. It was earsplitting, and from my window I could see the tin roofs flash like huge mirrors when, in the instant before apocalyptic thunder, the lightning made the mission as luminous as noon and set the River Tshuapa fleetingly ablaze. But at dawn there was sun, heralded by blue warblers and goliath herons exalting in weird formations from the forest.

The rain had turned the dirt paths into ribbons of mud. Father Bormann celebrated Mass in the small chapel in the Sisters' compound. He was clad in a crimson chasuble signifying the blood of slaughtered saints. It was the feast of St. Laurence, Martyr, who was arrested by the Prefect of Rome in the third century and laid on a gridiron above burning coals. "You may turn me over now," St. Laurence told his tormentors, "I am roasted enough on that side." And then, just before he expired: "I am cooked to a good crisp—eat." The peeling paint, gilded statuary and flickering candles of the chapel resembled many a European cloister, except that here the plaster above the altar was pocked with bullet holes.

"We won't be able to go to Yambo today," Father Bormann told me at breakfast. "Last night's rain will have made the roads impassable." So we decided that I should settle down at the Mondombe mission for an indefinite stay, until we could be more certain of the forest routes to Yambo. The bishop blessed us all and headed back to Bokungu, chancing success on the main road. I moved my things from Father Bormann's quarters to the bishop's room in the guesthouse, next to the garden in the nuns' compound, and sur-

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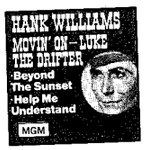

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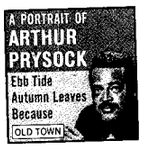

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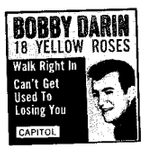

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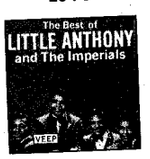

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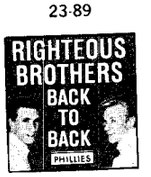

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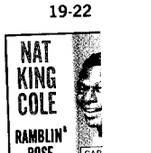

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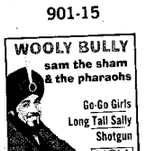

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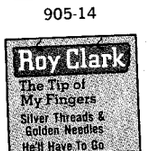

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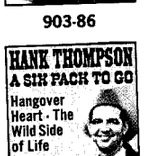

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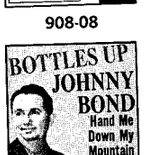

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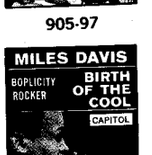

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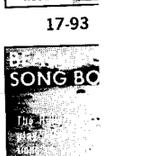

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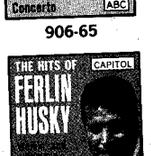

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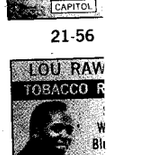

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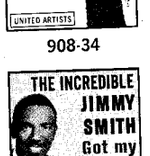

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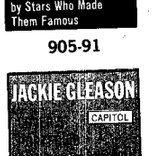

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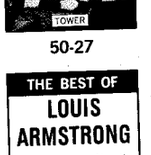

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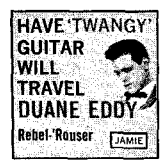

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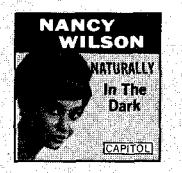

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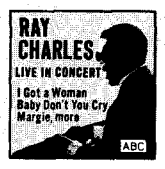

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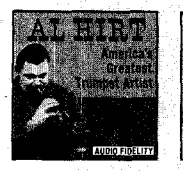

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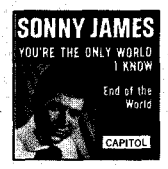

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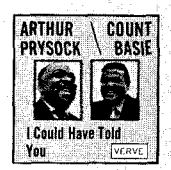

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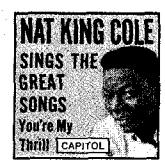

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endered to the rhythm and routine of e mission. The rector switched off the ectric generator just after nine each ght, and everyone rose well before six the morning; then life at the Mondombe mission, like life everywhere around it, moved in exaggerated slow motion—Masses, hearty meals, afternoon siestas, late-afternoon teas and sweet cakes, evening Vespers and Benediction, interspersed with spells of hard work. The mission was obviously in the throes of reconstruction: there was much reroofing and patching-up in progress. In places the vegetation still ran wild, thick vines and weeds as high as men covering the floors and climbing through the windows of abandoned schoolhouses whose thatched roofs had fallen in.

Each afternoon at about three Father Bormann, clad in his khaki working clothes, would drift down the dirt road from the priests' house and join me for our daily conversation on the veranda of the guesthouse. He confided that he was being bothered by fever; when I asked him the cause, he replied cryptically, "The beatings, perhaps."

I found him very intelligent and well informed. Before his ordination nine years ago, he had studied theology and philosophy at the University of Innsbruck, in Austria, where he was exposed to some of the most brilliant and most liberal minds of European Catholicism. He did not joke very often, and when he did his humor seemed a trifle heavy. He was especially serious about his priesthood: "The answer to the anxiety or problems of any priest is to be one hundred percent a priest. . . . When man ceases to be responsible to God and becomes answerable only to himself, he becomes a monster—this is what causes the power-madness and violence of this world."

We talked for hours at a time, but I sensed from the first moment that he did not wish to discuss his father. In Germany the press had pursued him pitilessly; he was very bitter about that. "*Sapristi,* those crazy, fictitious articles about me in all those magazines full of naked women!" Once or twice he lifted the paper from my typewriter and scrutinized what I had just written. "Ah, so you are comparing the historical barbarity of different cultures," he remarked. "I could tell you a thing or two about historical barbarity in the Congo. I've just finished writing a book about it." I urged him to go ahead, and for the next few days he narrated a tragic history in which he had personally become entangled.

"The Congo was briefly penetrated by the Portuguese about five hundred years ago," he began, "but foreigners did not arrive in force until the nineteenth century and the advent of the Arab slavers . . ." The cruelty of the Arabs was incredible (They considered a single elephant tusk worth a dozen black slaves), but it was soon exceeded by the brutality of Europeans. In the 1880's King Leopold II of the Belgians began to exploit the Congo, not as a colony of Belgium but as a personal fiefdom, the "Independent State of the Congo." His agents were under orders to strip the forests of their treasures with all possible speed. Impossible quotas for rubber and ivory were imposed on the Africans, and those who did not meet their quotas had their hands chopped off. Whole clans, including even the women and children, were mutilated, all under the supervision of Christian officers. Following a storm of international protest, Leopold surrendered his domain to the Brussels parliament in 1908, and the Belgians began to develop the Congo as well as exploit it. The Belgians built up an efficient administration and impressive social services, but they did almost nothing to prepare the Congolese for self-rule. When, responding precipitately to the mood of the times, they cut the Congo loose in 1960, they virtually invited all of the nightmares that were soon to ensue. The corruption and incompetence of the new Congolese politicians beggared description. Revolt was inevitable, and it erupted in those very regions which had suffered most from the earlier slave trade, forced labor, and the traffic in rubber and ivory.

The bestial rebellion of the "Simbas" (Swahili for "lions") began in the summer of 1964 in the Maniema, an area near Lake Tanganyika in the eastern Congo. The ideology of the Simbas, if it can be called that, was a mixture of primeval mythology, Marxist slogans, tribal memories, ancestral fetishism and Messianic fixations. The Simbas were led into battle by witch doctors, who had immunized the rebels to bullets by conferring *dawa,* or supernatural medicine, on them. The Simba had only to wave a palm branch, cry out "*Mai, mai*" ("water, water"), looking neither to the left nor right—and the bullets of the enemy would turn to raindrops. If a Simba were killed, it was only because he had violated some taboo. Simba youths, emboldened by drugs and sometimes armed with Communist weapons, marched into battle fully convinced they were invulnerable. The myth of that invulnerability was believed by much of the Congolese National Army itself, and whole companies abandoned their equipment, and fled in terror at the approach of a half-dozen Simbas.

The rebellion was not at first deliberately anti-European, but more an explosion of pure anarchy against all politicians, tax collectors, civil servants and other "intelligentsia" identified in any way with the national government. Under Nicolas Olenga, their demented but ingenious general, the Simbas burst out of the Maniema and quickly conquered Stanleyville and all of the northeastern Congo, slaughtering tens of thousands of their countrymen as they advanced. Then they surged westward toward Léopoldville, and at the beginning of September they reached the mission at Mondombe.

"The Simbas descended on us in Jeeps, trucks and automobiles they had stolen along the way," Father Bormann said, "wearing a weird mixture of military and civilian costumes. They did not display any particular hate or violence at first. Simbas advancing to the front, further westward in Equatorial Province, passed through the mission and requisitioned our cows and pigs and asked for food and clothes—usually politely, depending on the leader of the moment. But as October wore on, the situation changed. Moise Tshombe had assumed power as prime minister in Léopoldville, and now his white mercenaries were mounting a counteroffensive—they recaptured Boende, the large town a couple of hundred miles northwest of here. The unvanquishable Simba army was suddenly in retreat before a hand-

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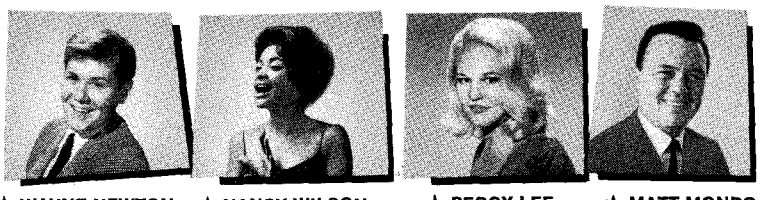

★ WAYNE NEWTON "Danke Schoen" ★ NANCY WILSON "Satin Doll" ★ PEGGY LEE "Fever" ★ MATT MONRO "Strangers In The Night"

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ful of these mercenaries, and General Olenga sent out orders that all Europeans in our region were to be seized as hostages. The orders were not immediately carried out. The uncertainty increased our fear. We knew that all of that blind and pent-up hostility against Europeans was bound to burst out sooner or later. We began to wonder whether we would survive among these people. They were drugged. They arrived to threaten our lives, and left laughing. We talked and talked with them—you had to keep talking, remain calm and never show fear, because the most savage of the Simbas were the most terrified of Europeans, who were superior beings in their eyes.

"The Simba *Jeunesse*—the youth bands—were the worst of the rebels, howling killers seventeen, fifteen and even twelve years old. They were so bestial that even their leaders were disgusted. There's your 'tribal memory' at work for you—these boys were too young to be bitter from direct experience. Their violence was an unreasoning vengeance of inherited nightmares, of all the blood and horror their ancestors had been obliged to endure. And so it was again—the boys were pushed into battle before the others, singing songs and smoking hashish. Whenever the government forces fought back, and later against the mercenaries, they fell like flies before the fire of the automatic weapons.

"Now the Simbas were really on the run from Tshombe's mercenaries. On the last day of October, Father Superior and the Sisters and all the other white members of the mission, except Brother Fritz and myself, were taken into custody by the Simbas and delivered to Ikela, the seat of our diocese. Brother Fritz and I were hiding out in the forest to wait for white mercenaries who never came. The Simbas threatened to burn down the Christian village near our mission and to murder everybody in it if we were not found and handed over. So it was our own Christians who hunted us down and handed us over to the Simbas on the second of November, at our mission plantation, near an old cemetery. The Simbas emptied our pockets, took away our shoes and socks, and bound our hands. Then they made us run barefoot the four or five miles to the administrative post in Mondombe village. They laughed and sometimes they struck me on the back or across the head as I ran along with my hands bound.

"They put us in the village jail and interrogated us against the wall, threatening to shoot us and asking wild questions about radio transmitters and airplanes and plots with Tshombe's white mercenaries to destroy the Simba republic. They beat me—badly, but not as mercilessly as the Simbas beat other priests elsewhere in the Congo. They hit me in the face and kicked me all over my body. I could do nothing while I was being beaten because I was bound. *Sapristi*, what could I do? I remained silent, said nothing. I cried, I sobbed—you have to do that here, to make them stop. That's the psychology! Today, I have a chronic infection of my back, and pleurisy, I think, which sometimes gives me fever.

"Then, because the mercenaries were getting near, we were taken by truck to Ikela, thirty miles or so to the south. We were stuffed with fifty other Europeans into the three small rooms of a single house, encircled by Simbas, threatened by some, consoled by others. The food we were given was terrible—mostly cooked bananas. Sometimes they told us we were going to be massacred. The mercenaries advanced closer and closer, so on the fifth of November we were herded into a truck and deported several hundred miles northeast to the Simba capital at Stanleyville. We were joined by some priests, nuns and other Europeans along the way, and we were all very much convinced we were human sacrifices being led to slaughter."

'They hit me in the face and kicked me all over. I could do nothing—I was bound.'

Father Bormann's fears were justified. Behind the Stanleyville post office, in a little park with gorgeous flowers and coconut palms, stood the Lumumba Monument, a concrete platform with a life-size color portrait of the Congo's first prime minister. Patrice Lumumba had been murdered near Elisabethville almost four years earlier, and now he was God, a new Messiah who would soon rise again. Such a divinity demanded propitiation and sacrifice, and in that open-air temple such had he received. Sloppings of blood and putrefied entrails nearly a foot high marked the sacred spot before the shrine where thousands of Congolese had been ceremonially slain, their hearts and livers then ritually consumed. Other victims had been crucified, or forced to drink gasoline and then slit open and ignited, or dragged off to various rivers to be sewn into bags and thrown to the crocodiles. Many of the dead were clerks, schoolteachers, postmen, small merchants—the very people the Congo needed most.

Father Bormann and other Europeans were separated from the Belgian hostages and imprisoned in the *Procure*, the residence for missionary priests in Stanleyville. The danger for all the hostages was increased by the rumors that Belgian paratroopers would attempt to rescue them. Toward the end of November scores of missionaries throughout the northeastern Congo were massacred. Before being killed, many priests and nuns were paraded nude and the nuns were raped—acts which carried deep symbolical significance for the Simbas. It was not simply that some Belgian missionaries had been contemptuous of the Congolese but that this whole European religion was enshrouded in a terrifying mystery of its own. The womb of violence is fear: What unutterable secrets lurked behind the locked doors and veiled tabernacles of the Catholic missions? For the Simbas, secrecy—like the consumption of human flesh itself—had a special mystical meaning. The flowing long garments of the priests and nuns were themselves a magical force, and by tearing them off, the Simbas deprived these white witch doctors of much of their occult omnipotence.

On November 24, 1964, the Belgian-American airlift began. Belgian paratroopers blasted into Stanleyville with automatic weapons and rescued hundreds of white hostages, but not before the Simbas had murdered dozens of priests and nuns and other Europeans at the last moment. The accident of his separation from the Belgian hostages favored Father Bormann, and the paratroopers recaptured the *Procure* before it could become the scene of another slaughter. He flew out of Stanleyville with the airlift and returned to Europe.

The Simbas committed further atrocities as they retreated through the northeastern Congo toward the Sudan, but by early 1965 most of their rebellion was finished. The white mercenaries were not finished. These hired murderers—Belgians, British, South Africans, Irish, former Foreign Legionnaires, ex-S.S. men—were taking snapshots of each other atop pyramids of Simba corpses. Their normal practice on penetrating a hostile village was to cut the throats of all the wounded, shoot at least a tenth of the surviving inhabitants, loot the village and burn it down. Sometimes they shot everybody. But the mercenaries were angels of mercy compared to the Central Government army when, bringing up its habitual rear, it reoccupied the rebel areas and managed in places to exceed the atrocities of the Simbas themselves. "Our mission went to rot when we left," Father Bormann continued. "The population here, including our Christians, pillaged the mission. You should have seen this place when we started coming back about a year later. Wires hacked down, roofs caved in, the forest at the doorsteps, bullet holes all over the Sisters' chapel. Even the doors were gone."

"You seem rather bitter, *mon père*," I said.

"Not bitter. Discouraged. For these people we priests are nothing more than witch doctors with more force, more powerful intercessors to their capricious god. During our absence many of our best Christians reverted to polygamy and paganism. Our people love the missions, you see, for our clothes, our medicines and our merchandise. Forgive me. Perhaps I'm being too hard."

I thought that he was perhaps being too European—or too German—in his judgments, but as he talked on I understood. This region, the *Zone Tshuapa*, was possibly the most backward in the Congo. The Mongo here had always been in flight, first from the slavers, then from the agents of Leopold II, then from the Arabized tribes and the cannibals of the East. They never had a chance to develop a stable culture, and the diseases which infest them—tuberculosis, syphilis, chronic malaria, elephantiasis, leprosy—are alone sufficient to insure their inexorable decline.

Father Bormann's people are unwilling and unable to adapt to modern life. Before independence, civilization gave them more than it asked in return—roads, medicines, a bit of schooling—but now that bargain has turned upside down. Now the wages are much too low, the politicians and tax collectors much too greedy, and the free medicines and other social services have for the most part simply vanished. Thus the ancestral, instinctive impulse of these people to run away has taken hold of them and they are fleeing from the roads and the law, back to the remotest hinterlands of the forest.

So we went to visit them, Father Bormann and I, when we were all talked out about the rebellion, and the skies seemed more promising. We left early in the morning and headed for Yambo, the isolated Christian village about 100 miles north, in Father Bormann's enormous Mercedes-Benz Unimog truck. He had been tinkering with the truck for days—machines seemed to fascinate him. François, his Congolese "boy," rode in back with the Mass kit and the provisions. For a while the dirt roads were fairly decent; Father Bormann roared with breakneck speed through forest and village. Zooming through one hamlet, we hit a dog. Father Bormann did not stop. There would have been, he explained, a lot of ugly trouble.

Many of the men, women and children we passed fell to their knees when they recognized the truck; now and then he would silently and fleetingly confer his blessing. More than once I remarked on this obeisance which the bishop had so seemed to enjoy, and perhaps even to encourage, for I had observed it in no other part of the Congo. Father Bormann either grunted or said nothing, and I had the impression that he disapproved of the practice.

The road became progressively more difficult, so savagely rutted by rain and neglect that even our six-speed, four-wheel-drive Unimog sputtered in despair. Inch by inch we gained the crests of hills, until our perseverance was rewarded by a vista of delight, a valley of euphorbic vegetation and misty streams, inhabited by the sounds of unseen beasts and haunted by brilliant birds. The route began to be obstructed by the trunks of uprooted trees—the work of elephants, Father Bormann said. We diverted from the last traces of road into total forest, a murky fantasy of eucalyptus, fire bush, bamboo.

At last we emerged into a clearing, and began to pass a sequence of mud-hut hamlets. Suddenly, startlingly, the air was filled with singing, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, though in an African tongue, by an immense chorus of angelic voices. Father Bormann had flicked a switch, and a tape machine was broadcasting the Léopoldville boys' choir through the loudspeakers mounted on the Unimog—an announcement to all Christians in that part of the forest that their priest had come back to them. The sun was just setting behind the thatched roofs when we reached Yambo, a small village of perhaps 200 souls, half Christian and half pagan.

Some of the villagers emerged from their dwellings and from the forest in order to stand about while we unloaded supplies from the truck; their demeanor, though friendly enough, was not particularly enthusiastic. Father Bormann and François suspended from the rear of the truck a white-canvas canopy beneath which Mass was to be celebrated in the morning. Then, seated in a folding chair, Father Bormann heard a few confessions. We supped alone on some provisions the Sisters had prepared at the mission. It was totally dark now; though not yet nine o'clock,

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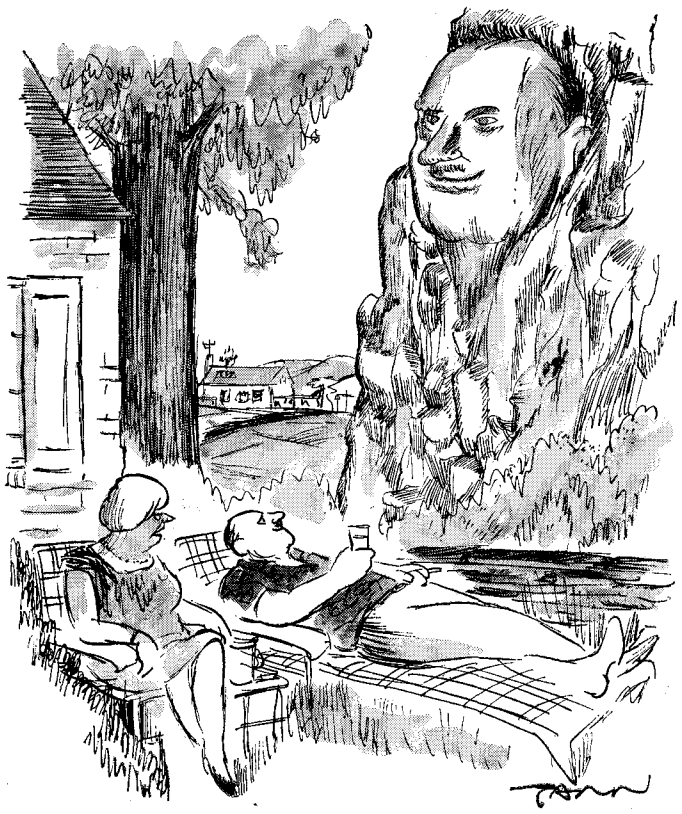
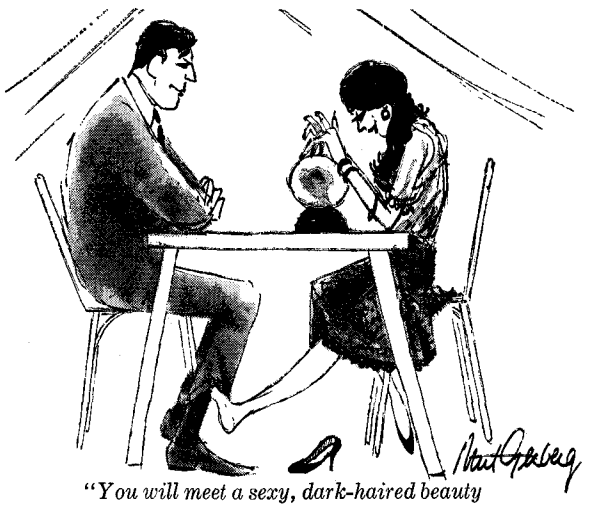


"I can think of a lot of other things we could have used that $25,000 for —!"

"I kept the children awake all day so they'd sleep for the sitter. . . . Now I'm too tired to go out."



"You will meet a sexy, dark-haired beauty who will be extremely attracted to you."

"He's much more effective than the little monkey I used to have."

"My Lord, they've always got their hand out!"

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You, Dr. Lamaze.) They isolated Norah's muscles and taught each one to sit up and roll over; they did their chores in a squatting position, and they boned up on the various stages of childbirth. Steve, as befitted an engineer, had the steps mastered down to the last centimeter. Norah kept forgetting. The last time they had spent the weekend in the country with the Benekers, Steve had been infuriated by her casual attitude.

"How will you know when to push if you can't remember the difference between stage one and stage two?" he demanded.

"I don't have to know," Norah said stubbornly. "You'll be there, and you can tell me."

"My God," Steve exploded. "Of all the lazy, slovenly attitudes!"

Mrs. Beneker had learned the secret of being a mother-in-law from a gifted teacher, her own mother-in-law. It was simplicity itself: "If you have to take sides, always side with the in-law." This time, however, she felt impelled to infringe the Beneker Rule. After all, who was having the baby, Norah or Steve?

"Don't you think," she said, putting a platter of scrambled eggs before them like a peace offering, "that the baby will go through the stages in the right order even if Norah doesn't know them?"

Steve smiled at her affectionately. "Now, don't be annoyed just because you can't pant, Lila," he said. "I told you it was hard."

He was right, Mrs. Beneker admitted. She was put out because she was unable to pant. Norah had been practicing panting while Mrs. Beneker set the table, and Mrs. Beneker had suddenly felt an urge to see what it was like.

"Uh, uh, uh," she began.

"No," said Norah. "not in. Out. Like this. *Huh, huh, huh!* Faster!"

"Don't do it, Lila," Steve warned. "You'll overventilate and pass out. You have to be taught how to do it."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Beneker firmly. "Huh, huh, huh. . . ." The next thing she knew, she was clutching at him to keep from falling over in a faint.

"Told you so," he said amiably. "It nearly killed me the first time I tried it."

He rubbed the back of her neck absent-mindedly as he helped her back on her feet. He did not, Mrs. Beneker realized, know he was doing it. The Lamaze method was very strong on Swedish massage. Husbands were supposed to accompany their panting wives straight into the labor room, giving back rubs and reassurance all the way. Any man with aspirations toward natural fatherhood had to learn to be coach, cheerleader, and masseur.

Mrs. Beneker forgave Steve his impatience. "I think it's wonderful how you do everything along with Norah," she told him fondly.

"What's so wonderful about it?" Norah said. "It's his baby as much as mine, isn't it?"

Still, Mrs. Beneker found it all a trifle unnerving.

"Would you do it?" she asked Mr. Beneker that afternoon, after Steve and Norah had taken off for the city for their Sunday Lamaze session.

"Do what?" Mr. Beneker said, deep in the *Times* magazine-section crossword puzzle.

"Exercise, if I were having a baby?" The question made her feel uneasy. Her dearest friend, Amy, was currently having a baby, also somewhat unexpectedly, and that event, in combination with Norah's pregnancy, occasionally made Mrs. Beneker feel like a castaway on a sea of fertility. She was profoundly relieved to be in her own particular boat—and fiercely envious.

"What's your having a baby got to do with my exercising?" asked Mr. Beneker. "Is there a seven-letter word that means auk?"

"That's just what I mean," said Mrs. Beneker sorrowfully. "You wouldn't."

Mr. Beneker put down the magazine. "Oh, you mean that." He thought for a moment. "I might. Do you notice that the bigger Norah's stomach gets, the flatter Steve's is?"

"You," said Mrs. Beneker, "are impossible."

Aside from the added gymnastics, pregnancy seemed to affect Norah and Steve's life very little. Norah went to graduate school as usual, never retired before midnight, and once tried out a friend's new motor scooter, sitting behind Steve and holding on to his belt because she couldn't reach around his waist. ("Oh, Mother," she said, when Mrs. Beneker demurred, "the doctor said I could go horseback riding if I wanted to.") They spent a little time arguing about boys' names—Steve wanted Spike, and Norah wanted Sebastian—and no time at all deciding where they were going to put the baby when he—of course it was going to be a boy—arrived.

"Maybe you ought to give the baby the bedroom and sleep in the living room," Mrs. Beneker suggested. Back in the permissive 'Forties, parents put up a cot in the hall for themselves, if need be, in order to give a child a room of his own.

"Are you kidding?" said Norah. "He'll sleep in the living room. A child should get used to noise. If we have company, we'll put a screen around him."

Where was she going to put the baby's equipment? Nowhere. There wasn't going to be any. He would be bathed in the kitchen sink and carried in a canvas sling, papoose-style, in lieu of a carriage.

Norah did agree that the baby would require some clothes. She was opposed to swaddling. So, to Mrs. Beneker's surprise and delight, she had been invited to help in both providing and picking out a layette.

She had looked forward to it. Her own infants had thrived on hand-me-downs, partly out of necessity, partly as a matter of principle. Mrs. Beneker had been brought up to leave a clean plate in order not to offend the sensibilities of starving Armenians, with the result that threadbare Armenians nudged her accusingly whenever she looked at frilly bonnets or impractical white shoes. Now, however, she was emancipated. She could hardly wait to get her hands on down coverlets, embroidered French smocks, and even a music box.

Their first stop, however, was a candy shop.

"They have good lollipops," Norah explained. "I need a dozen."

Mrs. Beneker turned to her daughter. "Dear," she said, "I must tell you about babies. They're not ready for lollipops until they are at least a year old. Even then, it's not a good idea. Bad for their teeth."

"Oh, Mother," said Norah. "They're not for the baby. They're for me. For when I'm in labor. To give me energy while I'm working."

"Lollipops?"

Norah nodded. "They're much better than plain hard candy. The sticks keep you from swallowing them while you're panting."

The more things change, the more they remain the same. Before she'd gone to the hospital to have Norah, Mrs. Beneker had made her own kind of preparations. She had brushed up on poetry. *Westminster Bridge, Dover Beach,* the beginning of the prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*—in Middle English, of course. A modest selection to keep her company while stranded in the delivery room with nothing to read. Hah! When the time came she had no use for poetry.

As it turned out, Norah never needed her lollipops either.

Mrs. Beneker remained with her ladies' exercise class to the last skip, dressed slowly, stopped at a store for groceries, and drove home before calling Norah to find that there was no further news. She had lunch, dusted the books in the study, made a gallon of bean soup, and transferred all the telephone numbers in an old blue folder supplied by the telephone company to a new blue folder, also supplied by the telephone company. Then Mr. Beneker came home, and they had dinner. When she had made her sixth call to Norah at ten o'clock that night, she learned from Steve that the contractions had not only not speeded up, they had diminished.

"I don't know," Steve said. "Maybe it's a false alarm." He sounded as if Norah had betrayed both him and Dr. Lamaze.

Accordingly, the Benekers retired as usual, shortly after the eleven-o'clock news. At four o'clock in the morning, the telephone, which was on Mrs. Beneker's side of the bed, rang. It was Norah again.

"I have a girl," she said. Her voice was strong and exhilarated. "She's tremendous. It was all absolutely tremendous. The pains started up again at midnight, and then it went so fast, nobody knew what was happening. Except Steve. He was wonderful. I absolutely couldn't have done it without him. He even insisted that he'd better take me into the delivery room. He was absolutely tremendous. You should see the baby. She's so beautiful, I can't wait to get her all dressed up, she's just tremendous."

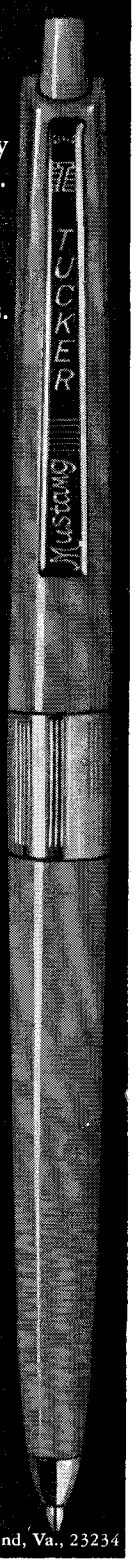
Mrs. Beneker put the receiver down slowly. She was so overwhelmed she could hardly breathe. A deer had just walked out of the woods. It was always there—life, wild and quivering, just beyond the lawn furniture, the brick terrace, and the outdoor barbecue, hiding in the thicket. They had taken their places in the generations, she, Norah, and now, Norah's daughter. My daughter is a woman, thought Mrs. Beneker, my daughter has done well.

"It's a girl," she told Mr. Beneker happily, "a beautiful baby girl." □

This story is taken from the forthcoming novel Mrs. Beneker, *to be published by Simon and Schuster in early 1968.*

Mustang. The Guaranteed Pen. 39¢ It writes for 1 year or your money back.

Tough pen, this Mustang. Retractable. Writes and keeps on writing for 1 full year. If it doesn't you get your money back. Every penny. We guarantee it. The same goes for the Mustang refill. Just 25¢. And it fits most standard ball pens. Tough deal to beat.



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almost everybody else had gone to bed. Occasionally as we conversed a child would dart out of the darkness to retrieve one of our discarded cigarettes, and we could hear the murmur of some old men who were squatting around a fire not far off.

"I wonder what they make of us, *mon père*," I said. "I wonder what they make of the Mass you will offer again for them tomorrow, and the Roman vestments you will wear."

"The faith of the Christians here is very crude," Father Bormann replied, "and all mixed in with their pagan nature-religion. They're happier with their own God."

"Then why evangelize them?" I asked.

"Only because Christ told us to. There is no other reason."

"Certainly you are also here to bring them the benefits of European civilization?"

"No, I'm not! Oh yes, we must help them in their misery—which they're not really aware of—but for me the apostolic motive is the only valid one. Otherwise what right do we Europeans have to impose our culture, which was created by the white race and is still based on white supremacy, on a black continent?"

I had hesitated all week to mention Father Bormann's past, but now I could no longer pretend to be indifferent.

"That philosophy is a far cry from the one you must have learned as a boy," I said. "All those dogmas they taught you—did you take them seriously?"

"Yes, everything—right up to the end of the war, and after."

"Did you have any idea of what was going on in the concentration camps?"

"No. We were too—sheltered."

"Did you see your father very often during that time?"

"Not very often. I was away at school. Sometimes he came home on holidays, but toward the end—during the war—practically never. He was always with Hitler."

"Your father was not as famous as Goering, Goebbels and Himmler, but particularly toward the end he was more powerful. I've wondered whether he was as directly involved as Himmler in the 'Final Solution.'"

"I think—he must have known."

"What happened to you when the war ended?"

"I was in Bavaria, in a Nazi school. I was fifteen years old. I escaped the occupation forces and fled to the mountains. For the next two years I hid out under a false name as a farm worker in Bavaria and Salzburg Province in Austria. In 1947, in Salzburg Province, I was recognized, brought before an American tribunal and interrogated. Ironically, one of my interrogators was Jewish, and sometimes the others had to restrain him. They wanted to know where my father was, but I knew nothing and could tell them nothing. They interrogated me again and again, and they imprisoned me for several months, but finally they let me go."

Father Bormann had not believed in the God of Christianity when the war ended, but sometime between 1945 and 1947 he underwent what he described simply as his "religious conversion." He was extremely reticent about this, but I understand from others that the conversion came about when, during a spell of depression, he confided his identity to a kindly Austrian priest who took an interest in him and began giving him religious instruction. His vocation and initial preparations for the priesthood soon followed.

"Do you have any idea of where your father might be now?" I asked.

"I'm almost completely sure he's dead. I don't believe the stories that he's been seen alive since his disappearance in Berlin. He never contacted my mother or any other member of my family. He died in Berlin, I think."

We fell silent. Moths as big as butterflies were immolating themselves in the open funnel of our kerosene lantern; nearby, a pair of male dogs contended for favors of a bitch; from farther off, in the forest, we could hear the chattering of baboons.

I asked, "If your father should be alive, and if he should ever come here to the Congo—would you protect him, give him a place to hide?"

"Yes."

"How—after all that has happened—could you?"

"Because he is my father. In spite of everything he has done, he is my father. There is no law of man or of God or of the Church which says that I must deliver my own father to the hangman."

"But you entered the priesthood—and came here—to expiate for him."

"*Si vous voulez*"—"if you wish."

He was obviously contemptuous of the neat little part that the world assumed he wished to play. If he was enduring the lacerations of compensatory anguish for the crimes of his father, then he was enduring them deep within himself, privately, utterly alone, and I could only respect him for the fortress walls he seems to have erected between that tongueless agony and the rest of us, if indeed agony is what it is.

He slept in his truck that night, and I retired to an empty mud hut. At dawn he celebrated Mass on a plastic table behind the truck, beneath the canvas canopy. He faced his people and recited the sacred rites in the Lingala language and wore a chasuble of white, which is the liturgical color of Joy.

"*Mokonz' oloyokela*
Mokonz' oloyokela
Mokonz' oloyokela
Kristo olondimela
Kristo olondimela
Kristo olondimela"

"Lord have mercy on us . . . Christ have mercy on us." There were 30 or so villagers assisting at the Mass. Some knelt, some squatted, others stood about or swayed on stools. An old man in monkey skins, a bare-breasted mother giving suck, a naked child toddling about and then urinating during the Epistle.

Father Bormann preached on the Gospel of the previous Sunday, and François provided me with a rough translation into French. "'Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican . . .' The Publican was humble, and asked God for the forgiveness of his sins, but the Pharisee was proud, and he angered God. The spirit of the Pharisee breathes in many men, but only God can see it. The heart of man is like a big basket, and only God knows what lies inside. I know that many of you hate the state and the politicians and what they have done. But not every politician is a Pharisee, and not every man of the state is evil. Governments can do evil, yes, but governments can also do good. . . ."

When his homily was done, Father Bormann rustled through the pages of his missal and recited the Creed. The people of Yambo mumbled their belief in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. He proceeded to the Eucharistic feast, and in that ever new and unique event, realized beyond the world and outside of time, the body of Christ was once again mystically slain, ritually consumed, and miraculously resurrected. A child screamed. A dog barked. The sun began to rise in the cloudless sky, and I imagined it was going to be a torrid day even in the thickest and darkest domains of that fantastic forest. □

Dennis the Menace
by Hank Ketcham
YOU LOOK HOT, MR. WILSON! HOW ABOUT A COLD ROOT BEER?
THERE'S WATER IN THE HOSE, Y'KNOW!
DELICIOUS! TASTES LIKE THE KIND I ENJOYED WHEN I WAS A BOY!
MOM, WAS HE EVER A BOY?
LET ME SEE THE LABEL ON THAT JUG!
THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT!
WE CAN SOON FIX THAT!
A&W
ROOT BEER
MAYBE YOU REALLY WERE A BOY ONCE, MR. WILSON!
Drive in for tasty food and the world's largest selling draft root beer
You won't find the world's largest selling draft root beer in any ordinary store. We search the world for the finest natural ingredients and brew them fresh for you, according to an age-old recipe. This great root beer, along with burgers, hot dogs, french fries, and other foods, has made A & W the largest group of drive-in restaurants in the world.

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By Alfred Gillespie

The witness

The Assistant District Attorney faced the grand jury. 'It is this little boy whose mother was killed that night,' he told us. 'He has been living that night of terror ever since!'

I feel certain that you will never have to resurrect this document from your files, Herb, but I agree with you, as my attorney, that it should be written in the event that my will is contested by one or more of my heirs.

My darling old Edna will give no trouble, of course. She is ancient and ill, and may well precede me into the grave or come plummeting along soon after. It is not in the nature of our daughter, Jean, to create a fuss over an issue of this sort; besides, she is well off financially, having married a network vice president with more money than a rajah. My three sons seem to offer no *concerted* threat; they've never agreed on anything in their lives.

But the harsh truth is that very few people, even the good ones, can stand by totally unmoved when a tall bundle of dollar bills slips through their fingers. And the fact that the money is going, not to church or charity, but to a small boy—particularly a small boy taken under wing (though not formally adopted) two years ago, in my seventieth year—could suggest to the best of them that I've gone soft in the head. You know I haven't gone soft, Herb. But the family knows only that I have become, in the minds of many people, an eccentric. There I go, drawing the curiosity of the financial-district crowds as I walk about in my old haunts with little Edward in tow. (Seeing the Stock Exchange in full swing for the first time, Edward said, "Hey, they're gonna kill somebody, movin' around like that.") Further, the fact that I am bringing Edward up in his own faith, the Baptist—and will as long as he wants me to—could be galling to the good Episcopalians of the Dobbins clan.

I have tried to make those provisions in my will dealing with Edward as tight as I can, though they must in some ways remain elastic, subject to the boy's discretion. Edward *must* get the money with no strings attached. Whether or not he chooses to go to college, chooses to be a diplomat or an artist or a scamp, chooses to work for his people or to ignore them—these are Edward's decisions and his alone. I know the boy's character, and it is quite a good one. I know the perils and affronts and unhappinesses awaiting him as he grows into maturity, and I am doing my best to prepare him.

With my sons and daughter, Edward will receive an equal share in the money I leave—a bit over forty thousand to each, depending, of course, on the value of my estate at the time of my death—so no one should feel cheated of his birthright. But there is still the outside chance that, singly or in concert, my heirs might challenge the contents of the will. In so doing, they would most likely attack the judgment I have used in these last few years, but especially my behavior in the course of my service as a grand juror three years ago, an experience that brought Edward into all our lives.

Therefore, let me offer a true account of the month I spent in Grand Jury Room III in the New York State Supreme Court Building in Brooklyn, of my growing alliance with juror Phoebe Feltman, and finally of the coming of Edward.

I welcomed the chance to serve on the grand jury that year, because I'd been cooped up too long taking care of Edna. Each morning—those first few mornings, anyhow—I would walk the seven blocks to the courthouse from our Brooklyn Heights apartment with the springy step of a *boulevardier*. I clearly remember the figure of Honorable Justice Marvin M. Rosenwald that first day as he arose before the three grand juries who would be serving at the same time. "Muff birdle muffle roo," he said, and his cheeks inflated with each word. I doubt that anyone made out anything the man said. Eventually, Justice Rosenwald reached the end of his notes and bowed to the juries and then to the assistant district attorneys in the front of this central jury room.

Once he'd gone, we juries were directed to the three jury rooms on the fourth floor that were to be our cubbyholes for the next month, ten A.M. to three or four P.M. each working day. Jury Room III was without windows or an adequate circulation of air. We sat on benches, as in a chapel, and—such is the creature-of-habit nature of man—we sat in the same locations each day as case after case was presented to us. It was in these same spots that we remained to decide on which case would move on for regular court trial and which would be dismissed. I chose a spot next to the wall, and Phoebe Feltman sat next to me. That first day she had a comic book with her.

Our first words were "Superman?" (from me) and "Nope, Spider-Man" (from her).

"Spider-Man is better?" I asked.

"Oh, much. He has a web."

I smiled. "Yes, that *is* better, isn't it?"

"I think so. And so does my son. I walked him to nursery school on my way over here and found myself with his comic book still in my hand after I'd turned him over to his keepers."

"I'm disappointed."

"That it's not mine?"

"Yes."

Many of my fellow jurors were already sucking on pencils and working out their crossword puzzles, while other groups were grumbling amiably about the mess the city was in, when a tall young man with a blue-shadowed jawline strode up the aisle and stopped to chat with the foreman at his high bench at the front of the room. Witness boxes were at either side of the foreman's bench. The court stenographer stood before the box at the right, setting up his shorthand machine. And now, the man with the blue jaws came forward and introduced himself as Assistant District Attorney Joe Silverstein. "Any old-timers here? Any veteran grand jurors?"

"Thoity-five years," growled a deep voice at the front right. The man was large and white-haired, with a great nose pitted like the stone of a peach. A cigar bobbled in his mouth. "Thoity-five years I've been juryin'."

"Good for you. What's your name, sir?"

"Ruppert, like in the beer. Billy Ruppert."

Phoebe muttered to me, "Stupid, like in 'stupid,'" but I retreated behind a bland, detached expression.

From the start, Phoebe Feltman was an anomaly among the Con Edison–telephone company–Brooklyn Union Gas employees, retired brokers (the foreman) and retired shipping-line executives (me) of the jury. Young, female, rebellious, she was, as she herself put it, "a municipal mistake." "Somebody," she said, "with all those registered voters' names in the big grand-jury drum goofed."

In our very first hearing—an assault case that involved a fight on a subway platform, a minor knife injury to the complainant, and a defendant (never seen)—Phoebe ran against the pack. Silverstein and the stenographer had left us to our deliberations. And immediately Ruppert was uttering his juror's philosophy for the edification of us all: "Show 'em no moicy, I say." This was said, deep-voiced, into the sports pages of the *Daily News*. "Show 'em no moicy" was to become a battle cry, alternating with another of Ruppert's slogans, "Give 'em the woiks," throughout our month in Jury Room III. But if our panel tended in any direction over

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Illustrated by Tom Quinn

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America, America

"It's no picnic, but where else could a kid like me meet Bob Hope, Billy Graham, Cardinal Spellman and John Steinbeck?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

the days and weeks, I would say it was toward "moicy" and away from "the woiks."

"As charged?" the foreman asked.

"As charged," other voices assented. Hands went up everywhere.

"I wonder," Phoebe said in a small, trailing-off voice. Then, louder, "I wonder what that complainant we heard *said* to the defendant on the platform, if anything."

The foreman had reached behind him and pushed the wall button that would call Silverstein back to the room. "Don't matter," Ruppert grunted.

"Well, sure it could matter," Phoebe said. "Just suppose, Mr. Ruppert, that ——" But the rest of her words were drummed out of existence by a half-dozen separate conversations striking up throughout the room.

"Ahh!" groaned a fellow who was to be our official court jester. "Women! They kill ya!"

In another case, we had a defendant who had been standing off a jeering mob one Saturday afternoon on a crowded slum street. When the police appeared, the fellow struck one uniformed cop, wrestling him to the pavement. The policeman suffered a bruised rib and a broken finger. In this case—at his own request—we heard from the defendant, who turned out to be a puny sixteen-year-old with a useless right arm that was only half the length of his left. He had been, he said, defending his mother's good name before the gang of taunters, and was later beaten, he swore, at the station house. It seemed to me that, by the facts of the case, the boy had indeed done the things for which he was charged, but the factors of his age and disability were enough to mitigate the crime. Most of the jurors, while sympathetic, felt otherwise: To hit a policeman, under any circumstance, was intolerable.

Phoebe requested that the Assistant D.A. be summoned into the room for a question. When he appeared, she asked, "How does a grand jury go about bringing a charge of police brutality?"

The room immediately was in an uproar, and the debate, if I might call it that, bristled for a good half hour. At the end Phoebe won her point: The case against the boy was dismissed, most reluctantly, in exchange for her dropping the brutality question. But if Phoebe was to have any further victories in Jury Room III, they would indeed be hard won. Her face was white from the rigors of the battle.

"Walk home with me," I said, "and I'll brew you a pot of coffee."

"Mr. Dobbins, I could use it."

How shall I describe Phoebe Feltman for you, Herb?

Phoebe is a large young lady, but I don't want you to seize upon that word "large." Say it this way: She is not petite. Her waist is good, and her bosom dandy. The legs are long and fine. She has shoulder-length, dark, red-brown hair, and the deep brown eyes you'd expect to see in a successful lady spy. Her nose is troublesome at first; it's so straight and authoritative. But the most distinctive feature the girl has is her street-urchin's mouth; it pulls wickedly to the side, the *left* side, when she smiles. You realize immediately that this is not a smile that could have matriculated at Smith or Holyoke. It's Brooklyn College. A sidewalk-games smile, if you follow my meaning.

We had a murder that first week. A former rabbinical student had killed his wife, whom he'd found to be a trollop, by stabbing her in the throat. And there was an assault that involved a boy from Dublin, his brother-in-law, their quarreling wives, and an uppercut punch that broke the brother-in-law's jaw. The case was dismissed.

Day after day, the parade of victims and witnesses marched (or limped) into Jury Room III, reciting their sad stories. A pregnant girl had been hurled out of a third-story window by her lover. In a little less than a year, an old woman had given fifteen thousand dollars, her entire life's savings, to a young confidence man for fictitious repairs to her house. A stammering little wraith of a girl told how, at different times, five boys had taken advantage of her on the landing of a not-yet-occupied apartment house near her school. (Ruppert barked out, as he did at all rape cases, "It takes two to tango," and the charge was thrown out.)

A mugger had knocked a priest to the sidewalk, had stolen his wallet, and then had run smack into seventeen members of the Knights of Columbus, who were just coming out of a meeting. A burglar had beaten a night watchman to death with a flashlight.

After a few days of recitals like these, I would walk home sick at heart, almost staggering under the load of misery that hangs on this city. And for the first time, I became truly impressed by the many messages scrawled on the streets and on the walls and on the mailboxes of Brooklyn Heights. I've been reading those messages for two thirds of a century but thought little of them until now. The word KILL is a new one (at least to me) in the graffiti of New York City, and it is everywhere. Now, through the lewd scrawlings and the threatening ones, I would amble home to my Edna and tell her about the cases, leaving out the gamier details, and she loved it all, being as sweetly bloodthirsty as most women I know.

"Don't let it all get under your skin," she said to me. "When we were young, people were killing people every bit as imaginatively and as often."

I replied, "There's a difference."

"No."

"Yes, it's gotten grubbier. And somehow closer."

I thought of the curving metal mirror our superintendent had installed in the elevator in our building, the purpose of which was to alert the boarder to the possible presence of another person lurking in a corner of the car. Someone had struck three deep dents in the thing.

I am getting to the Hamilton case, Herb, don't worry, but I must first make clear to you my deepening involvement with the Negroes' condition—or plight—in this city, as it was reflected in that jury room.

I've led a reasonably adventurous life, as you know. I came over from England alone as a teen-ager, a wet-behind-the-ears immigrant. In my beginning maturity, I had occasion to work my way across this country, having the kind of adventures that a young man can rarely find these days. But I can't say that in my dealings with Chinese businessmen I ever came to know, *really know*, a Chinese or deeply care about the Chinese condition. And the same can be said of my encounters with Negroes. It seems strange that I could have led such an eventful life without encountering many people of color, but circumstances never thrust them into my life as friends. My attitude over the years has, I suppose, been one of simple unconcern; my mind has been busy with other things.

It wasn't until we were deep into the second or the beginning of the third week in that stuffy jury room that the rough lot of the Negro began to eat its way into my bones. There were the bright, vigorous men and women who had been robbed or assaulted; then the "lower-depths" cases, grimy and worn, their words a slurred gabble, their eyes sullen but dead—the people who had never wandered much beyond their own street corner.

And one night, in the third week, I lay in my bed staring into the darkness and realized with some surprise that tears were trickling down my face and soaking the pillow. I swallowed, quite loudly I suppose, because Edna called to me. "Horace?"

"Yes?" I cleared my throat.

"Is something the matter?"

"No. Go to sleep, old girl."

I felt ashamed, as I do now, reporting the fact. It's true that I was weeping, after nearly a lifetime of almost total unconcern, about—well, about the condition of man, if you will. And I was pleased with myself. Being a religious man, and in some ways a good man, I'd always secretly felt I had an inside track on salvation. And now I realized that if a fellow has never cried the kind of tears I cried that night, then he has got to be a failure, damned by God. I'd been saved, I believed, in the very nick.

But soon, despite my self-congratulations, the witnesses and the victims were back, parading before me, and the ache began to grab me hard once more.

The defendant's name was Tom Hamilton, the deceased was Cecelia Wentworth, and the charge was manslaughter.

"We have a strange one here," Joe Silverstein told us, "one that isn't entirely clear-cut. We'll have to give it to you in bits and patches. There are witnesses, but their testimony will be at considerable variance. Three of them, you should know, are children. Listen to them closely, and I believe that out of the mess you will eventually be able to determine the truth."

The first person to testify was Oscar Hamilton, a brother of the defendant. Oscar was a flabby man of indeterminate age, probably in his mid-thirties, who spoke in a quick, clear, abrupt way. Yes, he said, he had been summoned to the morgue on a certain day and had been shown the body of a young woman. It was Cecelia Wentworth.

"Was Cecelia Wentworth related to you?" Silverstein asked.

"No. She just lived with my brother, Tom."

Another bit of testimony, received a few days later out of its logical sequence, came from the police doctor,

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who said that the body in question was that of a Negro woman around thirty years of age, in fine physical condition and three months pregnant; the fetus was that of a male infant. She had died from a stab wound that had entered her abdomen, one and a half inches below her navel. The wound was a good two inches deep, severing the such-and-such artery and puncturing the intestine. It was the arterial damage that caused death. The wound ran on a slightly uphill course.

Two policemen came to testify that they had been in a patrol car that night and "had occasion" to go to the premises of Cecelia Wentworth, where they were admitted by Oscar Hamilton. There were two other men present, Jimmy and Will Hubber, who were cousins of the defendant, Tom Hamilton. In the bedroom, they found the body of Cecelia Wentworth on the floor. There was a good deal of blood. She was dead. In still another bedroom, the officers came upon three small boys, all in a near-paralysis of fright. They had originally been in the bedroom in which Cecelia Wentworth died. Two of the boys were the offspring of Will Hubber, and one was the offspring of Cecelia Wentworth. Acting on "certain information received," one of the policemen left the apartment and climbed to the roof of the building. The officer found Tom Hamilton hiding behind a pigeon cote on the adjoining roof and arrested him.

Oscar Hamilton, Tom's brother, was recalled to the stand.

Yes, he said, he had known the deceased for some nine or ten years, a beautiful young lady who had come to New York from Chicago and was, as far as he knew, without any living relatives anywhere. She was "good at things and talked like she was the president of Vassar College or somethin'." She worked in a loft on the Lower East Side, "doin' somethin' with fabrics." Oscar's brother, Tom Hamilton, had been living in Cecelia Wentworth's flat, on and off, for the past nine or ten years. The father of Cecelia's child was Tom Hamilton, but Cecelia had many times said she would not take on the name Hamilton, "because, she said, 'I just don't quite cotton to it.' "

A few weeks before Cecelia's death, Oscar Hamilton and the two cousins, Jimmy and Will Hubber, and the two boys of Will Hubber moved into Cecelia's apartment at her invitation. They bedded down in the extra bedroom and on cots in the living room. They were out of jobs, these male relatives of Tom's, and as soon as their luck was with them once more they would, of course, find apartments of their own. But Cecelia, though she'd made the invitation, regretted it right away and nagged at them to move. "Get your idle hides out of here," she told them once, "or I'll just have to kill you all."

On the night of her death, Cecelia, Tom, and the Hubbers had had their dinner together and then had begun drinking around the table. Oscar's birthday, though it was still five days off, became the excuse for their celebration. Jimmy Hubber went out for some more whiskey, and the mood became quite convivial. The radio blared, and Cecelia danced briefly with Tom Hamilton. All three of the children were in their pajamas, playing on Cecelia's bed in the next room.

It was shortly before ten o'clock, said Oscar, when Cecelia, who had become quite drunk, rose suddenly from the table and screamed. Tears ran down her face as she shouted wildly to the ceiling, "I can't *stand* it anymore! Lord God, I'm losing my mind! I want you all out of here! Get out! Get out! And take your kids with you!"

Tom said, "What's got ya, honey?"

She froze then and said, almost in a whisper, "You've given me another baby."

Then, Oscar testified, she ran into the bedroom, shouting, "I'll kill you all! I'll kill you all!"

Tom ran after her. The others followed and were standing in the bedroom door when the action was swiftly ended. The children cowered on the bed. Cecelia pulled something out of the dresser drawer, turned, and seemed to lunge toward Tom's midriff. But Tom seized her hands and, suddenly limp, she crumpled to the floor. Tom stood over her. Then, after an awful moment, he said, "God Almighty, she's stabbed herself!"

He bent down and pulled the knife from her abdomen and staggered out of the room, placing the knife on the top of the kitchen refrigerator. (Here, the weapon itself was shown to Oscar, who said, "That's the one," and it was marked for evidence.) Tom muttered, "Tell me she ain't dead." But Will Hubber checked her over and said, "I think she *is* dead, Tom." Then the children began to scream.

"They'll pin it on me for sure," Tom said.

There was advice from the Hubbers, though we were not allowed to listen to a recapitulation of it. And Tom ran, and the police were summoned.

I think it was the evening of Oscar's testimony, a Friday, that Phoebe Feltman and I had our "date," and I bring it up, Herb, only in the event that someone else brings it up later. Phoebe had been telling me about coffeehouses, Happenings, the plays off off-Broadway, and other recent developments on the Greenwich Village and Lower East Side scene. "I'd like to see them sometime," I said.

Phoebe immediately invited me. My wife thought it all a lot of foolishness, but she gave me her blessing. "There's no use your being trapped here every night of the week. Go ahead."

Phoebe's husband, an intelligent and likable young man who worked in a publisher's office by day and studied law at night, had a couple of ciders with us in a Village coffeehouse before he went off to his classes. "Live it up, man," were his departing words to me.

I wish there was something adventurous to report, but I only succeeded in playing the square old party, making obvious comments about the haircuts, beards, and chaste wickednesses around us. We drank some coffee in another place, ran into some friends of Phoebe's on MacDougal Street and accompanied them to the neighborhood they call the East Village, where, in a grubby studio, we witnessed a Happening. I haven't the least notion what it was all about: All those young people in their underwear climbing ladders that I guessed were supposed to be tree houses, tossing rolls of toilet-paper streamers to each other. Afterward, we had drinks in a smoky place where a musician named Thelonious Monk played loudly. I found the evening totally exhausting, and I set out for home at midnight, leaving Phoebe to her friends. She pecked me on the cheek, saying, "You know, you're the sweetest date I've had since my senior prom."

I didn't care whether it was true or not.

The next week, we met the Hubbers. They were neatly dressed men in their thirties, and they testified clearly and forcibly on the occurrences in Cecelia Wentworth's apartment. What they said was substantially a carbon copy of Oscar Hamilton's testimony. But it was Will Hubber who brought us a bit closer to the final action that ended Miss Wentworth's life. He was in a position in the doorway that afforded him at least a partial view of the scene. Cecelia, he testified, was gripping the knife handle with both hands, the blade pointing downward. Presumably, if she'd wished to stab Tom Hamilton, she would have had to raise her arms and lunge at him with a downward motion; but this did not happen, for Tom had seized her by the wrists. He did not, as far as Will Hubber could see, ever touch the knife until he removed it from her body. There was a swift, close struggle—she holding the knife, he gripping her wrists—and then she fell. (As the jurors were to comment later, this could not account for the fatal wound, which called for an upward thrust.)

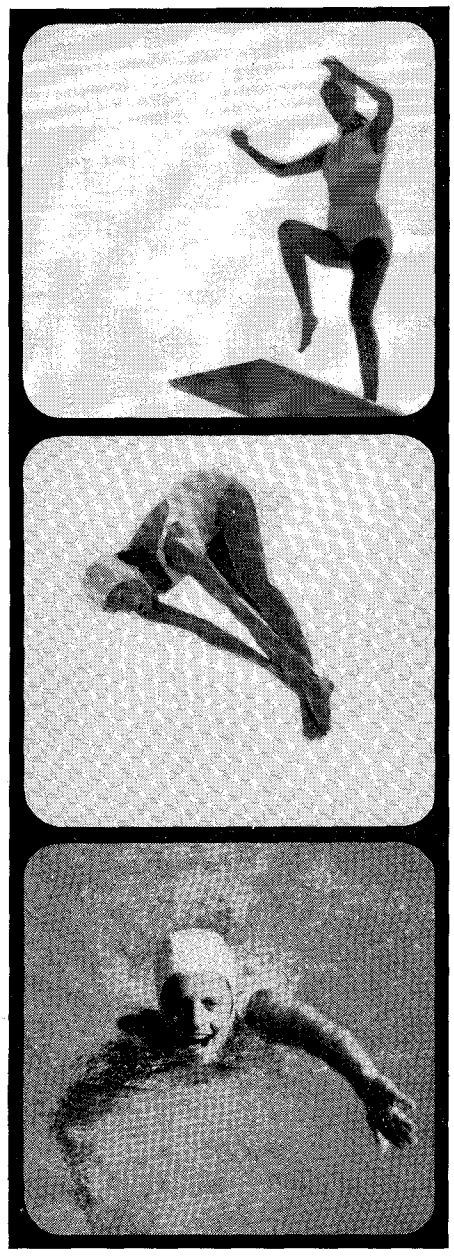
Later the same day we heard from B.J. and Donnie, the two children of Will Hubber. B.J., the older boy, was eleven, and he gave the clearer account, though he mumbled and smiled through it in his embarrassment. He offered no contradiction to the earlier testimony but supported his father's story of Cecelia holding the knife. Donnie, the younger boy, who was seven, was no help at all.

And, finally, we met Edward Wentworth, Cecelia's eight-year-old son. Since the five previous witnesses to the event were all in agreement in their testimony in Tom Hamilton's defense, we knew that the state was basing its case entirely on Edward.

Joe Silverstein addressed us before bringing the boy out: "Now, I'm about to call in the last of the eyewitnesses. Just remember it is *this* little boy whose mother was killed that night. It was a night of terror for him, and he has been living that terror ever since. He is very young, very shy, and if you can't hear something he says, please don't holler out, 'Louder!' as you would with an adult witness. I'll have his testimony read back to you later if that's essential. If you have any questions to ask when I'm through, whisper them to me; don't call them out to the boy. And please bear with me in the way I question him. Remember, this little boy has been living in something like a state of shock."

With that, Silverstein went out the door beside the foreman's bench and came back with Edward. I was first struck by the boy's size, which is small for his age; but then the face on him immediately turned me to mush, because it is a face that belongs on a Christmas card—small-featured, but with large, intelligent eyes.

Silverstein led him, not to the witness box, but to a chair very near the



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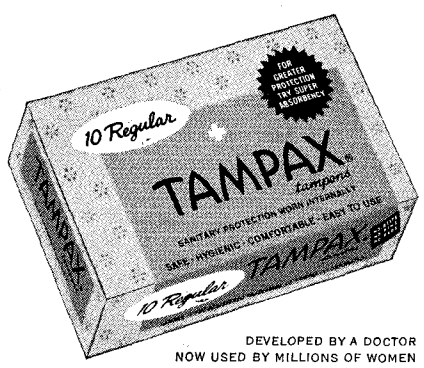

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barrier that separated the jurors from the well of the room. The Assistant D.A. then pulled up a chair for himself, very near to the child. The stenographer moved his equipment close in, and the foreman left his bench to sit in a front row among us.

"Now, Edward," Silverstein began, "you know me, don't you?"

The boy nodded.

"Who am I?"

"Joe."

"And what do I do?"

The boy giggled. "You're an assistant district attorney."

"Right. And who are these people here?"

"The jury."

"And what are they trying to find out?"

The boy's face clouded. "How-uh, how-uh . . . how my mommy died."

"Where is your mommy now?"

"In heaven."

"And what would she think if you didn't tell the truth?"

"She'd be mad at me."

"What would she do when she was mad at you?"

"She'd hug me an', an', an' . . ."

"And what, Edward?"

"Cry."

"Well, you don't want her to cry in heaven, do you?"

"No, Joe."

"We want her to be happy because you told the whole truth, no matter what the truth is, right?"

"Yes."

"I think this witness can be sworn in, Mr. Foreman."

The foreman rose and had the boy stand, raise his right hand, and repeat the oath.

"Do you have a daddy?" Silverstein asked.

"N-no."

"Did you *think* you had a daddy at one time?"

"Yes, I thought Tom was my daddy."

"Tom Hamilton?"

"Uh-huh. My mommy finally told me he wasn't."

"What else did she tell you?"

"My real daddy was a fine man, but he died when I was a baby."

"Was Tom nice to you?"

"Sometimes."

"And *other* times?"

"He, uh, he hit me. And yelled."

"And what would he tell you?"

"That he was gonna break my arm if I didn't stop cryin'. Or if I didn't go away and stay away."

"Now, you remember a certain night when Tom Hamilton and your mother and Jimmy and Will Hubber, and Will Hubber's sons, B.J. and Donnie, were in your apartment?"

Edward sank lower in the chair, his shoulders hunched. "Yes."

"You'll have to speak out good and loud now, Edward. Speak to that door way back there."

"Yes!"

"Well, what happened?"

"We were playing, all us kids, in Mommy's bedroom, slinging pillows around."

"What were the grownups doing?"

"Oh, havin' a party. Makin' noise."

"Then what happened?"

The boy sank lower, saying nothing. Silverstein asked him, "Did someone start yelling?"

"Y-yes."

"Who?"

"M-my mommy."

"What was she yelling, Edward?" Again, a sinking lower and no response. "Come on, now," Silverstein said, "you want her to be proud of you, don't you? And you want these men and this lady to know the truth, don't you?"

"She yelled she couldn't stand it anymore. She yelled for them to get out."

"All of them? The Hubbers?"

"Yes."

"And Tom Hamilton, too?"

"Yes."

"Then what happened?"

"Nothin'. We couldn't hear what they were saying."

"But you stayed quiet, you kids?"

"Yes."

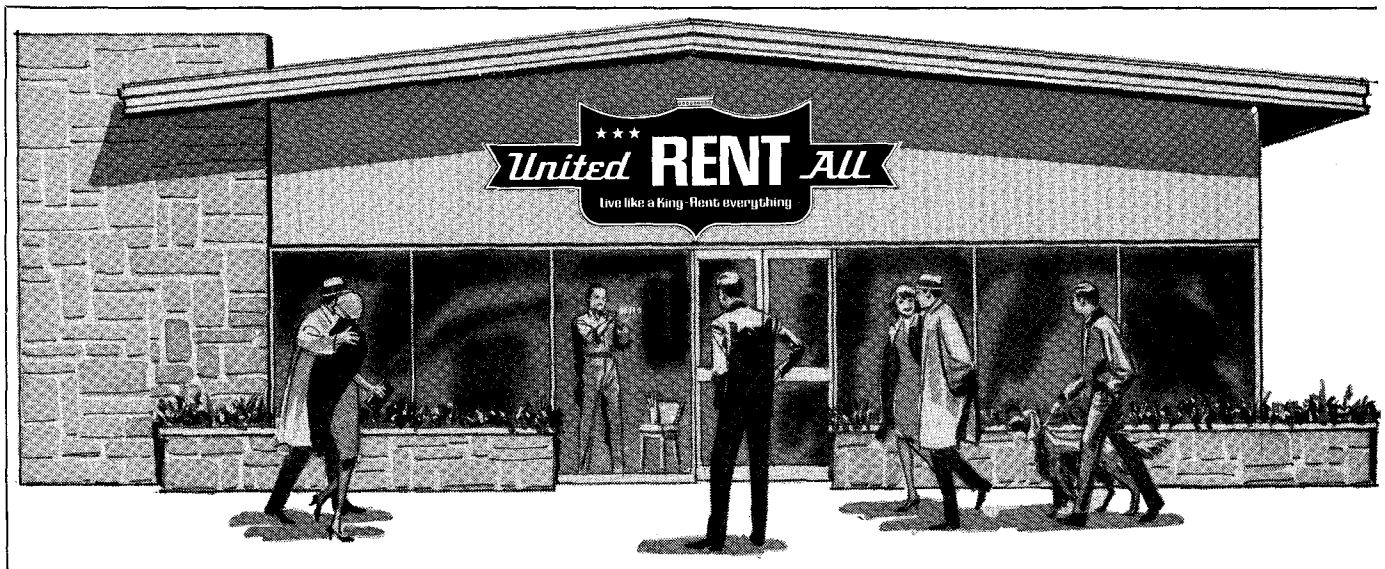
"And then?"

"In she came, running . . ." Edward continued speaking, but his voice dropped to a near-whisper.

Silverstein placed a hand gently on the boy's shoulder. "You'll have to talk out, Edward." But the boy was crying now, and he'd turned his face away from us to the back of his chair.

"You can't fail me now, Edward," Silverstein said softly.

The boy wiped his eyes with his knuckles, turned his stricken face to us, and said, loudly and in a rush: "She came running in, scared. And Tom, he came right after, yellin', 'So you went an' done it ! So you went an' done it !', and he slapped her. Twice! 'You gonna have a kid, are ya?' And he hit her.'You gonna *lose* that kid!' he said. 'I'll fix you both!' He screamed an' screamed, 'I'll fix you both!' Then he went to the



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bureau and came out with this big knife, and he stabbed her, stabbed my mommy in the stomach, and she kind of whispered to him, 'Oh, my God, Tom.' Then she fell. She was covered all over her dress with blood. And he said, 'It's done. It's been a long, long time, an' it's done.' Then Uncle Will and Uncle Jimmy come in, and Jimmy says, 'Take the knife out; it's got your hand on it,' and Tom did. Will said, 'Go on up on the roof, you got blood all over you.' Then Jimmy told us kids some cops were comin', and we better say Mommy had the knife an' all. I forget what he told us, but he told us he'd beat the stuff out of us if we didn't tell it just right. And when the police come, I told them Tom was on the roof, and I told them the *truth*. The truth about everything. And they took me away and kept me in a house somewhere until now."

A long silence followed this recital. Then Joe Silverstein asked in a soft voice, "And what were you doing while the thing—the stabbing—was happening, Edward? What did you do just then and immediately after?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothing at all?"

"I was on the bed, I know, and pushin' back against the wall and a kind of loud, loud noise—a loud, loud, loud noise—it was going in my ear."

"Were you scared of Tom?"

"Yes."

"*Very* scared?"

"Yes."

"Are you still?"

"Yes."

"That's all you remember, Edward?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well, you can come with me now, then. You've done a very fine job, and I think your mother is proud of you."

And, finally, we did get to meet Tom Hamilton. He strolled in, took it slowly and coolly up the aisle to the witness box. He was handsome, trim as a dancer, and he was dressed quite expensively in a dark, conservative suit, a blue shirt, and a dark tie. The point of a maroon handkerchief protruded from his breast pocket.

Silverstein took special pains in clarifying the waiver-of-immunity business: That Hamilton had asked to make a statement, and that his statement here would subject him to the state's cross-examination; that questions would be asked and *had* to be answered; that anything he said could be held against him later. Did he understand all that? He did. "All right, then, Mr. Hamilton, you may begin. And make it loud and clear. I'll be standing in the back of the room, so reach me with every word, do you understand?"

He did. "I am," Hamilton began, "a proud man of a proud family."

Silverstein called out, "I can't hear you, Mr. Hamilton," though the man was speaking in a perfectly clear voice.

"I am a proud man of a proud family," Hamilton began again, louder. "My father was a teacher, and my mother a worker in a chemical lab. But a background of this sort seldom carries much weight in this city when the person's color is black. I dropped out of high school in my third year and went to work to earn money, because money brings dignity——"

Phoebe whispered to me, "He's memorized it, the chump."

"—I worked as a delivery boy for an artists' materials company, drove a beer truck, scared up a few dollars in card games, waited on table, worked in a lumberyard, worked in a junkyard, worked in a garage parking cars, and finally became a chauffeur. None of these jobs lasted long because sooner or later somebody was going to try to knock me off my dignity, and there'd be a fight. I've been in a lot of fights.

"For ten years, I had a girl friend. *A* girl friend! *One!* She was Cecelia Wentworth, and I loved her and no other person, from the moment I met her until she died. I wanted to marry her, but Cecelia said she would never marry until I was a man of some position—even a *little* position, but *position!*—and until we had a real home with a real future. When Cecelia died, we'd saved ninety-five dollars between us.

"We had a son, Edward, a fine boy with a good mind and a sweet disposition. We began as friends, but soon I began ruining it, this *simpatico* of Edward and me. I was around the house all day, too many days, because some job of mine had just come busted apart. 'Get lost,' I'd tell him. And I'd smack him when the days were really bad, and the red furies were the worst. By the end of everything, Edward had pulled away from me completely, because he once saw me hitting his mother. Then she told him I wasn't his father at all, that his real father had died years ago—a fine man, not like this animal that hung around the house. Edward was never a bad kid, ever, but once he did take a dollar out of my bureau drawer, and I caught him at it. I grabbed him hard and hurt his arm, and he told me, 'I'll get you, man,' and he said it so cold I knew he would if he ever got the chance.

"I don't know what Edward said to you all because he's been taken away from me, and maybe that's for the best. To all the stories of everyone else, I would just add two things. First, about the baby. I didn't know about it until that night, and it was bad news to me, believe it. But it was worse news to Cecelia. With Edward to watch over, and me in my red furies, and my relatives camping in like gypsies—with all of this, I can't see how Cecelia could tolerate the thought of another child. She had her dreams, and they were shot. She had all of us, and we were drags, man, believe it. And, with all that alcohol drinking that night, she came to the end of her hope and endurance. She shouted out and ran inside. I knew where she was going and tried to stop it. She wasn't trying to kill me, but *herself!* But then, when I held her, I guess I thought, *I'm* the drag, baby, *I'm* the black villain, so get rid of me, and you'll be okay again. So I whispered in her ear as we struggled there, 'Go ahead, then, give it to me.'"

Hamilton paused to let the scene take hold. Then he went on: "And I let go of her, believing the knife would hit me that second, but it didn't. She stuck the thing into herself instead. Somebody said run, and I did. I crouched up there on the roof and sobbed my heart out for twenty minutes, an hour—I don't know how long—until they came and got me.

"If I were you, looking at me, I wouldn't buy a word of it, but it's what happened that night to Cecelia, and to me, and to our little boy, and it's the truth. Now, Mr. Assistant District Attorney, we can play questions and answers, if you wish."

It was with that last invitation of his to Silverstein that I thought the fellow lost the game for himself. I won't go into Silverstein's questions and Hamilton's answers, because they changed nothing that we'd already learned.

Joe Silverstein eventually summed up the various pieces of testimony and charged us at great length (close to forty-five minutes) on the various charges on which Tom Hamilton could stand trial. "And that's it, lady and gentlemen," he concluded. "Call it the way you see it."

He left the room, and the stenographer scampered out after him.

There was a brief silence after their departure. Then the foreman said, "We should talk about this one."

Someone suggested that we tick through the various degrees of the charge and decide which one fitted the circumstances. Someone else said, "Manslaughter in the first. Crime of passion." Phoebe piped up, "Then we're assuming right off that the man is guilty?"

"As sin," said Billy Ruppert.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I came as soon as I got your message."

I can't remember all the talk, but there was much of it, and the foreman was unable to direct it in any sensible direction. But then a juror in the rear made a good suggestion: "Let's take turns, everyone getting his say."

The foreman agreed. "We'll go from bench to bench, working back, starting at the right front. Shall we hear from Mr. Snider first?"

Snider started out with, "Well, I believed the kid. *Her* kid, that little Edward. That sewed it up for me."

Most of the speakers started off their statements in much the same way. Billy Ruppert, though, said, "I don't believe anything I hear from characters like these, but least of all from a punk like this last one, all dressed up like the President of the United States!" Billy, of course, was for "moider in the foist," though the charge under consideration was manslaughter.

Phoebe and I were among the last to speak, and I could sense her nerves tightening for her moment on her feet. I didn't feel too happily relaxed myself. I felt that Hamilton was guilty, that Cecelia's boy had told the most truthful version of the events, but that somehow the case wasn't entirely proven. I was reluctant to commit myself to a decision I would have to live with.

Finally, Phoebe's moment came, and she stood up, as the others had, but a bit unsteadily. Her first few words were a bird flutter, but she cleared her throat and pushed on. "I don't think this case is one we can decide on the basis of the testimony we heard ——"

There was a rumble of protest. And from the funnyman of Jury Room III, "Give her the hook!"

Phoebe said, "I believed the boy, too, but was his testimony that much more believable than Hamilton's?" (*"You bet it was!"* *"Come off it, sister!"*) "The way Tom Hamilton *said* it all happened was not disproved by the testimony of five other people—no, *six* people!—who were there. And Hamilton himself makes seven." (*"But they're relatives!"* *"They covered up!"*) "Why don't you let me have my say?" (*"You've had it, lady!"*) "Isn't it just possible that the boy, Edward, had a motive for telling his story a little crooked? Revenge?" (*"That kid? Come on!"*) "Anyhow, I just think we can't be all that positive about our decision here. We can't indict this fellow!" (*"Can't we?"* *"Just watch, baby!"*) "If we're totally objective about it, we've got to dismiss the case!"

"*Boo,*" called the jester, and the foreman rapped his gavel.

"We can indict for manslaughter in the foist," said Billy Ruppert, lighting a fresh cigar, "but that mutt ought to get the chair."

Phoebe uttered a slight strangled cry of frustration, her fists clenched, and sat down with a thud. And in that moment, my own mind was made up.

"Mr. Dobbins?" said the foreman. "Your turn."

I gave Phoebe's shoulder a squeeze and then stood and spoke. If my little speech was effective, then I trace it to the fact that I've been addressing board meetings all my life, with some measure of success. I spoke initially of the climate of fear in this city. "I'd like to remind you of something we are all too conscious of: that we're living in edgy, even distressing, times. I myself live in a neighborhood that has a warm and monied veneer and a dis-

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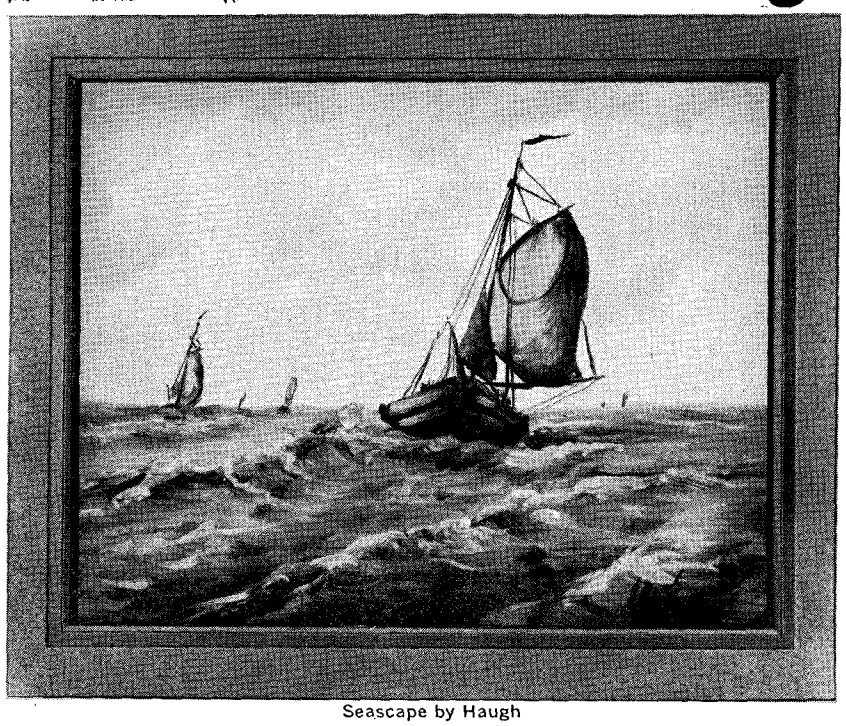

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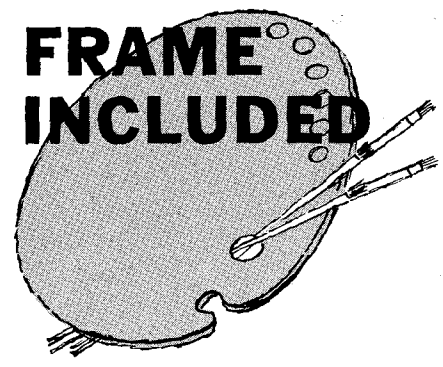

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tinguished history, but I can't walk along its streets without encountering a crank or two, some belligerent youths, and a few nervous policemen. I've heard many of the men in this room speaking of their neighborhoods being 'run-down' or 'invaded.' There's worry in the air. Resentment.

"What I'm getting to is this: We have got to settle this thing in our own minds without bringing in any of those personal irritations or fears, or whatever you want to call them, from the outside. We're grown men. I see gray hairs and a few white ones here. We can come to the truth with a certain coolness, can't we? We're not going to be moved by voices from the street, or from the backs of our own minds, or by a man's attitude on the witness stand, or by a boy's heartbreaking face."

"That's right," I heard someone say. Then I went over the facts of the trial in detail, arguing that, "in coolly detached judgment," we could not *know* for certain that the Hubbers were liars, or that Will Hubber's boys were, or that even Tom Hamilton himself was. I believed Edward, I told them, if I believed anyone. But I wasn't sure enough to send a man into the public courtroom, with years in prison at stake, in these hostile and deeply worried times. "There just isn't a case," I finished, "and deep down we all know it. Or if there is a case, then it hasn't been presented here with enough vigor and conviction. In any event, we have no alternative, it seems to me, but to dismiss."

Billy Ruppert was on his feet the moment I sat down. "Look, I don't care what color a man is—poiple for all I care—he'll get justice from Billy Ruppert. Maybe I don't like him, but he'll get justice. But I make no bones about it: I want no black sons-a-bitches stickin' their knives into the guy next door, especially if I'm the guy next door. I say, if you let this guy off, he'll be into you next. Mark them woids: He'll be into you next. He killed that whore of his, you *know* that. Put it to him, before he puts it to you."

Billy was finished, and I'm truly convinced that it was this little speech of his that threw the case Hamilton's way. In the end, after two hours of wrangling, the decision was "dismiss."

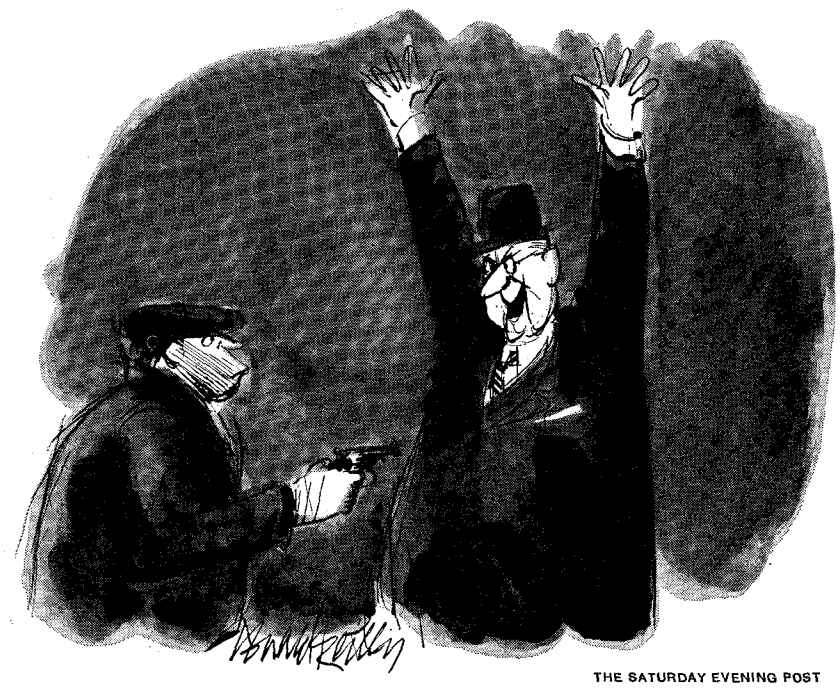
Of course, I must have known I was wrong all the way. I was, I suppose, like a man walking down a city street in those moments after the earth has grown dark, when, startlingly, the street lights snap on. *Pop!* There came the moment when I realized I'd done a stupid thing, and worse. I had been instrumental in the persuasion of a group of jurors that a lie was a truth. Damn it, that fellow was guilty, and I knew it! Knew it the moment I'd set eyes on Edward! As the others had known it! But I'd chucked all that, the reality of Edward's nightmare, to come to the aid of a man in trouble.

When Joe Silverstein heard the word "Dismissed" uttered by the foreman in a voice gone sheepish, Silverstein's face seemed to widen. "*What!*" he said in a whisper that filled the room. "Are you kidding!" He looked slowly about, at all our faces, then strode in fury from the room.

He returned in about twenty minutes, still grim but in control. He asked us what had happened, what features of the case had seemed too weak for us, what he'd neglected to prove. He stood among us, in the aisle. He paused and glared at us, his hands held in a gesture of futility, as he looked into each of our faces, turning ever so slowly from one to another of us. "You heard what that kid said. Wasn't it obvious to you? Wasn't it, pure out and straight, the truth? I *know* about this guy Tom Hamilton. How could he have fooled you? He killed that woman. You had the evidence of the wound. That's not a suicide wound; it's a murder wound. And now he'll go free, and he owns this boy. *Edward is his child!* Are you giving the boy back to him? Couldn't you have, at the very least, given a regular jury, in an open courtroom, a crack at this guy?"

There was a long pause this time. "I hope you can all sleep tonight." And then he left.

Next morning, we were brought back to the Central Jury Room for a drubbing from Justice Marvin M. Rosenwald, and this time I understood every one of the words he spoke. He'd read the transcript, and he was considering turning the case over to another grand



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How would you like to come work for me?"

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jury in the next term. He was not rebuking us for our bad judgment, but he was dismissing this particular jury a few days ahead of time. He thanked us for our time, our efforts, and for the emotional difficulties that can attend such service. But we all knew it was a drubbing. We jurors said our good-byes to one another, like fifth-graders who had failed all the tests. No one was unpleasant. Even Billy Ruppert shook my hand and rumbled, "Good health, Mr. Dobbins, that's what counts!"

Phoebe and I had coffee together in a nearby counter place.

She said, "Well, don't worry. Hamilton wasn't that bad a fellow. He was drunk, after all, and in trouble. He won't go killing anyone else."

"But we goofed, Phoebe, didn't we?"

"I say it's better to have goofed and lost than never to have goofed at all."

"Hm?"

"I mean, it's better to be wrong *this* way sometimes than be so damned right all the time the *other* way."

"I *guess* I know what you mean, Phoebe."

We finished our coffee, and she went swinging down Fulton Street, a sprightly Rita Hayworth who disappeared into a department store, and that was the last I've seen of her.

The case was given over to another grand jury, as you know, Herb, and ultimately Tom Hamilton was brought to trial and got eight years. I'm a praying man, and it was in my prayers that I thought so constantly of Edward and how he'd make out in this sweet and grubby world. It was through my prayers that I decided to take him in. I talked to Joe Silverstein in the District Attorney's office and found that Edward was in a foster home in Teaneck, New Jersey, and that the authorities had had no luck in placing the boy permanently anywhere. A Negro boy is not heavily in demand on the adoption market these days.

It was you, Herb, who obtained the release from Tom Hamilton in jail, for a thousand dollars. No formal adoption was involved; it couldn't be. Then I went to get the boy, if he'd have me. (Edna was *not* amenable from the start, no matter what she tells you, but two of my children gave their blessing.)

The foster home, thank heaven, was a terrible place, and I disliked the foster parents on sight. I talked to Edward in a small room upstairs, as we sat side by side on a day bed. He was very wary, very shy, but Little Eagle Eyes remembered me from the courtroom. We talked about horses, and I told him that, unfortunately, we had no horse. We did have a cat, though. A great silence engulfed us. Did he want to come live with Edna and me and the cat? I could see the prospect was hardly attractive.

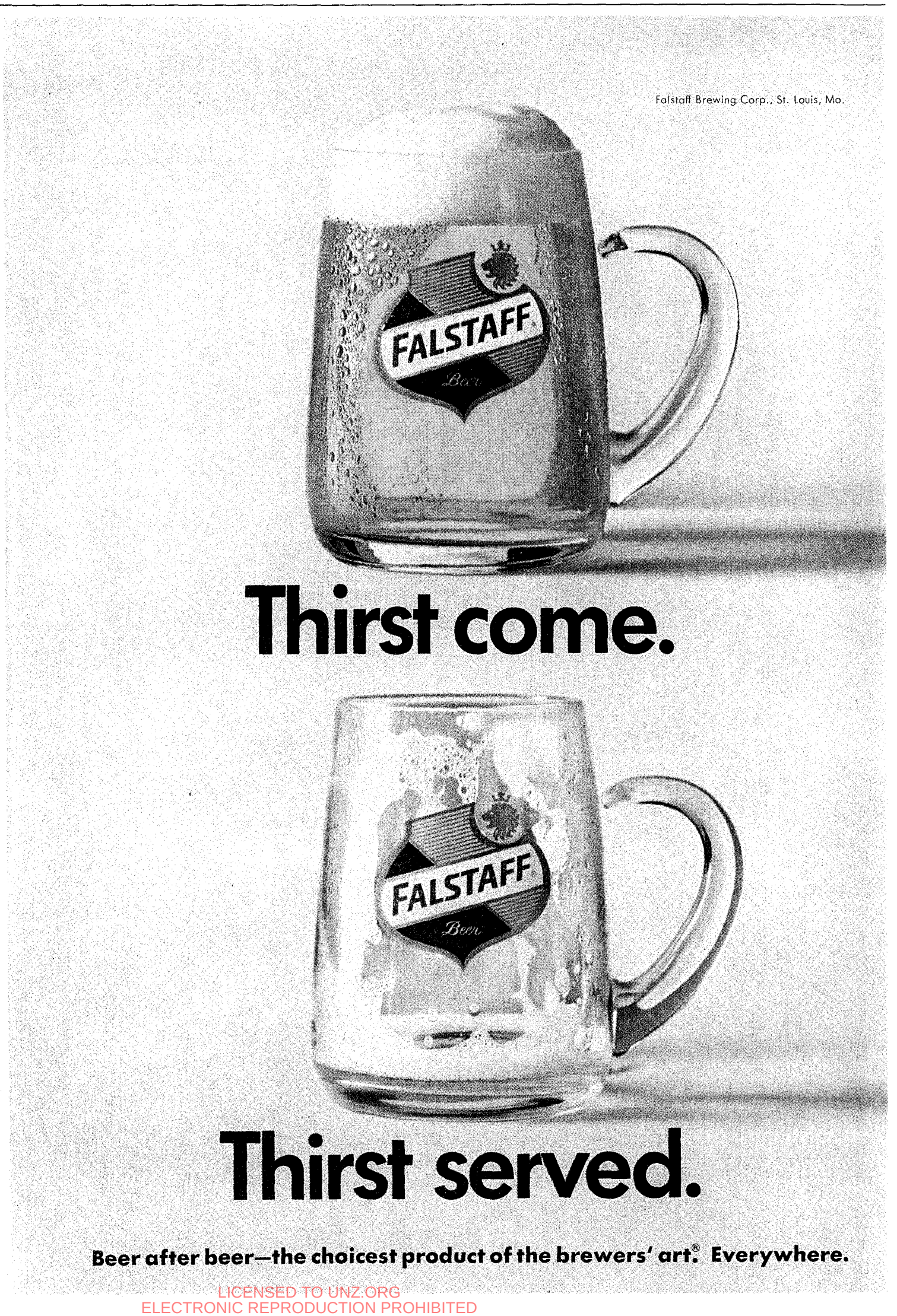
Then the foster father came up with a tray on which he had placed some tepid coffee and a few cookies. As he reached over me to offer Edward a cookie, the tray hit my head, and everything went flying. I was soaked through with coffee, and there was a great puddle of it in my hat, which sat next to me. I decided to be merry about it, and put on the hat, letting the coffee drip from the brim and down the front of me. I put on the face of someone ready to cry.

Edward fell back on the day bed in total hysteria, and I sat on the floor laughing. Soaked through.

I had him.

I had him, Herb, and I have him still. At the beginning, he was a vastly uncertain little squirt, but now he is a rather serious old party of eleven, answering friendships with the most wide-open, ready little face I've ever seen, but meeting challenges with an increasingly frozen, hard stance. I don't know quite where he—or we—go from here. So each day is met with a certain expectation of surprise.

And on that note, I close out this account, in the hope that it will never be of use to anyone, ever. But hold onto it tightly, will you, Herb? Just in case? □



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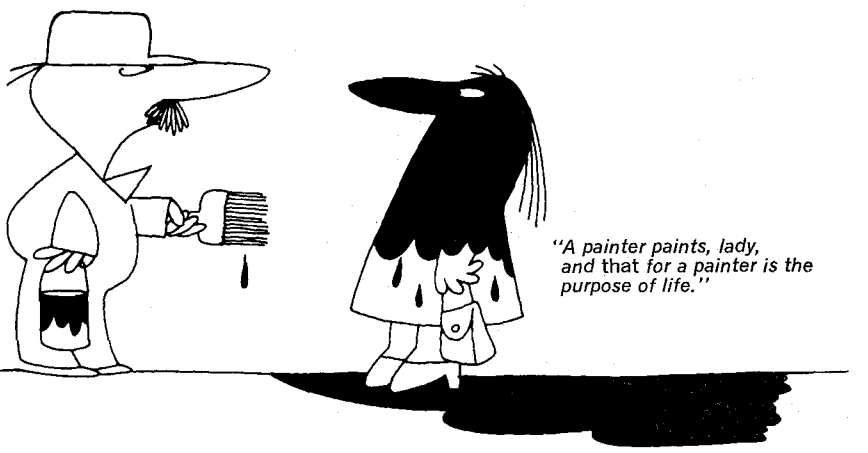
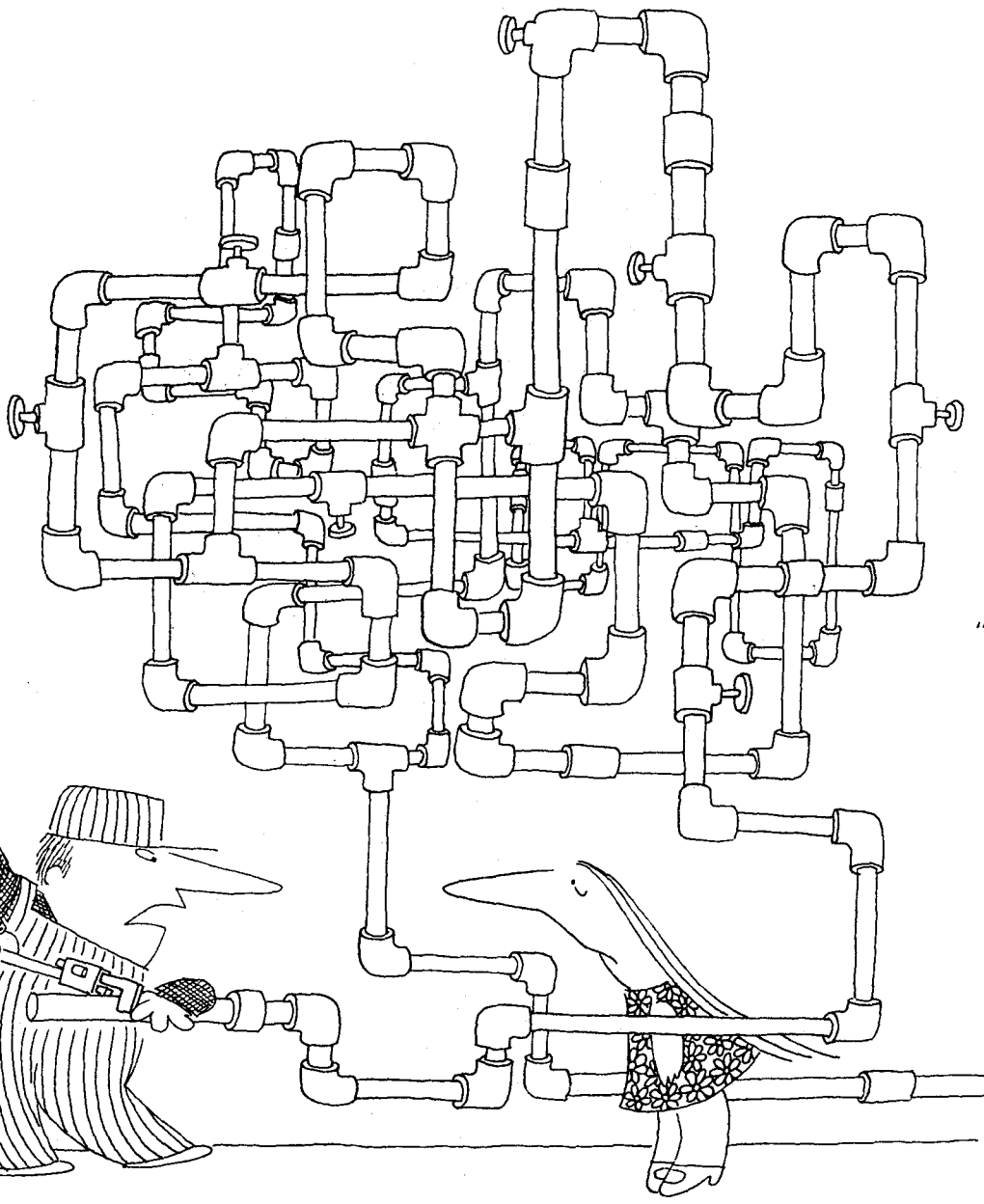
The professionals

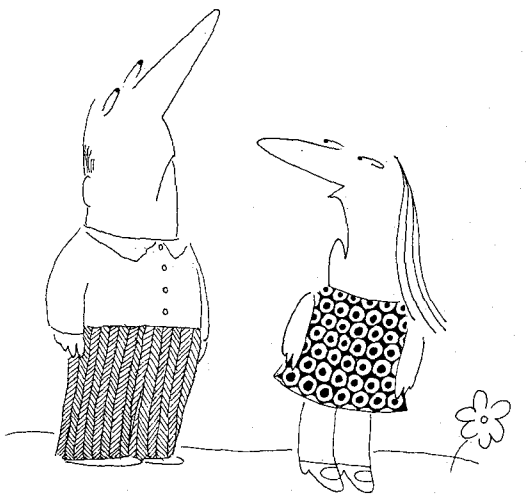
by C. Barsotti



"A painter paints, lady, and that *for a painter is the purpose of life."*

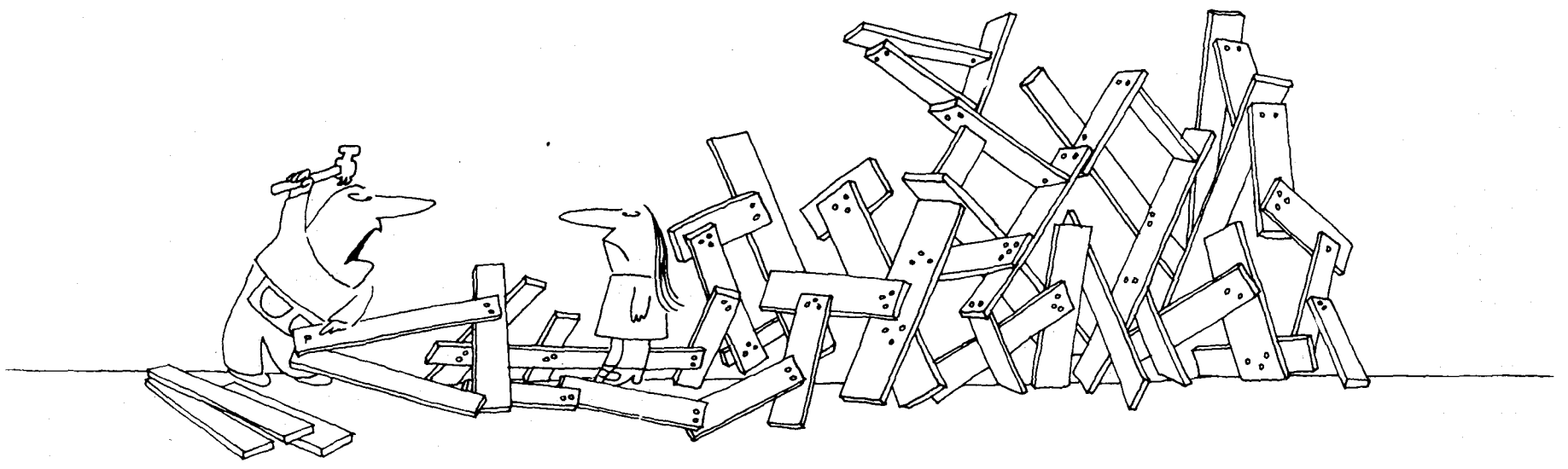


"Just take my word for it, lady. This is to plumbing what the Mona Lisa is to art."



"For crying out loud, Louis, if the Civil Defense authority didn't want you to relax, the Civil Defense authority wouldn't have given you the day off."

"If you will recall, sir, I only said I was a tailor. I never said I was a good *tailor."*



"I'm a carpenter, ma'am; you want anything particular built, you call an architect."

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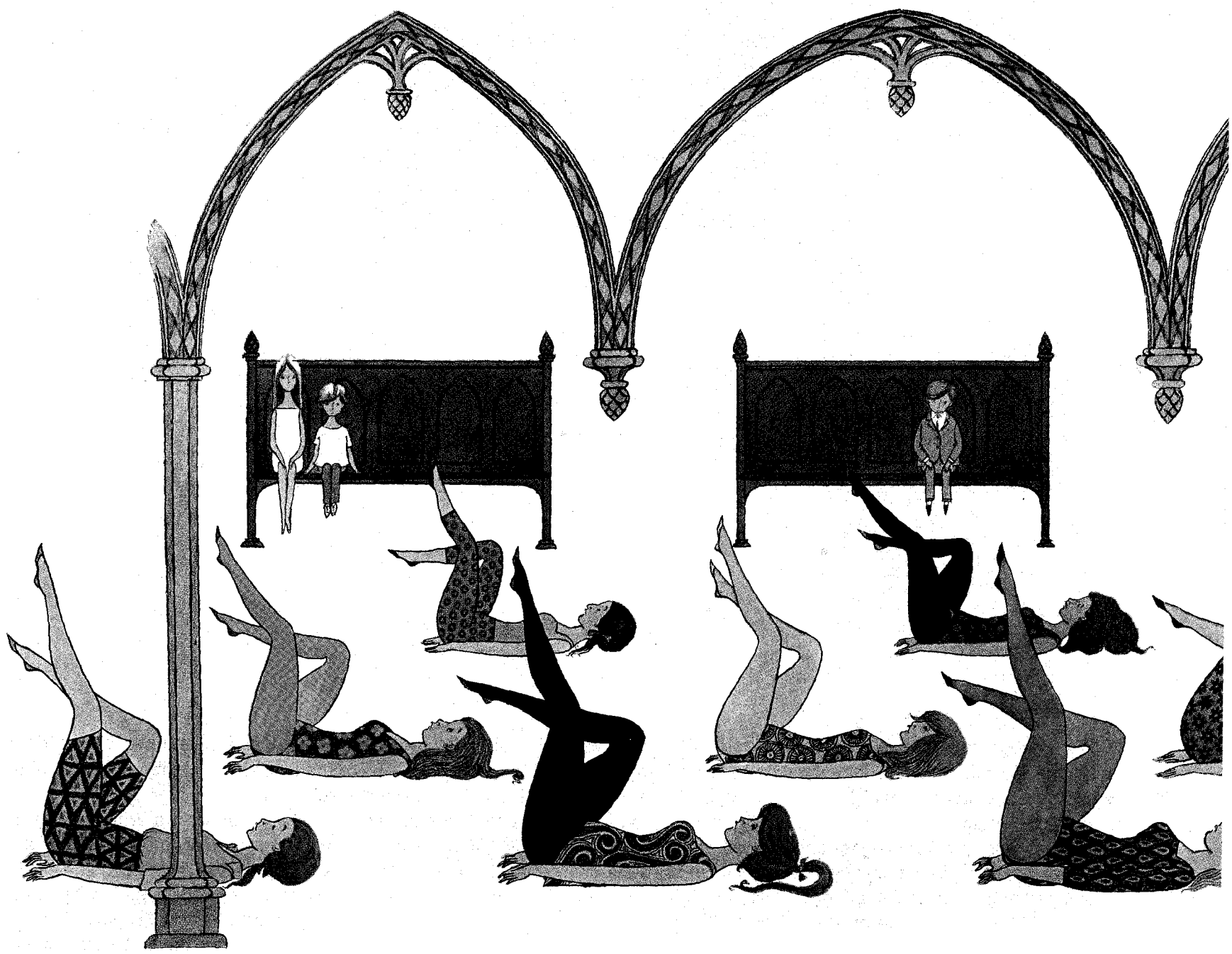

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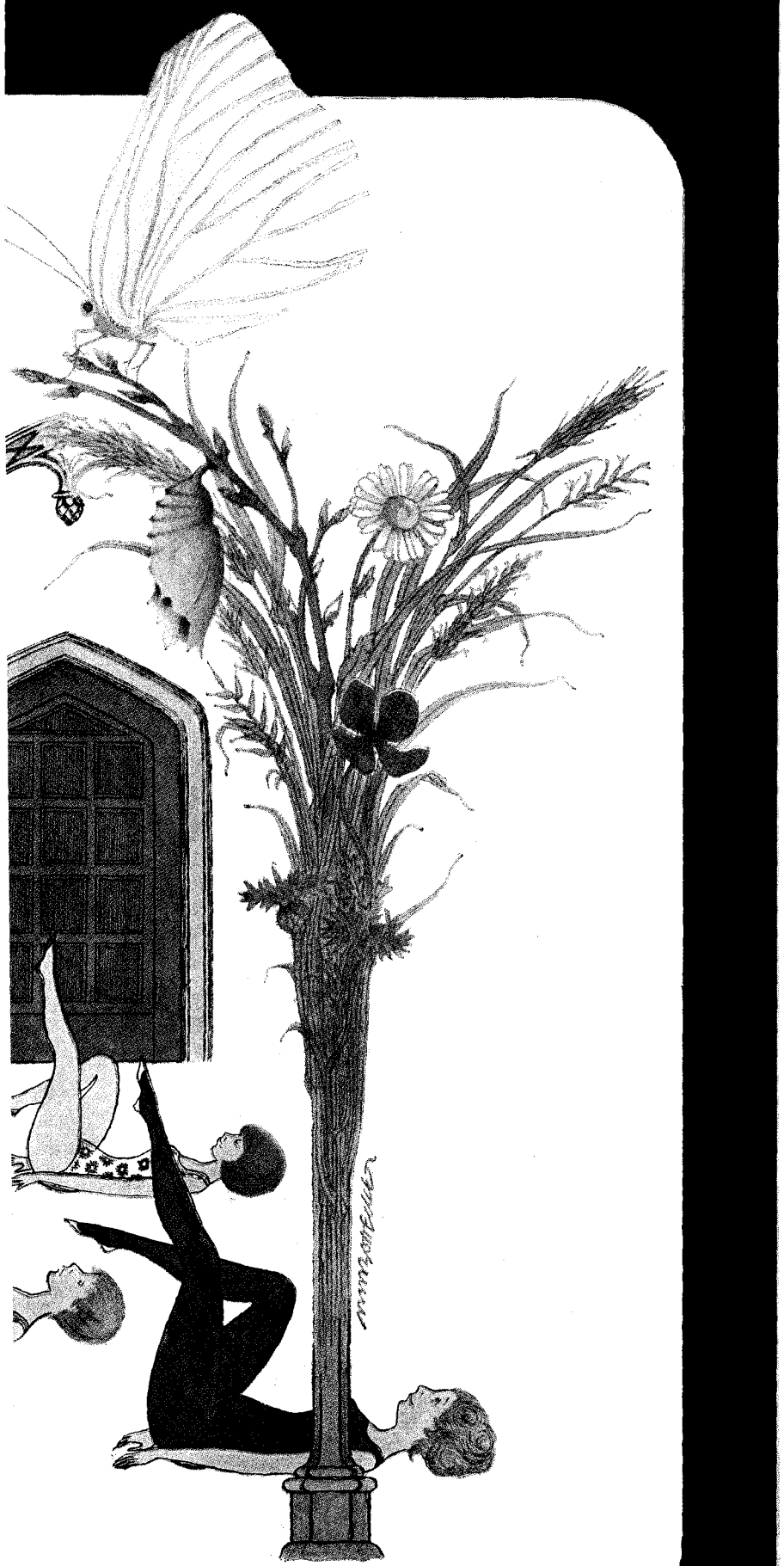
By Violet Weingarten

mbat-ready. Today belonged to someone else, however.

Today the girl having a first baby was her own daughter.



Mrs. Beneker was doing bumps and grinds in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church when she was summoned to the telephone and informed that she was about to become a grandmother.

Norah herself called.

"It's started," she said. Her voice clearly indicated she had never expected it to happen. "I'm having contractions."

Mrs. Beneker felt a sympathetic twinge. "What did the doctor say?" It could be a false alarm.

"I haven't called him yet."

My God, she called me first, thought Mrs. Beneker, flushing with pleasure. Let children go, she wanted to proclaim; cut the cords, and when the time is right, they'll come home again! Pure wish fulfillment, and she knew it. Pregnancy had brought out the little girl in Norah. "I think it's just marvelous," Mrs. Beneker said in her most reassuring voice.

When she had hung up, she went back to the ladies' exercise class. It was obviously going to be a while yet, and besides, she had no intention of going to the hospital. She was not going to be *that* kind of grandmother.

"My daughter is starting to have her baby," she whispered to young Mrs. Eliot. Mrs. Eliot, puffing, moved over one outstretched-arm space to make room for her. "That's nice," she said, managing a thin smile as she counted along with the recorded voice that masterminded their exercises. The voice was that of a WAC sergeant. Or a dog trainer. "Tuck in your seat! Now rotate the hips!" it snapped. "Keep it up!"

I knew it would be today, Mrs. Beneker thought. She sank to the floor with the others, a graceful figure in a dusty black leotard with a moth hole under the left breast. I was just thinking about it.

Mrs. Beneker had extrasensory perception. "I wonder how Joanna Barry is," she might remark, apropos of nothing. It would be the first time in years that she had thought of Joanna, a college acquaintance with whom she had never so much as exchanged Christmas cards. Whereupon the telephone would ring, Mrs. Beneker would answer with, "Hello, that you, Joanna?" and Joanna would say, "Yes, we're here in New York, at the Gotham." Creepy. There were times when Mrs. Beneker thought she was a space platform for little green men with midget antennae.

She had been lying on her back when Norah called, her heels in imaginary stirrups, inching forward on her coccyx. "Keep that spine on the floor," barked the voice, as the background music rose. "'You've *gotta* have heart!'" Mrs. Beneker had an instant's flashback. She was on Dr. Langbaum's examining table, this time with her feet in real metal stirrups, and Dr. Langbaum was saying, "He's in position, all right. Let's give him another week—okay, Lila?—and then we'll see about giving the little fellow a shove." They gave him two more weeks, and when he was good and ready he came, and he was Norah, who continued to never do anything until she was good and ready.

I hope lateness isn't hereditary, Mrs. Beneker had thought when Norah became pregnant, remembering all those people who had called *her* just to say, "Don't tell me you haven't had it yet?"

But now it looked as if Norah was going to be exactly on

Illustration by N. M. Bodecker

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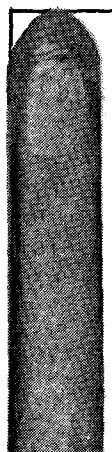

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time. Good. Mrs. Beneker supposed she should be thinking profound thoughts at this point, but none occurred to her. "Isn't it the most exciting thing that ever happened to you?" a woman at a cocktail party had exclaimed some months earlier when Mr. Beneker mentioned their impending grandparenthood. "I hope not," Mrs. Beneker replied at once. She didn't mean to be rude, but wouldn't it be a pity if it were true? It was Norah's baby, not hers. She was going to keep out of it. As was proper.

She suddenly remembered the Mexican psychiatrist who had spoken about his work with unmarried mothers at a social-work conference she had once covered as a reporter. "We always try to have the girls' mothers present when they deliver," he said. "It is most important, especially if it is a first baby. The mother's presence gives permission. She is saying, 'It is all right for you to have the baby, you are a woman now.'"

Mrs. Beneker could imagine what Norah would say if she showed up in the delivery room waving a sterile permission slip. Anyhow, it would have been redundant. She had already given her permission.

"There's never a *right* time to have a baby," she had commented when Norah offhandedly intimated what had been perfectly obvious from the moment she said she was pregnant—that the baby was unexpected. She had been married only six months before she became pregnant and had at least another year of graduate school ahead of her if she wanted to do anything in political science. "I remember your grandmother saying the same thing to me when I was expecting you." It was true. "Even if you *do* plan a baby, you have no guarantee your husband will have a job at the end of ten months." There is something to be said for not playing God anyhow, Mrs. Beneker thought, but she did not say so. It was the kind of remark that irritated Norah.

Norah was matter-of-fact. For years, her standard response to Mrs. Beneker had been, "Oh, Mother." She was a door-closer, who had given up girlish confidences at the same time she tired of rock 'n' roll. It was an attitude Mrs. Beneker respected, since, for a woman who talked as freely as she did, she was surprisingly reticent. She greatly admired people with violent passions, for the deeper her own feelings, the more her words were all thumbs. It was too bad, thought Mrs. Beneker; she would have preferred to be an earth mother to her children. As it was, she could only take comfort in the hope that they were free to seek out their own feelings. Certainly she knew that she, for one, had never put up any graven image inscribed THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE. She had taken too many courses in comparative cooking, loving, mothering, and the like, and she recommended none of them.

Nevertheless, it was a temptation to her when Norah, uncharacteristically, asked, "What is it like, having a baby? Does it hurt a lot?"

Did it? How much is a lot? "It depends," said Mrs. Beneker.

"Does it take long?"

"It varies." Although it was impossible to know how it would be for anyone else, Mrs. Beneker wanted to be sure she didn't influence how Norah would feel. "I'll tell you one thing, though, Norah. Whatever it is, you will be able to bear it. Everyone does."

And she remembered again how it was to be alone in a darkened hospital room, with the clock in the church outside striking three and the woman in labor down the hall screaming, "Papa, Papa!" when suddenly, in the midst of a tidal wave of pain, there was that great joy, the exhilaration of realizing that every single human being ever born had come to life this same way, that she was sister to every woman who had ever lived and was yet to live.

"What I mean is," she said carefully, "it's really terribly interesting, at least the first time."

The ladies' exercise class now dispersed to the four corners of the basement. Mrs. Beneker considered making a break for it, giving a dentist's appointment as an excuse, but decided to stick out this part of the class one more time. She loved the ladies' exercise class as long as it stuck to calisthenics. But she loathed the final ten minutes during which the class walked, ran, loped, skipped, hopped, and jumped across the floor in what was unison only when she was not there. Mrs. Beneker could not keep step. It had nothing to do with age. Time, actually, had scraped the self-consciousness from her joints. Montaigne said one of the most remarkable things about Socrates was that he learned to dance when he was old. Mrs. Beneker hardly put herself in that category, but she was like Dr. Johnson's celebrated dancing dog. It did not matter how well she did the exercises; it was enough that she could do them at all. Perhaps this day would produce a miracle, along with a grandchild. She might remember which was her right foot and which her left.

She lined up behind Mrs. Eliot. Mrs. Eliot had a good sense of direction. They all did. The young married women in the class were a particularly sturdy and resourceful lot, with ski racks on their cars and children trained to wait quietly for them in the church pews when sitters failed to show on the day of the exercise class. Looking at them, you would have thought the last thing their efficient bodies needed was formal exercise, but Mrs. Beneker knew better. They were perpetually between babies, either repairing stretched stomach muscles or getting them into combat readiness.

Having a baby these days was like training for the Olympics. It no longer sufficed to drink milk, take walks, and think cheerful thoughts. (Norah had been a war baby, and Mrs. Beneker had had a dreadful time trying not to brood about how much motherhood would dim her chances for remarriage in the event, heaven forbid, that Mr. Beneker vanished in the Pacific.) The best babies, moreover, were produced by natural childbirth, a process that was more stylish than new. Mrs. Beneker had heard about it first when she herself was pregnant and had proposed it to Dr. Langbaum. "What do you want to be awake for?" he had asked her in astonishment. "Don't you find childbirth sort of exciting?" she had said. "I wouldn't say exciting," he had replied. "I'm always glad when I can cross one more delivery off my list and go home and mix myself a Manhattan."

Norah, however, had an obstetrician who saw himself as the lead in the Book of Genesis. Prospective patients had to promise to refuse sedation unless they were *in extremis*. As soon as the rabbit or frog or mouse, or whatever oracle it was they consulted these days, had spoken, Norah and Steve began to attend a class where they studied at the feet of a woman who had been a disciple of the guru of natural childbirth, the great Dr. Lamaze. (The text they used was entitled: *Thank*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're the first person to set down here since Dorothy's house landed on the wicked witch of the east."

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If you want to make a big splash in Holland, try canal-vaulting.

1 **"In Friesland in the spring** a young man's fancy often turns to *ljeppen*," writes Dirk Sloterdijk, a friend of Canadian Club. "The object is to pole-vault across a canal without getting wet. It all looked easy to me—but if you end up in the water, they told me, it's your own fault.

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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2 **"The long punting pole** was waiting for me as I sped forward. I grasped it, bore down, then pushed forward with all my muscle.

3 **"As I took to the air** I heard my Frisian friends shouting—'Up, up, pull yourself up.' I tried desperately to climb that pole—but just couldn't make it. Suddenly, the waters below were rushing up at me.

4 **"After the cheering and laughter stopped,** I dragged myself off and retreated with my friends to a nearby village inn for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club."
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My name is Twiggy

In which the teen-age phenomenon of the fashion world comments on sex, Communism, and herself.

by Oriana Fallaci

I saw Twiggy for the first time in the New York studio of fashion photographer Bert Stern. There was a jukebox in the studio; a boy was standing before it, back toward me, when I walked in—a boy so thin I wondered how he found the strength to remain on his feet. Then he turned, and it wasn't a boy: It was Twiggy.

Her pictures give no idea of how skinny she really is, and I smiled to conceal my surprise. Twiggy smiled back, crossed the room to pose before Bert's camera, and became beautiful.

Make no mistake, Twiggy is beautiful. I don't know why she is, but she is. She seems ethereal, celestial—it is quite pointless to discuss whether she is feminine or masculine. Her face, however, is feminine: enormous eyes made even more appealing by the longest of false lashes, an upper lip curved like the wings of a seagull in flight.

Twiggy refused to answer questions that day, but I did talk to Justin de Villeneuve, her discoverer and manager. Thickset and short, wearing an enormous collar and a floppy, bright-orange tie, Justin looked like one of those back-street-bully types you go out of your way to avoid. But he is handsome in a rather crude way, and his eyes are the eyes of a man not easily taken in.

Justin's real name is Nigel Davies. He is 28, and has a wife and child from whom he is separated. He kissed my hand when we met, said that Twiggy wouldn't talk to anyone unless he told her to, and promised she would talk to me.

Two days later I got my interview. This is what Twiggy told me about Twiggy.

BASIC FACTS: I am seventeen, a Cockney, and my name is Twiggy. I am five-foot-six, and terribly thin. I have two thin sticks, quite comic, for legs. My hair is very short, very fair, and very smooth. My eyes are very large, and my nose is freckled. I used to be called Lesley, a man's name, which is still the name on my passport and the one my Mum and Dad call me by. They would think it odd to call me Twiggy. But I feel like Twiggy.

HOW IT BEGAN: The truth is I hated school. I mean, you can put up with it until you're thirteen, you know, but when you get to be fifteen and discover boys and dances, you begin to find out there's something else besides studying in life, you understand? At fifteen I went to work at a hairdresser's, where my sister worked. And nobody even noticed me, although I was exactly as I am now, except for having long hair. Justin's brother worked in the same shop, in the men's department, and they shared lodgings. Justin used to call for him in his car every evening and take him home. That's how I met Justin, and one day I told him my dream was to model. And he said, "Skinny as you are? Like a twig. I'll call you Twiggy." But soon after that he took me to his barber and had my hair cut short and lightened. Then he had my picture taken, and the barber hung it up in the shop. A lady reporter from the *Daily Express* used to come there to get her hair washed, and she saw the picture and wanted to meet me. Justin took me over, and she interviewed me. So the article appeared in the *Daily Express* with my picture, and the caption: "Twiggy, the Face for 1966." I showed my Dad the article and said, "I don't want to go to school anymore." My Dad shook his head, but he said it was silly to force me to go to school and that I might as well try my luck. "But on the condition," he said, "that Justin be your manager, to protect you and to go everywhere with you. I'm not letting you go round on your own." In the end we established our business Twiggy Enterprises, a partnership including my Dad, my Mum, and Justin. I mean, there was nobody else, you understand? Not even a secretary to answer the phone—Justin did that. Well, I became sort of famous all at once, with all the fashion photographers wanting to use me and so on, and we were able to engage a secretary and rent a large office. There, that's my whole story. Not much, is it?

SUCCESS: I'm not used to having money, so it frightens me. Luckily, I don't see it. I mean to say, if they were to hand it to me in cash, I'd probably faint. You see, in London I only get ten pounds an hour, but in America it's possible to earn a thousand dollars a day quite easily. That's a lot, isn't it? I'm rich now. But I haven't the least idea how much money I have. Justin looks after the money. I'm still a minor, you know. Is money really so important? I was just as happy when I was poor. Of course, it's very handy for some things. For instance, to buy a better house to live in with my parents. And for clothes, the things that interest me most, and records. I should like to buy myself a ring too—one of those super ones. The trouble is I bite my nails, and how can I wear a super ring with nails like these? People say I bite my nails because I'm too nervous. That's not true. Some people bite their nails because they're happy, as I do when things are going particularly well. Besides, all the money in the world can't stop you biting your nails.

HISTORY AND POLITICS: Stalin? Let me see. Stalin was a German, an important statesman in Germany. No? Of course, you're right—he was a Russian, wasn't he? And he's dead now. It was Hitler who was a German and head of the Nazi Party. It was he who began the war. He wasn't a very good man. Churchill, I remember him. I don't really know what it was he did, but he was an adorable old man, a really decent old man—a pity he died. You see, I don't know very much. At school you start history from the cavemen, and it takes years to work down all those centuries. I mean, I only went to school until I was fifteen. So I only got as far as the seventeenth century. Castro? Let me see. I know—he's someone in Cuba. He tried to start a war or something like that. General Franco? No, I've never heard of him. The name sounds Italian. Is he an Italian? Mao Tse-tung sounds Chinese or Japanese. Yes, you're right, Chinese. The leader of China. There's a war on in China. No, you're right, it's somewhere near China. Vietnam, you say? I hear there's Communism in China. What is Communism? Yes, I know, more or less. Communism means everybody must be equal, nobody richer or poorer. It seems a good idea, but I've seen that film, *Dr. Zhivago*. If to stop injustice you have to have things like what happens in *Dr. Zhivago*—well, then I can only say I don't like that Communism at all. It's really horrible. Just imagine: They walk into your home and take away everything! Without asking your permission. What kind of behavior is that?

Twiggy, do you know what happened at Hiroshima?

Where's that?

In Japan.

No, I've never heard of it. What happened there?

It was more than twenty years ago. They dropped an atom bomb there.

Oh! Who dropped it?

The Americans. To end the war.

So what?

A hundred thousand people died on the spot, all at the same time.

Oh, God! When did you say it happened? Where? Hiroshima? But that's ghastly. A hundred thousand dead? It's frightful. Men are mad.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE: Love is what I feel for my Mum and my Dad. I write them every day, and sometimes I phone them too. I wanted them to go to America with me, but Mum wouldn't because she'd have had to leave the dog alone. It's a bit funny to give up a trip to America for the sake of a dog, but not if you love him, and he suffers if you leave him on his own. You know, I can't understand those young people who say they hate their parents. They make me angry, like those boys with long hair. I like hair that reaches just below the ears, like Justin's. Love is also what I feel for my little nephew, for my sisters, for my dog, and for Justin. I think I'd like to marry Justin. But not before I'm twenty-four or twenty-five. Marriage is a good thing, and children too. But why should I marry now, create such responsibilities for myself? It might not work. You know, I don't mind going around with Justin without being married to him. I don't care if he is married. He was already living on his own when I met him, although he wasn't divorced. He isn't now either, but are these things really important? Justin is my boyfriend, the most important I've ever had. The ones before were just boys I went to the cinema with. My Mum and Dad love Justin like a son. They have entrusted me to him. They wouldn't let me travel round the world without him. You know, love isn't really a complicated thing. It's adults, mostly, who complicate it.

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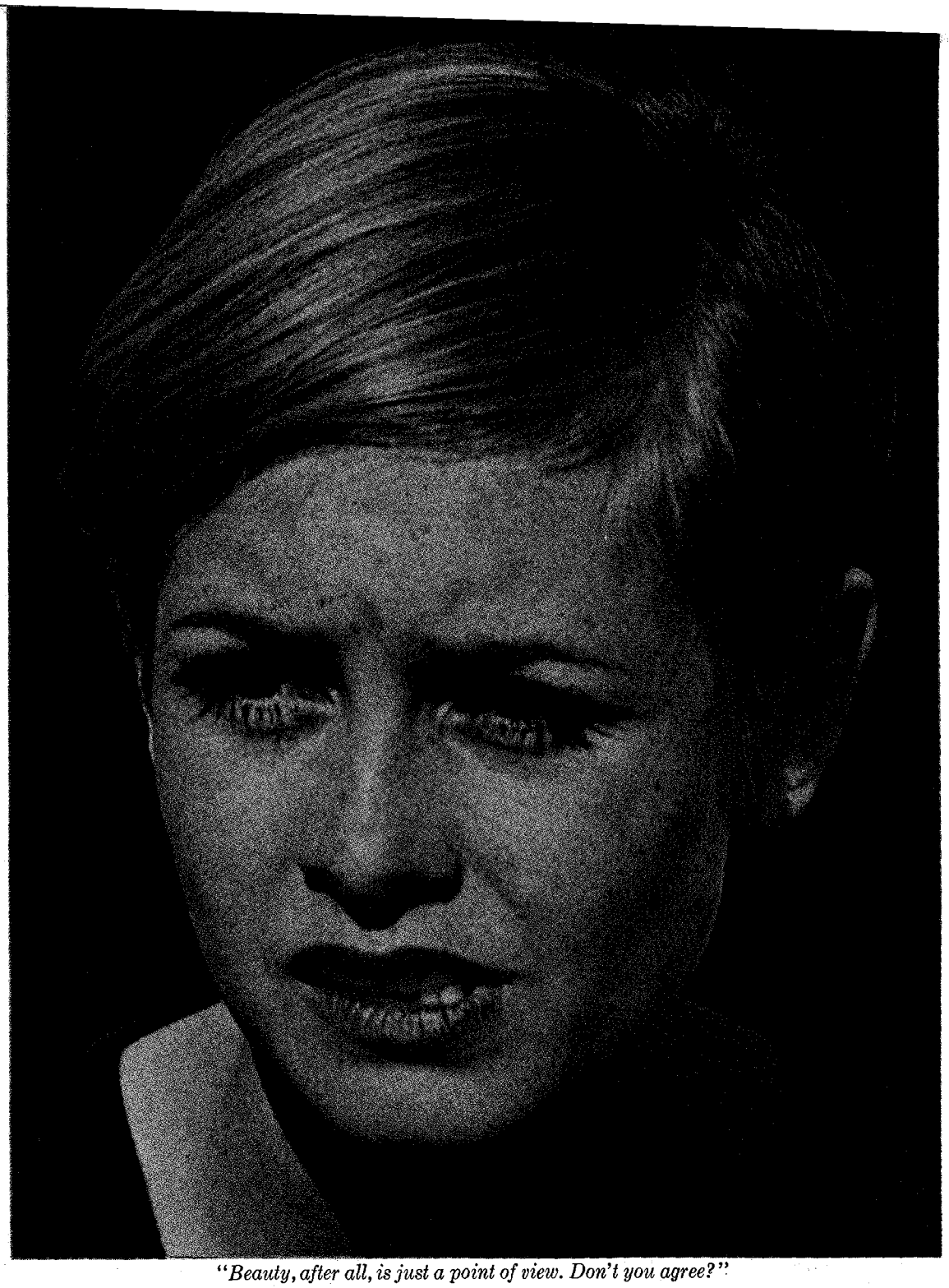
SEX: I never think in terms of sex. Maybe because I know hardly anything about sex. I don't sleep with Justin, or anything like that. People ask: Does sex frighten you? No, I answer, that's not it at all. What I mean is that sex and love don't seem at all the same thing to me. Maybe I'm wrong. Still, you know, all this talk about sex seems so quaint to me, so old-fashioned. Medieval. And the adjective "sexy." Twiggy, they ask, d'you think you're sexy? No, I answer, I'm not sexy. You know what the word sexy reminds me of? People who go mad on Jayne Mansfield. That kind. Jayne Mansfield types seem so old to me, so obsolete. People also say: But this pop fashion is not even sexy. Well, what harm in that? Obviously, if you don't care to look like Jayne Mansfield you're not going to dress like her. I wear the things I know I look best in. Slacks suit me; I feel easy in them. And who said girls must wear only skirts? Or that a man is less of a man because he wears a shirt trimmed with lace? Why shouldn't he wear lace trim if it suits him? What has sex to do with it?

BEAUTY: I don't like myself very much. I wish I were taller. Though I may grow a little yet; I've gained an inch in the last sixteen months. More bosomy? No, I don't think I'd like that. I don't care when people laugh because I'm so flat. Is a woman beautiful just because she has a bosom? We all have the bosom we have been given, and there's room for us all—for those who have a bosom and those who are flat. I mean, there's no law that sends you to prison for not conforming to bosom styles. Sophia Loren is fabulous, but I'd look a sight with a bosom like hers. Marilyn Monroe was fabulous too; I admired her so much during my school days. Yes, it bothered me then, being so thin. The other girls were filling out all over—everyone except me. I felt disabled. Now I'm happy to be so thin. I owe my success to it. No, I don't do anything to keep my weight down, no dieting or anything like that. I eat like a horse. In the morning I have porridge with lots of milk and sugar, bread and buttered buns and eggs. Then I have a regular lunch, and I eat quite a lot in the evening. In between meals I have chocolate. I like chocolate and ice cream and chocolate cream whips. When I'm given whiskey, I don't drink it; I ask for a chocolate cream whip. They all stare at me. So thin, they mutter. Well, we're all thin in the family. Beauty, after all, is just a point of view. Don't you agree?



"Beauty, after all, is just a point of view. Don't you agree?"

WORK: I get up at half-past seven because it takes me an hour to put on my eye makeup and artificial lashes. Besides, I have to get up early to help Mum dust and sweep. We have no help—Mum doesn't want any—and I'm the only one who can give her a hand because my two sisters are married and have homes of their own. When I'm ready, Justin arrives with the car and takes me into town—we live in Wembley, a bit far out—and I work in town all day till six. Then Justin brings me back home in the car. Sometimes he takes me out to dinner with friends, but I usually have my meals with my Mum and Dad. After supper I help Mum with the dishes, and then we watch television until half-past ten. I rarely go to bed later than half-past ten. So my only fun, practically, is modeling clothes. I don't go places because I'm not interested in meeting people, however important they may be. Anyhow, to be important, what does it mean? The only ones I'd like to meet are the Beatles. If you want to know who I admire most in the world, it's the Beatles. I go to the cinema sometimes, and dancing. I love dancing. People ask me: But don't you do any reading at all, Twiggy? No, I answer, where would I find time to read? When I go to Paris, I don't even have time to see Paris. I spend the whole time posing for pictures. I used to like reading once upon a time. I remember two books that were super: *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*. They were written by two sisters whose surname was Brontë. But I read them—oh, a long time ago. Do you know how hard I work? Because it *is* hard work posing in front of a camera, although you might not think so.

FEARS: I'm more afraid of wars than of anything else. Wars are stupid. There's nothing to justify a war. I mean, we're all human beings with two arms and two legs, so why should we kill one another? I don't understand. I've never taken part in any of those peace marches, but if they are any use I'd like to, sooner or later. Wars frighten me more than spiders, I swear. Spiders scare me terribly, they're so disgusting. But not so disgusting as war. What also frightens me is crowds that press round to see and touch me. I know they don't mean any harm, but they suffocate me, make me feel trapped. They made me cry the other day. People ask: But Twiggy, aren't you flattered? No, I answer, because it's not me they're gaping at. They don't shout for me. They shout for a phenomenon, or just because all the others are shouting. I'm also afraid of trouble. You know, the kind that makes you cry. Usually when I cry it's because I'm angry. But a year ago my sister was badly hurt in a car accident, and I learned what trouble really is. I mean to say, that was the only time in my life I've met with real trouble. Do you think there'll be a war?

THE FUTURE: I don't like the idea of growing up. I'm happy as I am, at the age I am. It would be nice to be seventeen forever. Besides, in this kind of job you never know what may happen. In a year nobody might want my pictures. Well, in that case I'd just retire. I don't intend to become an actress or anything like that. It must be terribly tiring. But you never know, I might last as a model. And you know why? Because of my funny legs that look well under miniskirts. And because I express a happening. I mean, anyone looking at me understands that it's no longer necessary to be high class to be successful, that there is nothing to hide in coming from a working-class family. To us young people nowadays, work is an honor, not a handicap. Upper-class boys and girls used to give themselves airs; they used to say, "My father is so-and-so, my mother is so-and-so." You understand? Nowadays I can just say, "My Dad is my Dad and my Mum is my Mum," and that's that. Well, that's something that should last, I think, because the world moves forward, not backward. But I don't care. I'm not ambitious, you know. It's Justin who's ambitious. He thinks that I'll still be fashionable when I'm twenty-four, or even later. □

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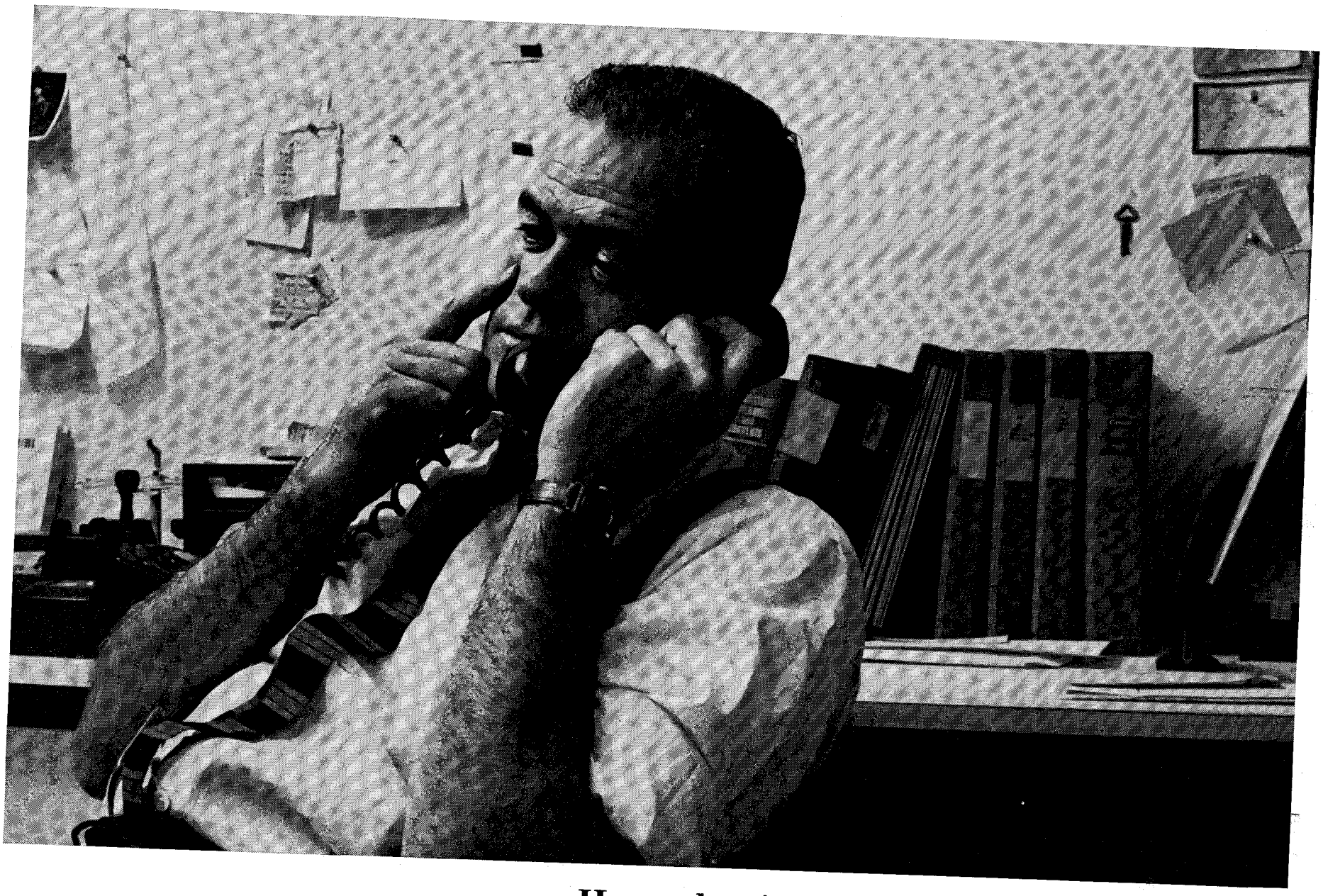
Straight talker.



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DIVING FOR TREASURE IN THE PIRATE CITY

Wealthy, wicked Port Royal vanished beneath the sea nearly 300 years ago. But there is still plenty to find among its drowned ruins, including mint-fresh pieces of eight—and, perhaps, sudden death.

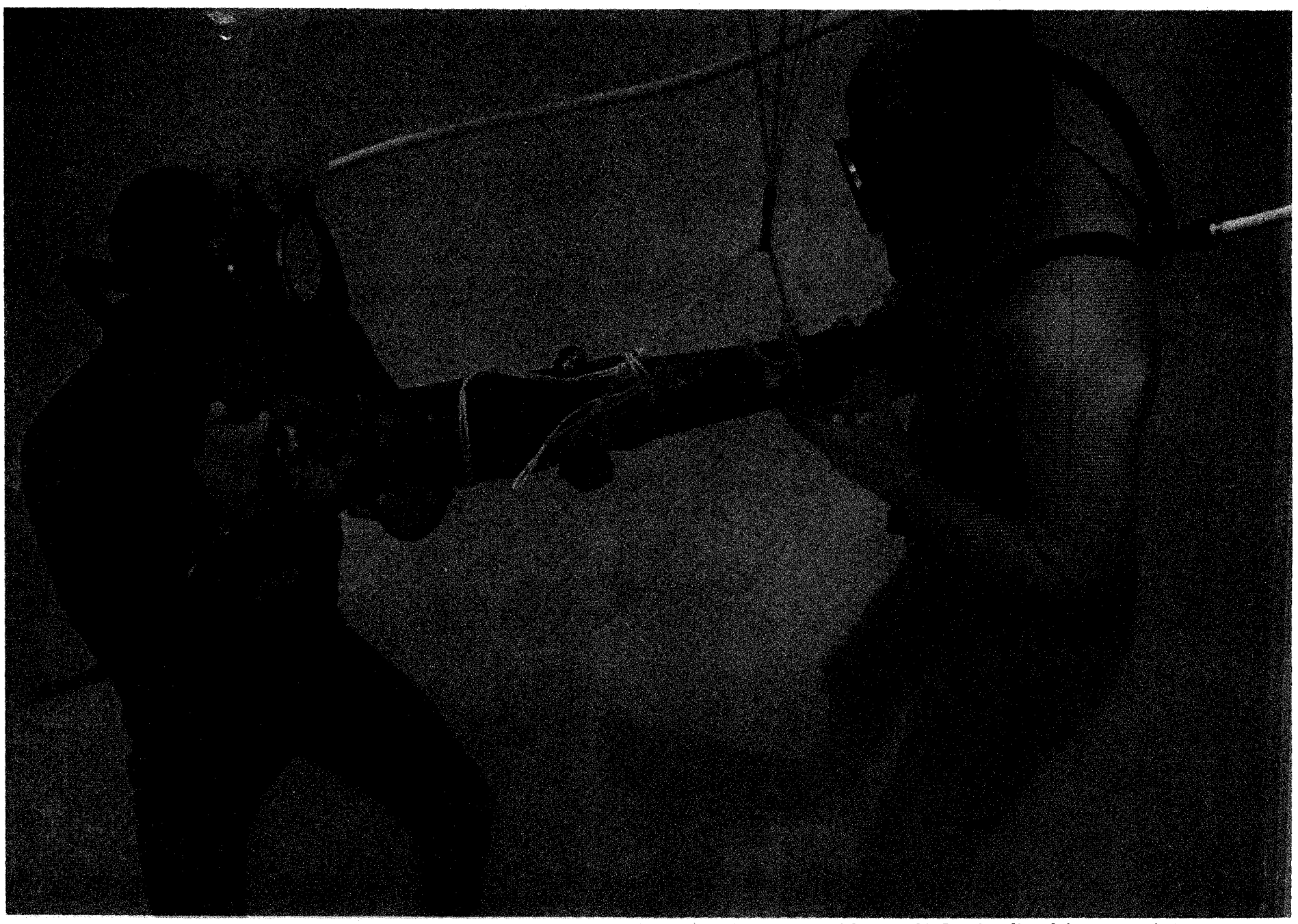
By Harold H. Martin

In the brief years of its existence, Port Royal, Jamaica, was the richest, bloodiest and bawdiest seaport the Caribbean has ever known. Its reputation for wealth—built mainly on pirate plunder—was exceeded only by its renown for drunkenness, violence, blasphemy and lewdness. "Everywhere abideth ye lazy strumpets," a minister complained, and clergymen were constantly predicting that for its manifold sins God would destroy the city. One who had so foretold, the Rev. Emanuel Heath, rector of St. Paul's, lived to describe the fate of "this most ungodly and debauched people."

The morning of June 7, 1692, was exceedingly hot and abnormally still. The Reverend Mr. Heath spent the morning reading prayers at his church, and then went to the Merchants' Exchange to join the president of the Port Royal Council, Lt. Gov. John White, who had invited Mr. Heath "to have a glass of wormwood wine with him as a whet before dinner." They lingered so long over the wine, however, that the rector missed dinner entirely, which was fortunate for him, because the earthquake and tidal wave that destroyed the city struck shortly before noon. The house at which Mr. Heath had intended to dine was one of the first to tumble into the sea.

The terror of that morning can still be felt in Mr. Heath's account: "I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said to Mr. White, 'Lord, Sir, what is that?' He replied, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid, it will soon be over.' But it increased, and we heard the church and tower fall, upon which we ran to save ourselves. I . . . saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them . . . I then laid aside all thoughts of escaping and resolved to make my way toward my own lodging, and there to meet Death in as good posture as I could. . . ."

For 275 years the ruined structures, the artifacts and, perhaps, much of old



Robert Marx (right) and Kenute Kelly, one of his Jamaican divers, bring up an ancient cannon from the muddy bottom of Kingston Harbour, where it has lain since the days of Henry Morgan.

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Port Royal's fabulous wealth have lain submerged within a stone's throw of present-day Port Royal, a drowsy fishing town situated at the tip of the narrow spit of land that all but encloses Kingston Harbour. In all these years the sunken city has titillated the imaginations of historians and treasure hunters, but few people have ever been drawn to it more strongly than an American named Robert Marx, a brooding, deep-eyed man with a fierce moustache, who has been diving on the ruins for more than a year now, under official Jamaican sponsorship.

On days when the work goes well, he is stirred almost to frenzy as he prowls among the fallen walls of this ancient entrepôt and pirate stronghold. Groping blindly in the mud with his bare hands—the water is opaque with silt—he comes up with a coral-encrusted cannon, a sword hilt, an onion-shaped rum bottle, a clay pipe.

Formerly a self-styled pirate, interested only in treasure, Marx now gets as excited when he finds these simple artifacts as he did in earlier days when he brought up gold and silver coins from the wrecks of sunken galleons. His moustache quivers at the discovery of a pewter tankard, and as he pores over the old charts and records, he talks of Port Royal-under-the-sea as if Sir Henry Morgan's buccaneers were still swilling rum in its taverns.

Marx thinks that most of Port Royal's treasure—gold, silver or jewels—was

Marx has long been obsessed by Port Royal.

brought up long ago. For years after the disaster, "fishers and dredgers" dragged heavily weighted nets and grappling hooks over the bottom. Any treasures that remain will be found under fallen walls, Marx believes, for those old-time salvors lacked the kind of equipment needed to break up and raise such heavy structures.

In some respects his own equipment is not all that Marx would wish. It consists mainly of a leaky skiff with a cranky motor, a small homemade barge floating on rusty oil drums, and a wheezing compressor borrowed from the Jamaican Department of Public Works. The compressor powers Marx's air lift, a sort of underwater vacuum cleaner used to suck away the mud and silt that have buried the ruins.

Makeshift equipment has, however, been the least serious of Marx's problems. Twice in the past year or so, heavy brick walls have fallen on him as he lay on the bottom, mashing him into the mud and very nearly doing him in. On more occasions than he can count he has touched the poisonous black needles of the spiny sea urchin while groping for artifacts. And there was the day not long ago when, lying on the bottom, using the air-lift tube to clear silt and dead coral from a buried wall, he felt something grab his head and start squeezing it with many fingers.

"The visibility was nil, as usual," Marx says. "All I could see was the reflection of my own eyes in the glass of my face mask." As the grip on his skull tightened, Marx clutched convulsively at the top of his head. His hand came in contact with the pulpy, bulbous body of an octopus.

"It was a small octopus," Marx recalls, "but strong for its size. Whenever I tried to pull it off my head, it pulled the mask away from my face, causing me to lose my air." If he had been using scuba gear, this wouldn't have mattered too much. The mask is separate on an air-tank outfit, and the diver breathes through a tube clutched between his teeth. But instead he was using a device that feeds air into a mask that covers the whole face. "You lose that mask," Marx says, "and you are out of business."

Suddenly he remembered the air lift. Grasping his mask firmly with one hand to hold it in place, he raised the pumping tube with the other hand and started running it over his head. The powerful suction ripped the body of the octopus into small bits, carrying them to the barge above.

Being embraced by an octopus was not a particularly unsettling experience for Marx, whose casual attitude toward the more fearsome denizens of the deep causes cautious divers to look upon him as a lunatic. While diving for treasure in the clear waters off the coast of Yucatán, for example, he used to spear sharks for sport, occasionally grabbing one by the fin to enjoy a free ride. This, however, was before a shark turned on him, bit his spear gun in two and slashed off one of his swim fins as he lunged desperately over a reef, into shallow water. He has not felt entirely comfortable in the presence of sharks since that time. He will not dive, nor allow his two Jamaican divers, Kenute Kelly and Wayne Roosevelt, to stay in the water after 4:30 P.M., because this he says, is "gobbler time," when the sharks start feeding.

Once, when Marx was down in a trough he had dug in the silt with the air lift, he felt something nudging his back. Thinking it was Kenute Kelly pushing against him with his foot, he turned to push Kelly away. He found himself pushing against the sandpaper hide of a hammerhead shark.

"I gave him a shove, and he went away," Marx says. "But a short while afterward, a remora, the sucker fish that clamps onto a shark's head and shares his meals, clamped onto my mask. That scared me, for I knew the shark was still around. You can't let it bug you though, or you'll never get any work done."

Marx's divers share his phlegmatic attitude toward the possible danger from submarine predators. Wayne Roosevelt, ascending with a bucket of artifacts, once bumped his head on the underside of a shark cruising on the surface. He broke water yelling and beating the surface with his free hand and the shark took off. Kenute Kelly, coming up through the murk another day, found himself enfolded in the wings of a giant manta ray. Fortunately, he knew that the huge batlike fish eats plankton, not people. Kelly remained perfectly still until the broad wings opened and turned him loose.

Sharks, octopuses, and manta rays do not deter Mr. Marx in his fierce determination to explore as much of the sunken city as possible, as quickly as possible, for in his opinion it may soon be destroyed forever. A London merchant-banker named Maj. Harry Marley has been displaying an interest in the sunken city as keen as his own. A stout English gentleman with silver white hair, a Falstaffian paunch and a sharp blue eye, Marley is the representative of a syndicate of speculators who more than a year ago submitted to the Jamaican government a scheme for the restoration of old Port Royal as a sort of profit-making Williamsburg

This handful of old Spanish coins is part of the treasure that Marx and his divers found—exactly where his wife dreamed they would.

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of the Caribbean. Major Marley and his friends, who call themselves the Company of Port Royal Merchants, Ltd.—which was the name of Sir Henry Morgan's enterprise in pirate days—proposed to reconstruct a number of the old buildings, and to have Edwin Link, the noted inventor and undersea explorer, complete an exploration of the sunken city which he began in 1959. Artifacts found in the sea would be restored by experts as nearly as possible to their original condition, and placed in a museum which would serve as a lure to attract tourists. And to accommodate these tourists, two fine hotels would be built.

What troubles Robert Marx about all this is the fact that, to encourage the flow of tourists, Major Marley's syndicate further proposed the construction of dock facilities for the largest cruise ships now plying the Caribbean. This would require the dredging of a channel 42 feet deep, an operation which Marx predicts would destroy at least a third of the underwater city. While the Jamaican government, newly independent and not yet sure of itself, warily contemplates Major Marley's vast scheme, Marx has for months been working himself and his divers seven days a week to bring up all the artifacts he can find before the dredges come—if they ever do.

Meanwhile, the divers have already recovered a multitude of valuable artifacts. Among them are tools that were used by old Port Royal's cobblers, carpenters and boat builders, the pestles and medicine bottles of a 17th-century apothecary, a brass still, brass candlesticks, and a brass kettle full of turtle bones—evidently the remnants of a meal that was never eaten. A handsome silver pocket watch, coins of mint quality, pewter mugs, mirrors, plates, spoons and tankards have also been dug from the mud that has covered them for nearly 300 years. Under the supervision of a UNESCO expert, replicas of these latter items are being manufactured in Kingston, and a set of six rat-tailed soup spoons bearing the initials of Richard Collins, a Port Royal tavern keeper, can be had for $60.

The city in which Mr. Collins lived and, presumably, died on the morning of the earthquake, was in its brief existence the most fabulous marketplace in the New World. Great warehouses lined its waterfront, and its rich merchants lived in tall brick-and-timber mansions. Two thousand houses, some of them four stories high, crowded Port Royal's narrow streets, and real-estate frontage was as costly as on the richer streets in London. Eight thousand people dwelt there, owning, so old records claimed, "more loose money per head" than the residents of any other city in the world, for in the Port Royal of those golden days, a man might be merchant, planter and pirate all in one.

Less than 40 years before its tall buildings went sliding into the sea, the site of Port Royal had been a lonely, sloping beach on a minor Spanish possession in the West Indies. In 1655, however, the English seized Port Royal, and English, Dutch, Portuguese and French freebooters promptly assembled there to seek protection under the English flag. The protection worked both ways. The buccaneers' cutlasses and cannon shielded the little outpost from Spanish counterattack, saving England the trouble of maintaining large forces there. In return, the buccaneers were issued letters of marque, by authority of which they preyed on the Spaniards afloat and ashore.

This happy arrangement ended in 1670, when Spain agreed to recognize England's claim to Port Royal if England would tame the wild corsairs who made it their headquarters. The most famous of them all, Henry Morgan, was called home to London—ostensibly to be punished for his sins. Instead, he was knighted by Charles II and sent back to Port Royal as lieutenant governor, with orders to catch and hang any of his old companions who refused to go straight—which he did.

The town that had grown rich on pirate loot did not greatly miss it. A traveler named Francis Hanson, writing in 1682, described Port Royal as "the Store House or Treasury of the West Indies . . . where all sorts of choice Merchandizes are daily imported [of which] vast quantities are thence again transported to supply the Spaniards, Indians and other Nations, who in exchange return us bars and cakes of Gold, wedges and pigs of silver, Pistoles, Pieces of Eight and several other Coyns of both Mettles. . . ." Some of the merchandise was human: Spain's mines and plantations were hungry for labor and, with a Spanish buyer in residence, Port Royal became the great slave market of its time.

The town's merchants prospered as never before; the money changers of pirate days became bankers; and enterprising English courtesans arrived regularly, to seek their fortunes in the New World. On its last day, in fact, Port Royal was probably the richest city in the entire hemisphere—more even than in Henry Morgan's day.

The old buccaneer did not live to see the town's destruction. Gaunt, sallow and dropsical, Sir Henry had died four years earlier. Somewhere beneath the sea lies the stone that marked his grave, for the old cemetery vanished along with the town.

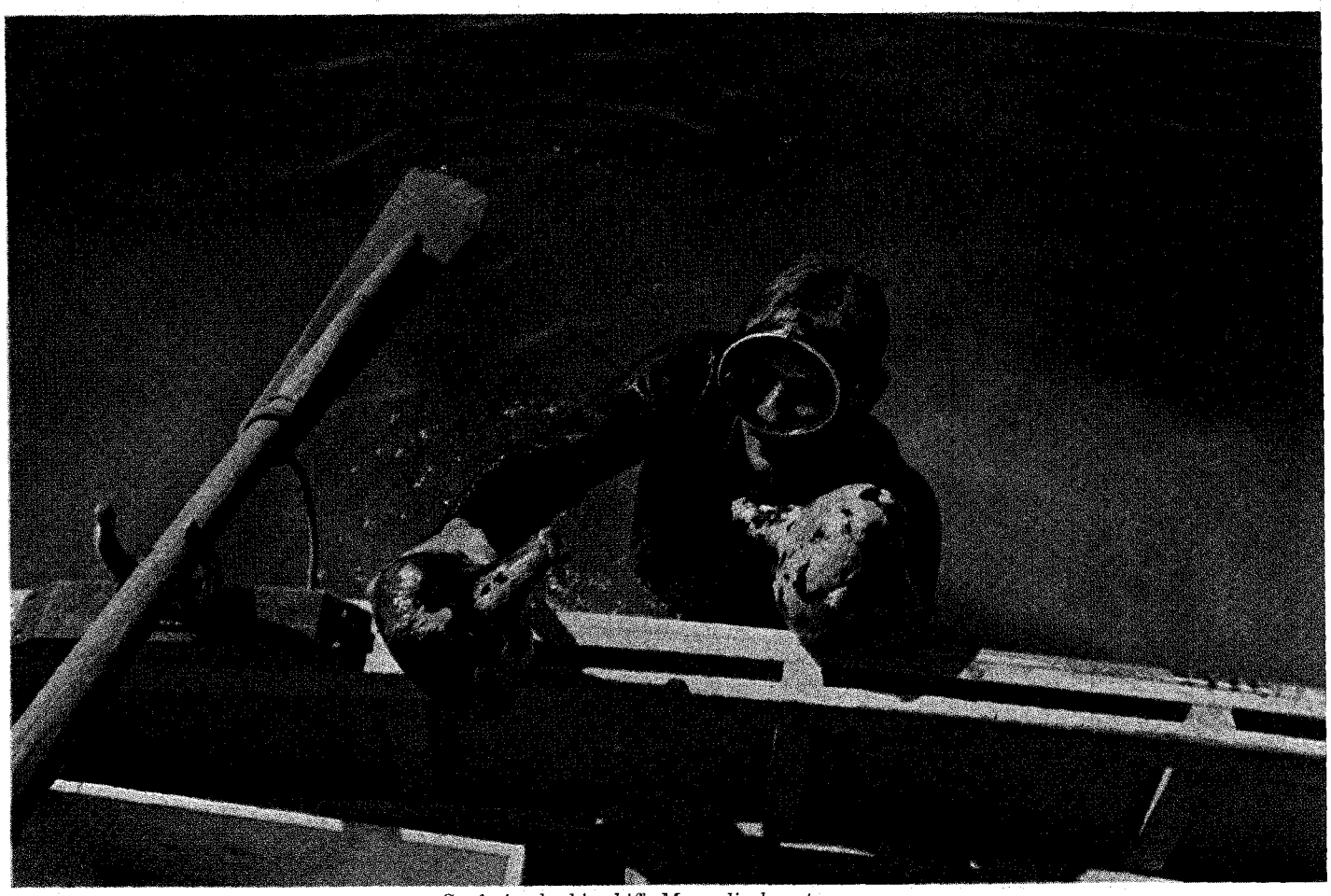
There is a rumor in Port Royal that Marx found Sir Henry's gravestone and spirited it out of the country for sale to an American museum. The fishermen often ask him about it. They also ask him for some of the gold they firmly believe he has found beneath the sea. Marx explains that he is merely an employee of the Jamaican government, and that whatever he finds—even the tiniest shard of broken pottery—must be turned over to his sponsors, Mr. Edward Seaga, the Minister of Development and Welfare, and Mr. Bernard Lewis, director of the Institute of Jamaica.

Marx, of course, is not ecstatically happy about working for a salary of less than $5,000 a year instead of sharing in whatever treasures he may find, which is the usual arrangement between a professional diver and a sovereign government. But it was the only way he could get permission to explore Port Royal, and the sunken city has haunted him since his boyhood.

"I read about it when I was a little kid," he recalls. "There was this guy who used to write books about galleons filled with gold—all stuff that fascinated me. But the thing he wrote that really grabbed me was his description of Port Royal. He said its cathedral was still standing, with the skeletons of the people still sitting in its pews, and you could hear the church bell tolling on days when the waves were high.

"It was a pipe dream, of course. The walls that didn't go down in the first earthquake have fallen in other tremors since, particularly the one in 1907, which shook down everything that was still left standing."

Marx's long-held dream of diving on Port Royal finally came true in 1954. "I was still young then," says Marx, who is now a ripe 33. "I hadn't had all the romantic notions knocked out of me. When I got to Port Royal, a strong north wind was blowing and big



Surfacing by his skiff, Marx displays two old onion-shaped rum bottles, of which the buccaneers' Port Royal had a goodly supply.

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waves were smashing against the sea wall, but I didn't care. I changed into scuba gear, mask and fins and jumped into the sea. The fishermen standing around pointed out what they said was the 'church buoy,' and I swam to it as fast as I could. When I got to the buoy I dived, fully expecting to find the cathedral, and the bell tower, and hear the bell tolling.

"Visibility was about two feet, and I felt the bottom before I saw it. Groping about trying to find the cathedral walls, I felt a thousand sea-urchin needles stick into my hand. I came up and swam ashore through jelly fish thick as raindrops. But I stayed around a couple more days, and went out again. There was a flat calm this time, and visibility was about ten feet. I felt pretty confident: If there was a city there, I'd find it. Three days later I left, completely disillusioned. I'd swum from one end of the old city's boundaries to the other and back and forth across it. I'd seen nothing except a few chunks of coral."

It was 11 years before he returned to Port Royal. In the interval Marx, who has always been revolted by the thought of settling down in a steady, commonplace job, had involved himself in a number of typically off-beat enterprises. Living temporarily in Yucatán, he discovered that parrots from all over the Caribbean came to nest on the nearby island of Cozumel. Being in need of funds, he lured small boys to trap parrots for him at a peso each. Then he chartered a plane and shipped 800 of the birds to Miami, hoping to sell them for $50 apiece. Public Health officials, however, became alarmed at the prospect of the entire nation's coming down with parrot fever, and ordered the birds removed from the U.S. at once. Marx, who could not afford to pay the charter fee for a trip back to Yucatán, persuaded the pilot to fly out beyond the three-mile limit and dump the parrots, cages and all, into the sea.

When two subsequent business ventures were no more successful, Marx turned with better results to the search for underwater treasure. Diving over a sunken galleon off Cozumel, he brought up such a quantity of artifacts the Mexican government decided that thereafter all objects of historic value should be retained by the state.

In the next few years Marx dived off every Caribbean island he could find, in quest of sunken treasure, seldom with much luck. Finally, he decided there must be a better way to locate wreck sites than to swim around looking for coral-crusted cannon. He went to Spain, and for three years buried himself in the great archives at Seville. There he discovered to his delight that Spanish colonial governors had sent back voluminous records on the wrecking of treasure galleons. They told where the ship went down, what treasure it carried and how much of this had been salvaged later. He also found in the archives a young American student, Miss Nancy Ferriss, who was doing research for her doctoral dissertation. They were married in 1964.

Before this, however, Marx had to wait for the dissolution of an unsuccessful earlier marriage to a lady spearfishing champion. In the meantime he digressed from treasure hunting long enough to make two highly unusual sea voyages. The first, in 1962, was an Atlantic crossing in a replica of Columbus's smallest ship, the *Niña* (see the *Post*, Jan. 26, 1963). The cruise of the *Niña II* was a troubled one, but nothing compared with Marx's second voyage.

This enterprise involved a Viking ship. Marx planned to build such a craft and sail it from Oslo to Newfoundland, but, by what seemed at first to be good fortune, it turned out that a replica of a Viking ship was already available. It had been made for an American movie company which had just finished shooting a film in the Adriatic. The company was happy to let Marx have it, figuring that his voyage would help publicize the picture. Marx accepted with alacrity and assembled a crew consisting of an Englishman, two Yugoslavs, and two Norwegians. They set out from a small port near Trieste on a freezing day in March, 1964, the longboat leaking and wallowing and shipping icy seas over her low gunwales.

Marx, who claimed to have a built-in radar, was the navigator, but on several occasions his radar failed. Once, in a dense fog off the Italian coast, he looked up to see a heavy truck crossing his bow. He was headed straight for a coastal highway. Putting the helm hard over, he turned his vessel just in time, only to find her entangled in a fishing net suspended between buoys. One of Marx's sharper memories is of the look on the face of the Italian fisherman, standing popeyed at the sea's edge as this ghost of the past glided out of the fog to tear through his nets and disappear into the mist again. Finally, off the coast of Tunisia in a storm, Marx's radar failed completely, and the longboat slammed into rocks, which, by Marx's reckoning, were nowhere in the vicinity. Bailing desperately, the mariners managed to reach the harbor of Bizerte, where they beached the vessel. She was beyond repair, however, and Marx later towed her out a couple of miles, set her afire and let her sink.

Then he went back to the Caribbean to soothe his crushed ego and patch up his shattered fortunes by diving on a Spanish wreck off the coast of Nicaragua. He was there when the call came inviting him to Port Royal.

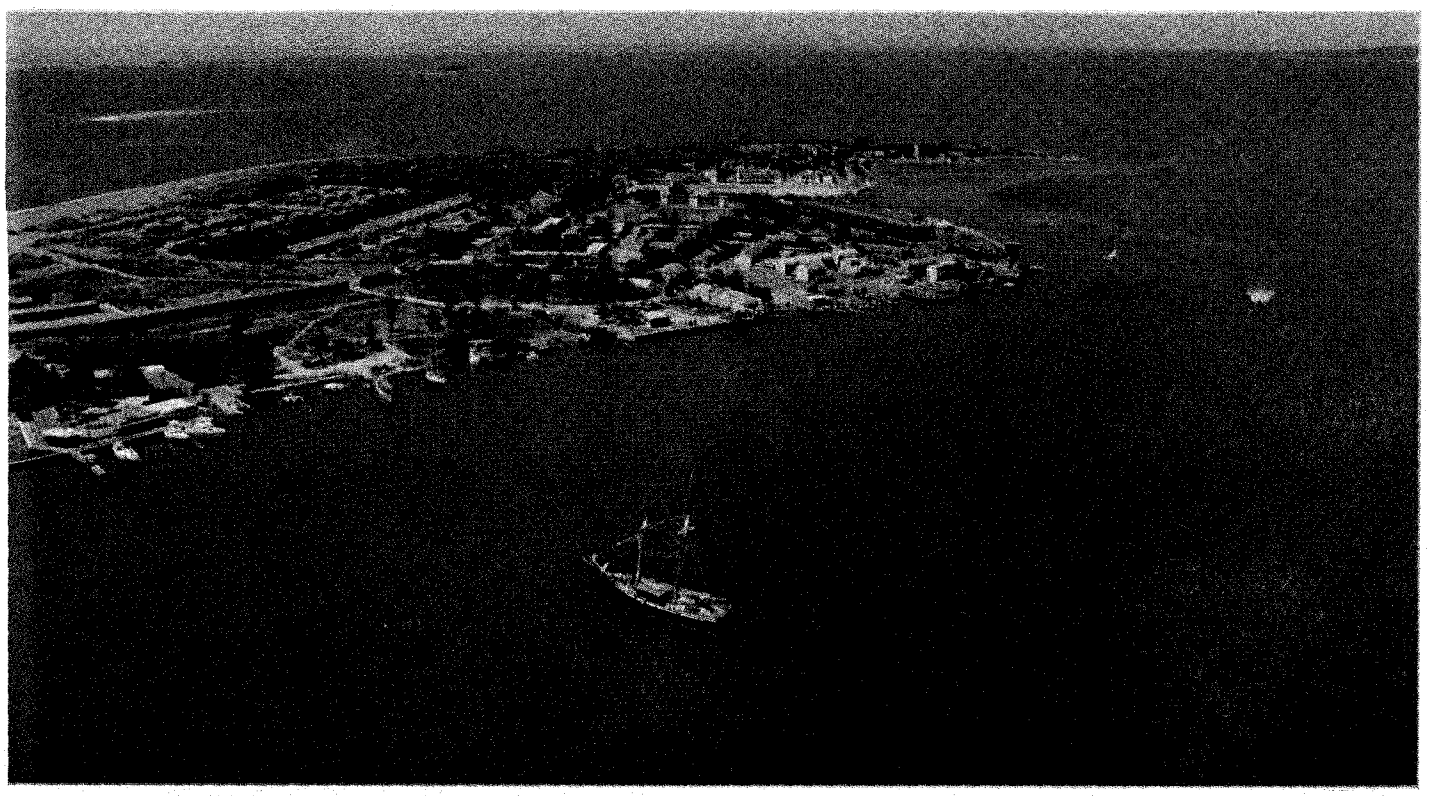
"All these years," Marx says, "I'd been trying to get these people to let me come here and dive. This was the first encouragement I'd gotten. Later I found out why. They were considering this deal with Marley. Under it, the syndicate would get half of any treasure found, and they hired me to find out if there *was* any treasure."

Marx and his wife, Nancy, arrived in Kingston in October of 1965. Unfortunately, Jamaica's fiscal year did not begin until April of 1966, and no money would be available until then. Undaunted, Marx started scrounging equipment and clearing the bottom of sea urchins, old automobile tires, bottles, beer cans and truck bodies. In the course of this work he discovered that wave action and, perhaps, minor earth tremors had brought to the surface of the mud hundreds of artifacts—even brick walls and archways—that had been buried when he first dived in the area 11 years earlier.

When the money came through, Marx was ready. At seven A.M. on May 1, 1966, he and his divers started to work. Nothing of any real value was found until late that afternoon. Sucking the silt from under a fallen wall with the air lift, Marx uncovered first a spoon, then a pewter platter with four pewter plates sticking to it. Excited at this find, Kelly, crawling under the wall as Marx pulled the silt away, brought out a beautiful pewter tankard. Before they could explore further, Wayne Roosevelt, on the surface, began tugging on the hoses—the signal to come up. They had been down for nine hours without food or rest. It was four o'clock, getting on toward the hour when the sharks start feeding.

"I knew this wall was dangerous," Marx says, "so my plan on the second day was to go down with crowbars and break it up. Unfortunately, when I got down there and started digging, I found four beautiful pewter spoons, one after the other. I guess I sort of lost my head. Pushing the air lift along, I crawled deeper and deeper under the wall, and all of a sudden the whole huge mass slid over me, pressing me to the bottom."

The weight of the wall broke the



Like the 17th-century pirate stronghold, modern Port Royal lies at end of the spit of land protecting Kingston Harbour. Schooner is anchored nearly over the center of the drowned city.

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aluminum business end of the air lift, causing it to stop pumping. The boys in the barge noticed this and tugged on the air hose to Marx's mask. He didn't tug back in answer. They tugged on Kelly's; he surfaced, took one look at the dead air lift and dived.

"He found me with just my legs sticking out," says Marx. "He took the hose off the broken air lift and used it to clear the mud from under me, pulling me backward until I was free."

At the end of the first two months Marx and his divers had collected a fantastic array of relics—pewter, ceramic, brass and iron. In Marx's storerooms were a dozen 55-gallon oil drums full of coral-crusted saws, hammers, axes, adzes, padlocks, kegs, swords, knives and pike points—as well as human and animal bones and teeth.

Throughout the summer the bottom virtually sprouted artifacts. Then, in late September, Marx's luck seemed to change. Lying on the bottom, working with the bucking air lift, he had the queer sensation that the bottom was moving under him. He cut off the air lift, and in the dark and eerie silence he felt the distinctive tremor of an earthquake. He shot to the surface, climbed into the skiff, and watched as a small tidal wave, some two feet high, swept toward him across the harbor. It was a repetition, in miniature, of what had happened here 275 years before. And it covered the ruins with mud and silt again.

Not long after this, a landslide blocked a highway on the island, and the Jamaican Department of Public Works had to take back the compressor that powered Marx's air lift. Thus he was working without this device when another wall fell on him while he was alone on the bottom. He was knocked unconscious this time, and his face mask was smashed. Fortunately, he was using scuba gear, and air from the tank on his back continued to flow through the mouthpiece into his lungs. When he came to, he crawled forward, digging his way through the mud with his hands, until he came out from under the wall.

Weeks followed during which Marx and his fellow divers found not so much as a broken pipe stem. He almost went out of his mind. He'd go home snarling and snapping at tiny, soft-spoken Nancy until she refused to speak to him. Then one night, as he lay in bed staring at the ceiling, Marx felt his wife begin to stir fitfully beside him. She awoke, sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"I had a dream," she said. "I saw you bringing up a lot of treasure—coins—from the sunken city."

"At first I didn't pay any attention," Marx says. "I knew all about this 'enchanted treasure' people dream about. But Nancy has never dreamed anything like this before. After she told me about it, I couldn't go to sleep. Finally, about daylight, I woke her up. Where had I found this treasure she dreamed about? She mumbled that she didn't dream *where*. She just saw me coming up with it.

"I got mad," Marx recalls. "I said dammit she *had to know*. I went and got a chart of the harbor, covering the area of the old city and told her to show me. I spread the chart out on the bed. She didn't even open her eyes. She just poked a finger at it. 'There,' she said, and went back to sleep.

"I knew there wasn't a chance there'd be anything at the place Nancy had put her finger on. There was nothing there in the old days except the turtle crawl, and the fish and meat market, and the town jail. I still don't know why I decided to dive there. . . ."

Later that morning, working without enthusiasm in the area that Nancy had designated, Marx began to feel ashamed of the way he'd been taking his frustrations out on her.

"I turned the air lift over to Kelly and went ashore to phone Nancy," he says. "I wanted to tell her I was sorry. I was just reaching for the phone when one of the kids who worked on the barge broke in. He was yelling at the top of his voice: 'Kelly found it. Kelly found something wonderful.'"

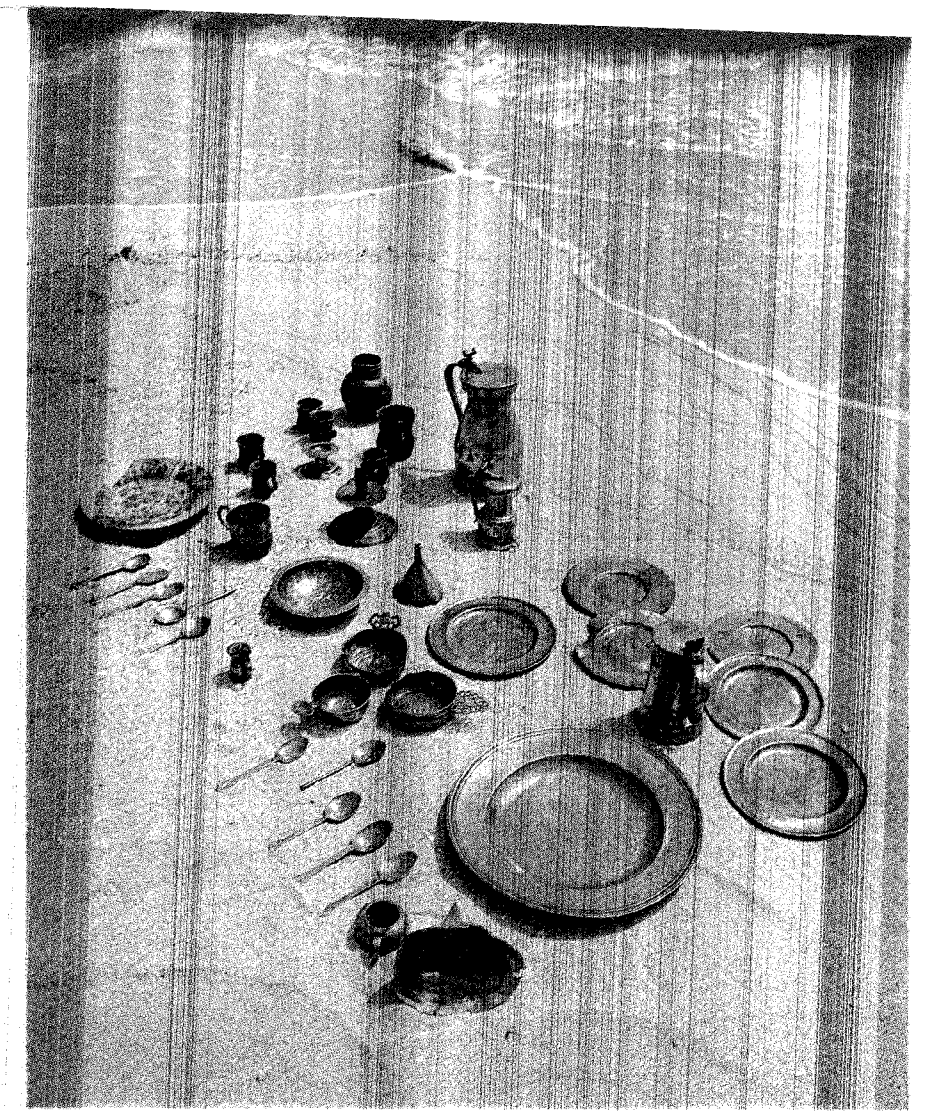
Marx ran to the seawall to find half the population of Port Royal paddling boats or swimming toward his barge, 100 feet off shore.

"I swam to the skiff where Kelly was sitting, proud as a peacock," Marx says. "He opened his hand and showed me four beautiful pieces of eight. 'Plenty more below,' he said.

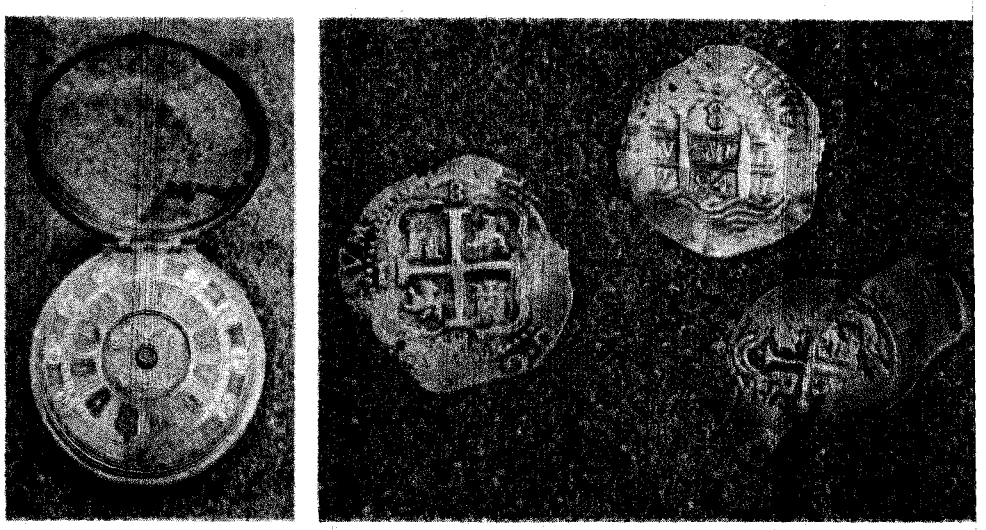
"'Show me,' I yelled, and dived. He followed, guiding me to a hole not much wider than my own body that he'd cut with the air lift. I pulled myself into the hole headfirst. He'd sucked off about two feet of mud and eel grass, and had come to a four-foot layer of dead coral, and had cut through that into a layer of black sand. The bottom of the hole was paved with silver coins. I grabbed with both hands, scooping up as many as I could hold, and clutched them to my chest. I backed out of the hole and swam to the top."

Marx could hardly surface alongside the skiff, there were so many boats and swimmers beside it. He ordered them away and they laughed at him. He dumped his coins in the skiff, and told Wayne Roosevelt to swim ashore to get the cops. Then he grabbed a bucket and went down again. "All I could see of Kelly was his fins sticking out of the hole," he said. "I touched him to let him know I was there, and he started pushing coins back to me by the handful. I dropped them in the bucket until it was nearly full, too heavy for one man to carry. I signaled to him to come out of the hole, and together we carried it to the top."

That night at the home of the prime minister, Mr. Sangster, the coins were examined and counted. There were 599 in all—pieces of eight, pieces of four and pieces of two, cut from cobs of silver and stamped in the Spanish mints at Lima, Potosi and Mexico City. Their dates ranged from 1653 to 1690. On one side, beneath the quadrant of the Christian cross, they bore the coats of arms of León and Castile. On the other were stamped the pillars of Hercules—the gateway from the Mediterranean to the Ocean Sea—the Latin inscription *Ne Plus Ultra*, and the wavy lines that were the mark of Spain's overseas dominions.



Most of the objects Marx has salvaged from the submerged ruins are artifacts that were used in Port Royal's daily life, such as this beautifully preserved collection of pewterware.



An ornate silver pocket watch and three fine pieces of eight (cut to weight, not shape, before minting) show amazingly clear markings after lying for 275 years at the bottom of the sea.

In his years of diving on Spanish wrecks, Marx had found many pieces of eight, but never any so well preserved as these. They were nearly perfect, and experts who examined them later valued them at as much as $200 each.

Digging in the area several days later, Marx came upon the worm-eaten remains of a chest. Nearby was a brass plate with a keyhole in the center, bearing the arms of Philip IV of Spain. Was this the loot from a treasure galleon? Or the strongbox of the agent the Spanish government had sent to Port Royal to buy slaves? Marx does not know, but the question interests him more, he claims, than does the fact that the coins are estimated to be worth some $50,000.

"I am no longer interested in treasure as treasure," he says. "I am interested in the relics that men have left beneath the sea, whether it's a coin, or a wine jug, or a clay pipe, or a tool. I want to know who made them, and who used them. Discovering these facts can be as exciting as finding the objects in the first place. As for treasure"—he shrugs—"who needs it?" □

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'Don't flood our Grand Canyon'

Continued from page 28

within the earth began lifting this whole region into a colossal dome, hundreds of miles in diameter. By miraculous coincidence, the land rose just about as fast as the river was able to cut its way downward through successive ages of rock until it reached Archean bedrock, the oldest formation known in geologic time. The unruly stream cut only a slot for itself, but the almost vertical walls eroded and weathered away, crashing landslides shook the earth and the canyon widened. This process hasn't ended; it will continue as long as the river flows and there is rock to weather and fall.

"Man can't greatly change the canyon itself," one National Park Service naturalist told me, asking anonymity because Interior Department employees had been sternly ordered not to give opinions on the controversial dams. "The canyon is much too vast to be flooded rim to rim, as some people seem to fear. But dams can change the whole character of the river—at least for a few centuries. And *that* in turn can change the whole chain of life within the canyon. It's not something to be done lightly."

In a somewhat different sense, the campaign by the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation and by the southwestern states to invade the Grand Canyon wasn't undertaken lightly, either. The leaders behind the drive realized from the beginning that they would run into opposition, just as they had on other scenery-destroying dams, such as that in Glen Canyon. However, they expected the attack to come mainly from the professional conservationists, not from the general public, and they saw nothing to worry about.

A year ago, when he still felt sure of getting at least one of the dams, Commissioner of Reclamation Floyd Dominy, a veteran administrator who knows all the tricks of bureaucratic judo, told me how carefully he had laid his plans. "I recognized several years ago that the Sierra Club and other 'preservationists' would try to smother us with propaganda," he said. "Those nuts aren't real conservationists. They want to keep the wild canyons locked up so nobody can see them, except a few hikers and rich river runners.

"So," Dominy continued, "I had a big model made of the canyon, showing exactly where the dams would go, how high the reservoirs would rise. This model helped convince Secretary Udall that we weren't going to destroy the canyon. Instead, we would make its hidden scenery accessible to millions."

Whether or not it was the model that persuaded him, Secretary Udall backed the Bureau of Reclamation all the way in the first round. Certain of the Interior Department's agencies did criticize Reclamation's plans in reports that were not made public, and some Park Service experts pointed out that the dams would do extensive damage to natural values in Grand Canyon National Park and the adjoining Monument downstream. But—"We've had orders to keep our mouths shut," one disgruntled Park Service career man confided. "We're told that we're all part of the Interior team. We have to follow Reclamation signals. Hell, we can't even sell Sierra Club publications at bookstands in national parks."

The harnessing of the Colorado became something of a Udall-family project in 1965 when Morris, a hard-working member of the House Interior Committee, introduced the enabling legislation. His principal interest was the Central Arizona Project—called CAP—which would bring the state more water from the Colorado. The water would be drawn from the reservoir of the long-established Parker Dam and pumped several hundred miles to the Phoenix and Tucson area.

Morris Udall sometimes refers to the CAP as "our little project." Perhaps it is little in Reclamation terms, but the bare construction cost would be more than half-a-billion dollars, not counting any dams. Physically, Arizona's water distributing system would have nothing to do with the Grand Canyon, wouldn't touch it. But through the financial legerdemain long used by Reclamation, the "cash register" dams in the canyon would help pay for CAP.

Moreover, the CAP was to be merely the cherry on top of a towering Reclamation parfait. The income-producing dams in the Grand Canyon were wanted, not just for the CAP, but mainly to promote something known as the Pacific Southwest Water Plan. Under this plan, costing an estimated eight billion dollars, new sources of water would be sought and delivered to the Colorado basin. For example, Reclamation might find it possible to tap the tremendous flow of the Columbia River in the Northwest and divert part of its water southward through pipelines, aqueducts and tunnels, over and through mountain ranges, into the Colorado. The scheme would be an unparalleled engineering feat. It would solve the water problems of the dry Southwest for many years to come. It would take care of a much-resented obligation, under an international treaty, to leave a good share of the Colorado's flow for use by Mexico.

But the plan also raises many doubts and fears. The northwestern states, of course, have their own plans for use of their rivers and look with deep distrust on any scheme to start piping their water away. Some northwesterners even suggest that the national economy might be better served if the expanding population went where water is available, rather than moving the rivers. Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington, who is chairman of the Senate Interior Committee, told me flatly, "Before we take on any regional water-exporting schemes, we should look to national water needs. The whole country has problems and they are getting worse. The Bureau of Reclamation is following the same old approach, building dams. We've gone beyond that." Last year the Senate passed Jackson's bill to establish an impartial National Water Commission to study the whole range of the country's water problems. However, it has not as yet passed the House.

Ardent southwestern reclamationists find views like Jackson's difficult to understand. They see the Pacific Southwest Water Plan as quite a logical extension of the long tradition of bargaining and subsidizing that has built the Bureau of Reclamation's great western water-and-power empire, the economic base for much of the West's prosperity.

Early in its career, starting in 1902, the bureau built dams primarily to store water for irrigation. Then, in the 1920's, it was found that by increasing the height of the dams, electric power could be generated as a profitable by-product. Gradually the sale of power came to subsidize more and more of the irrigation development. In recent years the bureau has been building dams for power only, storing no water for irrigation. But, through a handy bookkeeping device known as a "basin account," the revenues of such dams have been used to pay for other projects that the bureau has set its heart on.

The trouble is that just about all the good damsites have been taken. The bureau knows that no new dams means a limitation on its plans, and so it has been yearning for the potential power damsites in the Grand Canyon—as have, incidentally, the city of Los Angeles and the Arizona Power Authority. In 1965 and again in 1966 there were congressional hearings. Last summer, as the enabling legislation moved toward the floor of the House, it became a much-fattened $1.7 billion package. Even western parts of Kansas and Texas were given honorary status in the Colorado River Basin to get some of their projects included, as the price for their support. "It was like a camel starting off across the desert," said John J. Rhodes, a young Arizona congressman. "Every Arab along the way tossed on his load."

All this jockeying and compromising overlooked the fact that an increasing number of people just didn't like the idea of having power dams in the Grand Canyon, especially not if they harmed Grand Canyon National Park. As the bill lumbered on, more and more conservation-minded people became aroused. Organizations such as the National Parks Association, the Audubon Society, the National Wildlife Federation, the Wilderness Society and the Izaak Walton League pointed out the hazards of the dams and suggested alternative ways of providing power. But they tended to be too sweetly reasonable and polite to dent the assurance of the dam builders.

David Brower, the crusading executive director of the relatively small Sierra Club—it has 53,000 members—has no such inhibitions. Something of a showman, the combative Brower sometimes isn't sweetly reasonable or polite even with his friends. Elements in the Sierra Club itself have accused Brower of being "irresponsible and uncompromising" and have tried, unsuccessfully so far, to muzzle him. He plunged into the Grand Canyon fight with his mane of white hair flying and his tanned face flushing red with anger.

"Those dams would ruin the Grand Canyon, eviscerate it," he proclaimed. "My God, if we can't save the Grand Canyon National Park, what hope is there for other parks?" He testified fervently before congressional hearings, locking horns with pro-dam members. Some of them accused him of being "extreme" and "repetitive." Commissioner Dominy dismissed the Sierra Club's arguments as "frantic flak."

Brower cheerfully admits that he is extreme, repetitive and, he adds, "intransigent." He is sure that the moment conservation groups start to compromise, the countryside will go down the drain. "This country already has used up 90 percent of its wild country," he says. "We want only to save the remaining 10 percent. That isn't asking too much, is it?"

Last summer it seemed that the "preservationists" might as well be howling in their own wilderness. The dams bill seemed all set for passage in the House. However, in June the Sierra Club ran full-page newspaper advertisements which shouted: NOW ONLY YOU CAN SAVE GRAND CANYON FROM BEING FLOODED . . . FOR PROFIT. The ads raised the already high temperatures in pro-dam quarters. The day after the ads appeared, the Internal Revenue Service sent the Sierra Club a letter warning that if the organization were found to be "substantially" engaged in attempting to influence legislation, any contributions to the club might be ruled nondeductible for income-tax purposes. There is some mystery surrounding the impetus for the IRS warning, but it is believed to have come from Capitol Hill. When I asked Floyd Dominy of the Bureau of Reclamation if he knew who had suggested the action, he replied with a grin, "No, but I wish I had been smart enough to think of it." Later the IRS did, in fact, start action to remove the club's tax-exempt status. The result is that some of the large contributions the club expects have not been coming through, a loss temporarily offset by a sympathetic burst of small contributions and new memberships.

The stern IRS letter, however, marked a turning point in the 1966 battle. "That warning got a lot of publicity," said Hugh Nash, editor of the Sierra Club *Bulletin*. "I'm sure many people didn't know that the Grand Canyon was in danger until they read about it. That's when the mail began pouring in on Congress."

And it did pour in. Morris Udall told me, "The controversy over those dams became a national issue. It brought more mail than Vietnam." Another member of the subcommittee on Irrigation and Reclamation, Ed Reinecke of California, added, "Everybody in Congress began getting mail like crazy. It was simple and emotional, mainly, 'Don't flood our Grand Canyon.' This, coupled with the economic facts, began to swing sentiment against the dams."

There were other problems, too. The Pacific Northwest became increasingly nervous about provisions in the bill that directed the Bureau of Reclamation to go ahead with studies of plans to "augment" the flow of the Colorado. The outvoted northwestern members of the House Interior Committee reported dryly: "It is difficult to imagine that the Bureau of Reclamation could be objective in reviewing a proposal which would place in their hands the largest single public-works authorization in the history of the United States, save only the federal highway program." The opposition got its way, for when Congress adjourned, the bill died.

For a while it seemed that the battle for the Grand Canyon was over, with a clear, historic victory for the conservation forces. The Sierra Club was flooded with congratulations. It became obvious that the Johnson Administration, which can read mail too, was backing away from any Grand Canyon dams and that Secretary Udall himself was having second thoughts. Udall's own record as a conservationist is a notable one. There is reason to

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believe that from the beginning he wished that his home state of Arizona could solve her water problems without tampering with the Grand Canyon. How much Lady Bird Johnson may have had to do with his conversion isn't known. Perhaps a lot. During her "Faces of the West" trip last fall to promote her beautification program, Mrs. Johnson sat glued to the window of an airliner as it swept low over the length of the canyon. As she looked down she murmured, "Fantastic—that's the only word for it." Afterward, Udall told me, "We have the whole matter under restudy. We're looking at all of the alternate possibilities."

The conservationists' victory seemed confirmed on February 1 when Secretary Udall formally announced a new plan to bring Colorado water to central Arizona, without benefit of Grand Canyon dams. The Grand Canyon National Park would be extended upstream to include the Marble Gorge damsite, presumably prohibiting this part of the canyon to dam builders. Consideration of the downstream Hualapai Dam would be deferred until the hoped-for National Water Commission could evaluate its merits.

The electricity required by the Central Arizona Project for pumping water from the Colorado to Arizona users would come from large thermal-generating plants to be built with federal help near the extensive coal beds in Arizona and New Mexico. Surprisingly, the Interior Department now finds that it can obtain such electricity for somewhat less than the cost of producing it at the dams. Where the original plan, including the dams, would have cost $1.7 billion, the new one is priced at $719 million.

An especially bitter blow to the dam builders was dealt by 89-year-old Sen. Carl Hayden of Arizona, one of the grand old men of reclamation, when he introduced a bill incorporating the main features of the Administration project. He was the very man they had counted on, a year ago, to carry the day for the dams in the Senate.

The pro-dam forces regard the Administration's new position as craven surrender to the "preservationists." At committee hearings they seem puzzled and hurt by Secretary Udall's change of heart. They read back to him his previous testimony endorsing much of their Grand Plan and ask if what he said was true then, isn't it still true?

Secretary Udall argues, "We are wiser than we were a year ago. We need a new approach, one that gets away from controversy. The people in the Northwest regard the Hualapai Dam as a gun pointed at their Columbia River. The Bureau of Reclamation ought not be stuck with a tradition. . . . The truth is we will get cheaper power under this plan than we would out of a dam." Beside him as he testifies is Commissioner Floyd Dominy, helping present the no-dam case for CAP, as a loyal bureaucrat should.

Such heresy is not changing the minds of the hard-line reclamationists. Sen. Gordon L. Allott of Colorado declares heatedly, "The Hualapai Dam must be retained. It is the rock on which a regional water plan must be built. Any plan to get more water for the Colorado without the dam and a basin development fund is like a cart without a horse." Such men are determined to continue the golden era when soaring Reclamation-built dams paid the bills for huge, profitable developments. They still have confidence that political trades can be made, that compromises can be negotiated, giving them most of what they want. They still stoutly believe that the way the West handles its resources, including the Grand Canyon, is the western states' own business.

"I am dead set against a National Water Commission making decisions on western water issues," one of the most powerful of the reclamation-bloc leaders has said. He is Representative Wayne N. Aspinall, chairman of the House Interior Committee, a stern, thin-lipped man who is accustomed to getting his own way. Although he lately has indicated he would be willing to bargain over the National Water Commission scheme, he really favors what he calls "Westwide planning," with the states negotiating among themselves to settle their differences on division of their waters. The Federal Government would be permitted to help, of course, by building dams in the Grand Canyon, which, he maintains, "would do no violence to the scenic beauty of the Grand Canyon National Park. . . . In fact, they would enhance the ability of the average citizen to view the wonders of the canyon from the bottom up. . . ."

Aspinall has offered the conservationists what he considers a reasonable compromise. On one hand, he has introduced a bill that would enlarge the Grand Canyon National Park up the Colorado to include Marble Gorge. This, presumably, would prevent any future dam building there. On the other hand, he has another bill that would authorize the giant Hualapai Dam downstream, but with its height lowered a bit to keep the reservoir out of the park. That would leave just one problem: the Grand Canyon National Monument, between the park and the dam, through which the reservoir would extend. But that could be handled easily by what the reclamationists call "tidying up the boundaries." What they really mean is doing away with the embarrassing monument. One of the Aspinall bills says it all: "*The Grand Canyon National Monument is hereby abolished. . . .*"

The only trouble is that what Aspinall calls "certain so-called conservation organizations"—mainly meaning the Sierra Club—aren't in the mood for political horse-trading. "We say, preserve the Grand Canyon as it is, all of it, for all time," David Brower tells congressmen. "The dams are uneconomic, risky and unnecessary."

This spring a bombshell was thrown into the battle, almost casually, by the city of Los Angeles. The city's department of water and power long has considered the Grand Canyon a dandy place to generate hydroelectric "peaking" power, the kind that can be fed almost instantly into a system to meet heavy needs. Floyd L. Goss, the department's chief electrical engineer, matter-of-factly told congressmen that what Los Angeles wants is a super-dam, with an electrical output more than three times that envisioned by the Bureau of Reclamation. And if the Federal Government doesn't get cracking, Goss suggested, then fast-moving Los Angeles might team up with Arizona and build the project on their own.

The Goss Plan, as Los Angeles' scheme soon became known around Congress, doesn't make even a small gesture toward the conservationists. It assumes a maximum dam and reservoir at the Hualapai site, *plus* another, smaller dam perhaps seven miles downstream to create a "forebay," a second reservoir. The venerable inner gorge would be blasted and excavated to widen and clear it; the resulting debris would be dumped in side canyons. During peak-demand periods immense quantities of water—far more than the river's flow—would be dropped through generators in the main dam and into the forebay. During slack-demand periods, much of this water would be pumped back behind the main dam. The water level of the forebay would fluctuate violently—as much as 140 feet up and down in a day. This part of the inner gorge would become a vast, pulsating power-generating machine.

Where does it all go from here?

"My crystal ball gets a little cloudy," says Morris Udall. He now finds himself on the opposite side of the fence from his brother, the Secretary of Interior. Morris has a bill in the House that would authorize the much-needed Central Arizona Project, and still tie it to a Hualapai Dam. But this time he makes it clear that he won't fight to the last irrigation ditch for the dam, not if it stands in the way of Arizona's getting the water to which she is entitled. He's quite aware, as are other congressmen, that President Johnson might not sign legislation authorizing a Grand Canyon dam. "This is a brand-new ball game," Congressman Udall sadly admits. "We have the Northwest against us, the Administration against us, the Sierra Club against us. But the stakes are so great that the western states must find a way out. Perhaps with sweet reason we can find it."

The betting now is that the Senate will pass the damless Administration bill by the time this article appears or soon afterward. The real question is what will happen in the House, and more specifically, what Chairman Aspinall will do. First, he must decide whether he can get a dam bill through the House this summer. If he feels he can't, then he will probably stall for a while, perhaps even into next year, trying to win over anti-dam congressmen.

The Arizonans insist that they won't be stalled. "If the CAP founders in Congress," declares Morris Udall, "then Arizona will have to go it alone and build a state dam at Marble Gorge." Skeptics, however, feel that Udall is bluffing. They point out that to build the dam, Arizona or Los Angeles or anyone else would need permission from the Federal Power Commission, a body that is unlikely to defy Congress by allowing such a precipitate action.

So it appears that the conservationists are inching closer to victory in the battle for our Grand Canyon, a battle that started, really, back in 1903 when President Theodore Roosevelt explored it and said, "Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it."

But it isn't wise to make predictions where the Grand Canyon is concerned. Take the case of one of its early explorers, Lt. Joseph C. Ives, who proved to be an eloquent observer but a terrible prophet. He was sent to map the region in 1857 and it proved a frustrating experience. One especially trying day he noted in his journal: "Our reconnoitering parties have been out in all directions, and everywhere have been headed off by impossible obstacles. . . . Ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last, party of whites to visit this profitless locality. It seems intended by nature that the Colorado River, along the greater portion of its lonely and majestic way, shall be forever unvisited and undisturbed." □

"Dump it in the kitchen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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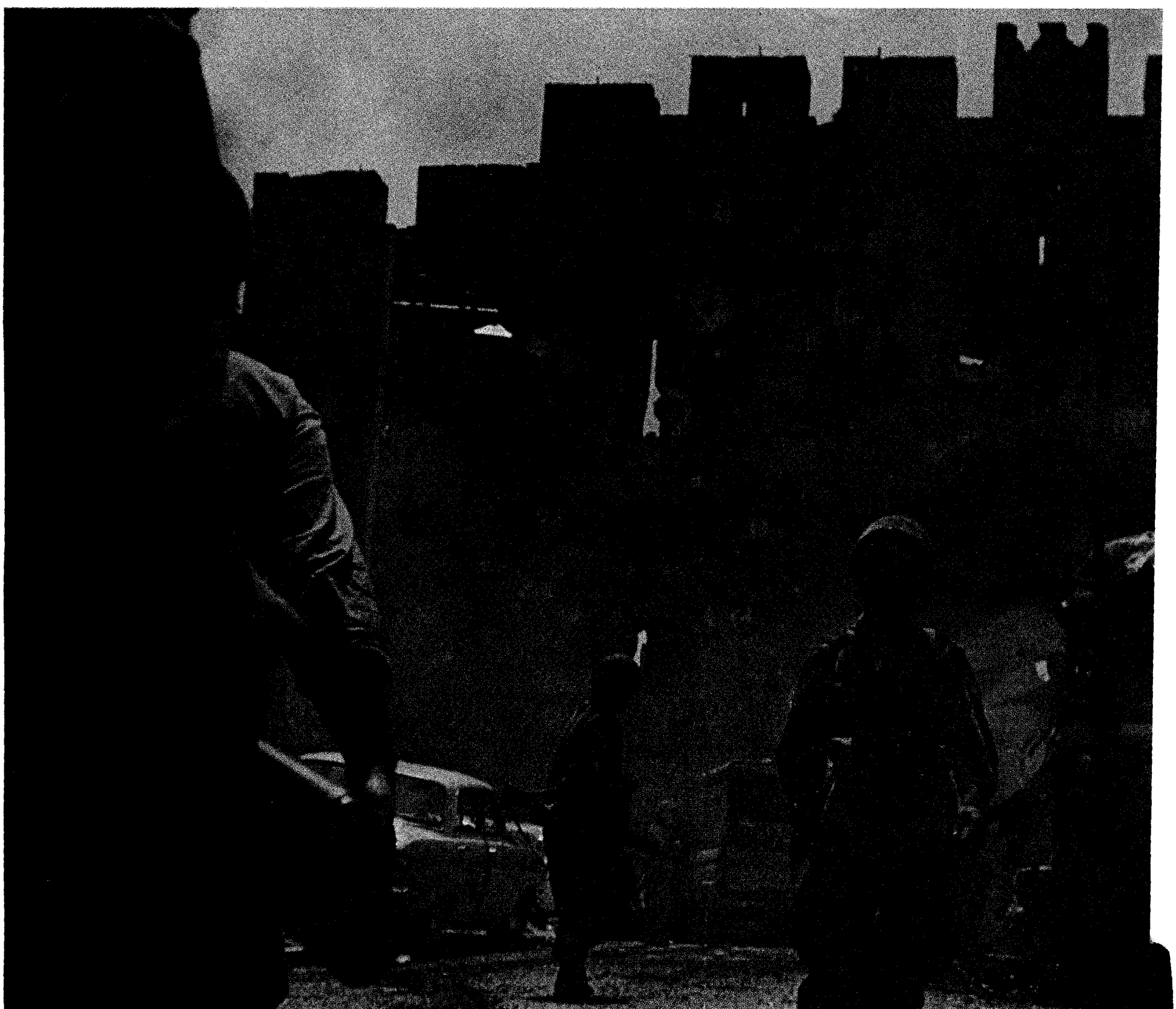
The battle for Jerusalem

When war came to the Holy City, it was more than a military campaign. To the Israelis it was the fulfillment of ancient prophecy. Here is the vivid story of that struggle as the city's inhabitants saw it.

By Sanche de Gramont

Maurice Saporta is an Israeli radio engineer who lives in Jerusalem's Mea Shearim neighborhood, where 5,000 members of the "Guardians of the Wall" sect are concentrated. They are so uncompromisingly orthodox that they refuse to recognize the state of Israel. They are still waiting for the Messiah to return the promised land to the Jews. They shatter the store windows of butchers who sell bacon and throw rocks at people who break the Sabbath. Awakening on Saturday, June 3, Maurice Saporta looked out his bedroom window, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. In the street stood two Guardians of the Wall, with their sausage curls and untamed beards, in long, black coats and round-crowned high hats, and they were breaking the Sabbath: They were filling burlap bags with sand.

In Jerusalem, as in the rest of Israel, preparedness is a reflex to any new threat. The 200,000 Jews in Israel's truncated capital began preparing after May 15, when Egyptian troop concentrations in the Sinai desert were reported. Cryptic mes-



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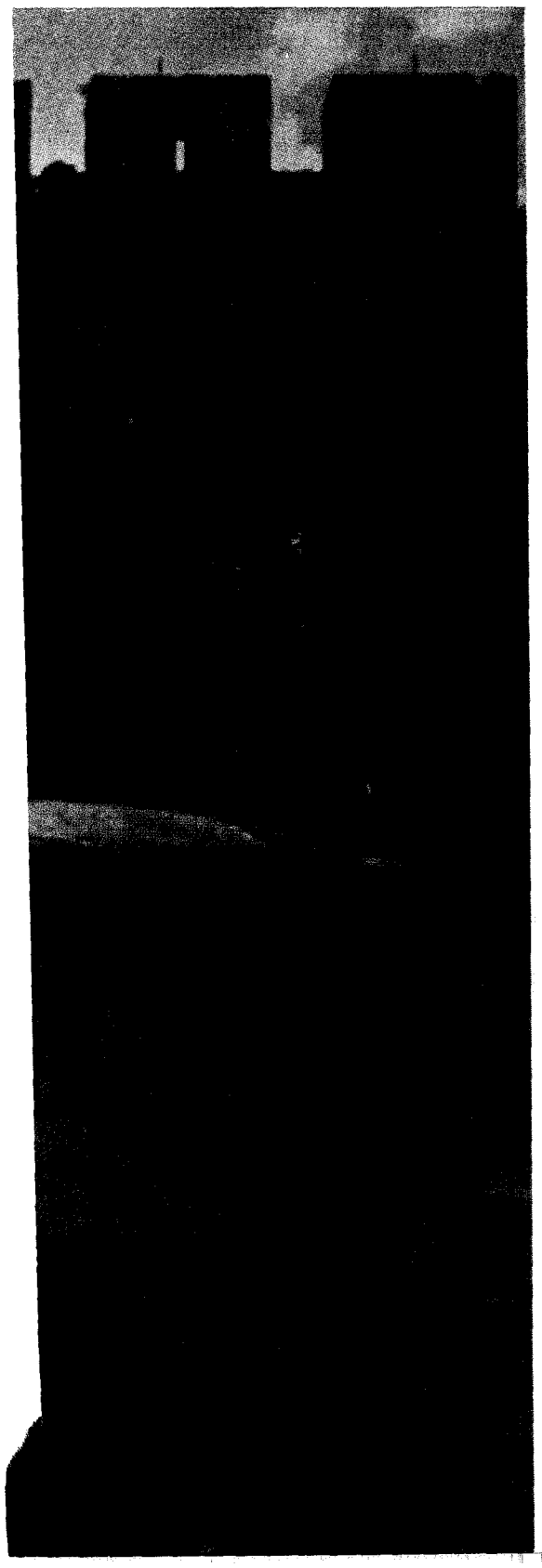
sages interrupted radio programs—"Green lilac, green lilac, please report at noon to the place of concentration." Mobilized reservists took their uniforms out of the closet, oiled their Uzi submachine guns, daubed their cars with mud and kissed their wives and children good-bye. Familiar faces disappeared. A teen-age girl delivered the mail now. Milk deliveries stopped—the milkman was gone and so was his truck.

Housewives hauled mattresses down into the reinforced-concrete bomb shelters. They sewed blackout curtains, taped windowpanes, and cut up bedsheets into bandages because there was a shortage in the pharmacies. But in street conversations they said, "Never in Jerusalem. We had no trouble here in 'Fifty-six. Hussein isn't crazy. He knows his real enemies are the Egyptians." On May 30, however, King Hussein of Jordan signed a mutual defense pact with Pres. Gamal Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic. On May 31 lines began to form in Jerusalem grocery stores. Customers stocked up on canned fruit, rice, sugar.



The smoke of battle rises around St. Stephen's Gate, through which Israeli troops stormed the walled city.

Teddy Kollek, Jerusalem's blond, burly mayor, sent truckloads of sand to each of the city's six civil-defense zones, and provided burlap bags at cost. On Sunday, June 4, he ordered the evacuation of 1,200 Jews from the city blocks along the Israel-Jordan boundary dividing the city. But privately he thought: Here in Jerusalem, where Arab and Jew face each other across the width of a city street, there can be no attack. Hussein will have to do something under Egyptian pressure, so he will attack Eilat [Israel's port on the blockaded Gulf of Aqaba] or somewhere else along the border. But not here.

At 7:50 Monday morning, Ronald Medzini, a history lecturer at Hebrew University, was walking his four-year-old daughter Merav to school when the long, continuous wail of a siren sounded. He wanted to turn back, but Merav began to cry. She thought she was being punished. She liked school and the new games she was learning, like trying to be the first to lie on the floor and cover her head with her hands when teacher clapped. So she got to school that morning, as did 50,000 other Israeli children in Jerusalem.

The siren was an alert that fighting had broken out on the Sinai border. But war still seemed distant to the citizens of Jerusalem, as it did to the 30-year-old army chief of operations for Jerusalem. Maj. David (military security prohibits the use of officers' real names) was in the underground war room with unit commanders, reading his morning newspaper, when Gen. Uzi Narkiss, head of Central Command, which includes Jerusalem, called him at 8 and said, "The battle has begun in the Sinai." The other officers left to join their units, and Maj. David found himself wishing he were in the Sinai. "The little king will never fight," he thought.

But events had overtaken the little king. At 6:30 that morning, a TU-16 Soviet-made bomber had violated Israeli air space north of Eilat, carrying Egyptian Gen. Abdel Moneim Riad to the Jordanian capital of Amman to assume command of King Hussein's army. The bomber was followed by 10 turbojet Antonov transports carrying military equipment and two Egyptian commando units of 350 men each.

At 10 A.M., Maj. David received a report that Jordanian machine-gun positions had opened fire on residential neighborhoods in the Israeli part of the city. It was a warm, luminous morning, with the golden haze over the buildings that is peculiar to Jerusalem, and streets were crowded with shoppers and strollers. In the first burst of firing, 40 civilians were wounded and one was killed. Israeli machine guns returned the fire. But there had been sporadic firing for two or three days; still no one believed that this could be an attack.

An hour later, however, a heavy mortar and artillery bombardment began. The first shells fell on the Hadassah Medical Center, on a hill west of Jerusalem. Dr. Jack Karpas, the center's deputy director, summoned his staff and said, "We are moving into phase C." This meant evacuating the civilian patients who could be moved, and preparing to receive military wounded.

On the Jordanian side of Jerusalem Ben Neal, a 23-year-old tourist from Mineola, Tex., was standing in front of Damascus Gate a little before noon when the blast of an exploding shell almost knocked him off his feet. He ran through the gate into the old walled city and took a room at the Al Arab Hotel. The proprietor gleefully informed Neal, "We will be in Tel Aviv tomorrow. We have already shot down 1,000 Israeli planes." The old city hummed with the voice of Radio Cairo announcing glorious Arab victories.

Shells whistled back and forth with the regularity of a metronome. Jerusalem, so often destroyed, was once again testifying to the fragility of stone. But even after two hours of this artillery duel, Gen. Narkiss still wondered whether it was anything more than King Hussein paying his respects to Arab unity. In his command post he studied a military map of the city, and what he saw was not reassuring.

The Jerusalem District of Israel is a slender finger of land prodding into the bulge of Jordan that was created west of the River Jordan by the terms of the 1948 Arab-Israeli armistice. At its tip, where the armistice line slices north-south through the city, the finger is only four miles across. Twenty-five thousand Jordanian troops were dug into fortifications on the surrounding hilltops. The Israeli capital was all but encircled by two Jordanian tank brigades, concealed heavy-artillery positions and antiaircraft batteries. There were only 5,000 Israeli soldiers inside the city.

Mayor Teddy Kollek was in his city hall office 30 yards from Jordanian gun positions when the first shell exploded. A secret bunker had been prepared for him, but he decided against moving into it—that would be bad for morale. Instead, he visited shelters. "Everywhere I went," he says, "I heard the same plea: Where are the children?" He saw reservists mobilized that morning hoisting antitank guns into position. And he saw ambulances picking up the first of Jerusalem's 15 dead and 1,000 wounded civilian victims of the shelling. In the early afternoon he set out for United Nations headquarters at Government House, an Arab mansion of white stone located on a hill in the no-man's land along the armistice line. A burst of automatic fire greeted him. He slammed on his brakes and backed quickly. Several bullets had struck his car.

Gen. Odd Bull, Norwegian head of the United Nations mission in Jerusalem, was sitting rather indecorously on the floor of Government House, waiting for a heavy mortar bombardment to subside. At 2:30 P.M. Arab Legionnaires were let into the Government House garden's back gate by Jordanian civilians working for the United Nations. A spruce Jordanian major wearing the tasseled red-and-white kefayeh headdress of the Arab Legion saluted Gen. Odd Bull and said, "I have orders to ask you to leave this place."

"I have orders to remain here," the general replied testily, "and I must ask you to have your men evacuate the garden immediately." Through their binoculars, however, Israeli officers could see the Jordanians advancing from Government House into the Israeli side of Jerusalem.

Gen. Narkiss told Maj. David to order a counterattack. Three Israeli companies, supported by two tanks and recoilless rifles mounted on Jeeps, waged a difficult uphill fight and seized the U.N. headquarters and the Jordanian bunkers behind it. Over the protests of Gen. Odd Bull, they evacuated the 50 U.N. personnel to the President Hotel on the Israeli side of Jerusalem.

This initial success, Maj. David believes, plus the promise of air support from squadrons returning from raids on Cairo and Amman airports, led the high command to decide on launching a general offensive against Arab Jerusalem. "The Jordanian occupation of Government House was an accident of history which allowed Israel to achieve the unity of Jerusalem," Maj. David says.

It is not an easy thing to explain what Jerusalem means to the Jews. It is in their blood. The history of the Jewish nation begins in 998 B.C. with King David's conquest of a parched and rocky Judean ridge, which was given the Hebrew name Yerushalayim, city of peace. This it never was, and is not yet. The city has been burned, razed and desecrated by a succession of conquerors, but each time, the more thoroughly it was destroyed, the more sacred it became to the Jews. The first temple built by Solomon to the glory of Jehovah was

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burned by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C. The second temple, finished in 516 B.C., was destroyed by the Romans in A.D. 70. It was then, after the dispersion of the Jews, that the remaining Western Wall became a holy place—the Wailing Wall, where they came to lament the bitterness of exile.

Jerusalem also became a holy city for the Christian and Moslem faiths, but in a different sense. It is holy to the Moslems because they consider Abraham their ancestor as well as the ancestor of the Jews. It is holy to the Christians because there Christ was crucified. But, whereas to Christians and Moslems, Jerusalem is a place of pilgrimage, to the Jews it represents the visible fusion of their religious and historic aspirations.

Each year at Passover, Jews end their prayers with the words, "Next year in Jerusalem." This hope is as strong an element in Israel's daily life as it is in Jewish liturgy. Israelis like Dov Joseph, who was military governor of Jerusalem during the Palestine war of 1948, when the old city was lost after a gallant defense, tell you that they feel the division like the pain of an unhealed wound. "It's not that we have a long memory," Dov Joseph says. "But we live with this promise in the prophecies that Zion will be returned to us. I admit that a people who cling so stubbornly to what once was theirs is a peculiar people."

A peculiar people with a peculiar army—an army composed partly of professional soldiers, among the world's best trained and most resourceful, and partly of one's neighbors, some of whom are so myopic and asthmatic that they would be 4-F in any other country. It is an army where yarmulkes are worn under helmets, privates call their commanding officers by their first names, and officers do not say "forward" but "follow me." That this motley people's army could fight with such bewildering swiftness is not so surprising, however, when one considers that they stood between the enemy and their own families. The battle of Jerusalem was not only a historic quest but also part of a fight for national and personal survival.

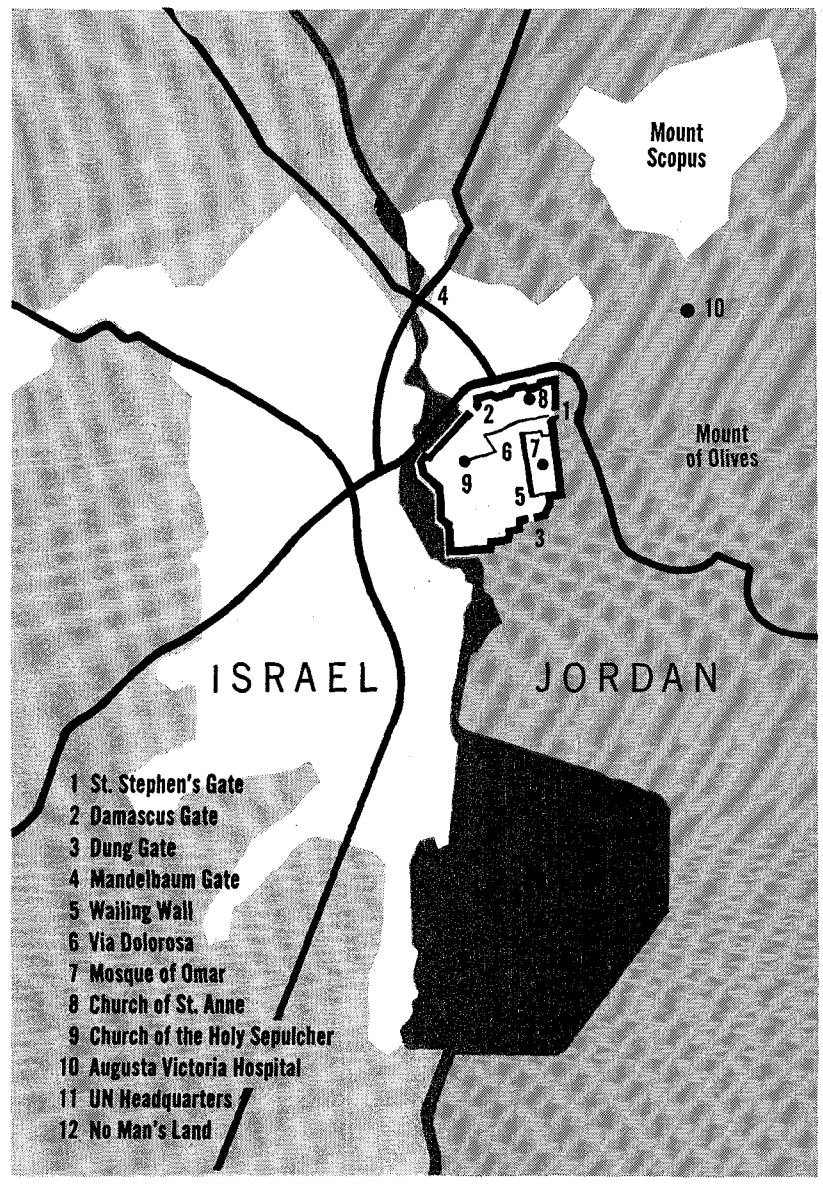
Once the decision to attack Jordanian Jerusalem had been reached, two brigades were brought up from the rear. One was the 10th Armored Brigade, which moved in single file over narrow roads to the Jerusalem corridor. The roads were mined, and when the lead tank was blown up, the one behind pushed it off the road. The second brigade was made up of paratroopers who had been waiting to be flown to El Arish in the Gaza strip for a surprise attack behind Egyptian lines. Instead, they drove to Jerusalem, where they arrived at 4 P.M. for a quick briefing from Maj. David.

Tactics for the capture of Jerusalem have hardly changed in 2,000 years. The Israelis followed the same plan of attack which the Roman general Titus, later emperor, used against the Jews in A.D. 70. The first phase is to secure the heights around the capital and control the roads leading into it: Occupation of the hills around Jerusalem constitutes virtual encirclement. The second phase is to move into the walled city itself, a more delicate matter. Israeli troops were ordered to storm the principal Jordanian fortified high points, and to reinforce the garrison on Mount Scopus, an Israeli enclave wedged between two Jordanian strongpoints northeast of Jerusalem.

It was atop Mount Scopus that Titus set up his headquarters, and it was up Mount Scopus that Jordan's Arab Legion, with British-made Centurion tanks, ventured on Monday afternoon. The Legionnaires were convinced that this strategic prize would fall like an overripe Judean fig, for Israel was allowed to keep only 120 troops on Mount Scopus, armed with nothing heavier than small arms. The tiny garrison's function was to guard Hebrew University and the old Hadassah Hospital. Every two weeks a battleship-gray armored bus crossed the border at Mandelbaum Gate—which is not a gate at all, but simply a couple of shabby tin-roofed huts and a police border-control post—and chugged up the steep road to the top of Mount Scopus, bringing supplies and relieving half the garrison.

For 19 years the Israelis had been preparing the defense of Mount Scopus. Piece by piece, howitzers, Jeeps and recoilless rifles were smuggled in. Every Israeli who came to Mount Scopus brought in some contraband item. Smuggling heavy armament was a flagrant violation of the armistice agreement. But Israel, like a porcupine, has had to develop unconventional methods of defense because it is so vulnerable.

Joshua Isaac, a 30-year-old bank clerk with prematurely gray hair, a barrel chest, and an uncle who is a tailor in the Bronx, was one of the 120 men in the Mount Scopus garrison on Monday afternoon. He manned a Browning machine gun in a four-foot-deep trench below the soccer field of Hebrew University, and he saw the Jordanian tanks move confidently up the hill, their guns firing. As he watched, recoilless rifles mounted on Jeeps in camouflaged Israeli positions opened up on the tanks when they were halfway up Mount Scopus. They hit three of the tanks almost simultaneously. After half an hour of firing, the amazed Jordanians fell back to their own positions.



While Mount Scopus was holding off the Jordanian attack, Israeli paratroopers were taking heavy losses in direct assaults on other strategic high points. From his office in Hadassah Medical Center, Dr. Jack Karpas saw the attack on Nebbi Samuel—the hill where the prophet Samuel sat in judgment—which controls the main road northwest to Tel Aviv. He saw the men in their dappled uniforms crawling slowly across mine fields, saw the dazzling flare of exploding mines, and the bodies that stopped moving. He saw Israeli helicopters load the wounded and land them on the medical center's improvised heliport. By an accident of strategy, Hadassah had become a front-line medical unit; it handled one third of the 2,563 Israeli military wounded. About one fourth of the men brought in required major operations. But of all the wounded treated in Hadassah (including 40 Jordanian soldiers), only three died. In that same interval, five babies were born in the maternity ward. The medical center's balance was on the side of life.

The American consulate for Jordanian Jerusalem is about 200 yards from Mandelbaum Gate. On Monday evening, Mack Hall, the gray-haired, bespectacled American consul, was sitting down to a quiet dinner with his wife, Priscilla, when seven shells in rapid succession slammed into the consulate's second floor. Then, as the Israelis prepared to cross into Jordan, the building was caught in a crossfire. When the shelling and machine-gun fire had subsided, Mack Hall went upstairs to inspect the damage. There were neat rows of machine-gun bullets across the wardrobe closet of his bedroom. Inside the closet his suits were hanging in shreds.

Israeli commandos took the Jordanian platoon headquarters near Mandelbaum by climbing over rooftops and coming in through the kitchen of their bunker. Capt. Isaac, a tall blond Israeli wearing a black skullcap, says, "They were dug in like the Maginot Line, but when we dropped in they had to fight from room to room. They didn't like that. Look at those uniforms on the ground. They took them off before running away. Even their underwear. Makes you wonder what they left in."

On Monday night, however, Israeli Jerusalem was still tense with anxiety, largely because of the news blackout that first day. Radio Israel, the only link with the outside for the people in the shelters, broadcast patriotic songs instead of information. The greatest single fear was air raids. The Knesset building was blacked out when deputies assembled to swear in the new cabinet ministers, including Moshe Dayan, named Defense Minister the previous week. Nearly all the 120 deputies showed up. But they were apprehensive. They exchanged rumors and experiences—"Where were you when it started? Was your house hit? Are the children all right?" Then David Ben-Gurion arrived, beaming, and announced, "Three hundred and sixty-two Arab planes have been smashed." The mood changed. Everyone trooped up to the Knesset's main hall. The swearing in was almost jovial.

With the news of the air-force victory, which was broadcast at midnight, the Jews of Jerusalem regained their old sense of humor. On the bulletin board of a Jerusalem government

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Within days of the war's end Israeli bulldozers started demolishing the walls, erected in 1948, that had denied Israelis access to Jordanian Jerusalem for the past 19 years.

building someone put up an Egyptian travel poster that said: "Only in Egypt can you clamber atop ancient pyramids, frolic at Cleopatra's famous beach, hydrofoil to history in the making at Abu Simbel. See your nearest U.A.R. representative." A jubilant footnote had been inked in: "Change of address—for details see Israel Tourist Corp., King George Road, Jerusalem."

Civilians began to emerge from their shelters in the predawn darkness on Tuesday. They saw pink and white flares drop lazily over the city and illuminate the familiar skyline. The unmistakable silhouettes of Mirage III fighter-bombers, with javelin nose and swept-back wings, appeared in the sky, making their first raids over Jordanian positions after returning from Cairo and Amman. In the Jerusalem war room, Maj. David judged that the intervention of the Israeli planes was the turning point of the battle. "For the first twenty-four hours the Arab Legion fought well," he says. "But the air force had a powerful psychological effect. Whenever the enemy saw a plane, they knew it had to be one of ours."

As dawn broke on Tuesday, air-force and artillery spotters like Aaron Krantz watched the battle from the roof of the Federation of Trade Unions building, Jerusalem's tallest. They could see squadrons of Mirages soar in single file over Jordanian bunkers, peel off, and dive out of sight, lower than the tips of the cupolas and minarets. They could hear the burst of the rockets and the cough of the Jordanian antiaircraft guns, and they cheered as each plane climbed steeply out of its dive. Paratroopers were opening the Scopus road. Nebbi Samuel and other Jordanian strongpoints north of the city had been taken. The road to Ramallah, 10 miles to the north, was opened. Alongside dead Jordanians at Ramallah, Israelis found the bodies of Egyptian commandos. Part of their equipment was a Hebrew phrase book. They had been learning sentences like "Political parties in Israel are a source of discord."

The paratroop brigade diverted from its El Arish mission was progressing with tanks and half-tracks across Jerusalem's Sheikh Jarrah quarter, just east of the armistice line, after an eerie night battle through minefields and barbed wire in which they lost 50 dead. Their objective was the Rockefeller Museum, which houses Jordan's archaeological treasures. Garo Nalkadjian, a young Armenian who runs a camera store near the museum, saw tanks lumbering toward him on Tuesday morning. One stopped to ask directions of an Arab boy. When the tanks had passed, Garo called the boy over. "I think they're Iraqui tanks come to help us," the boy said. "They speak Arabic, but with a funny accent."

Reaching the museum that morning, Israeli troops found a Pompeii-like scene. There were half-smoked cigarettes in ashtrays on the desk of the curator's office, and half-finished cups of Turkish coffee in flowered porcelain cups. The Israeli soldiers were now 50 yards away from Arab Legionnaires concealed behind the crenelated northern battlements of the old city. The Arabs were firing through long, narrow slots in the thick brown walls, just as the Crusaders who lost the Holy City to the Saracens in 1187 had rained arrows on the infidels.

Joseph Itskovitz, a blond-bearded, 23-year-old mechanical engineer who had been mobilized on May 17, was firing at the battlements across the road from a window in one of the museum's display rooms. Behind him stood one of its best-known exhibits, the skeleton of a 100,000-year-old prehistoric man discovered in the Carmel caves. Itskovitz found himself incongruously repeating, "Pray God they don't damage the Carmel man." It was as though he had been appointed guardian of the blanched bones behind him.

On Tuesday afternoon, part of the 10th Armored Brigade, moving to secure the road to Hebron, south of Jerusalem, passed through the village of Gush Etzion. Atrocities had been committed here in the 1948 Palestine war, when the Arabs had turned Jewish prisoners over to the mob. One of the 10th Brigade's officers had had

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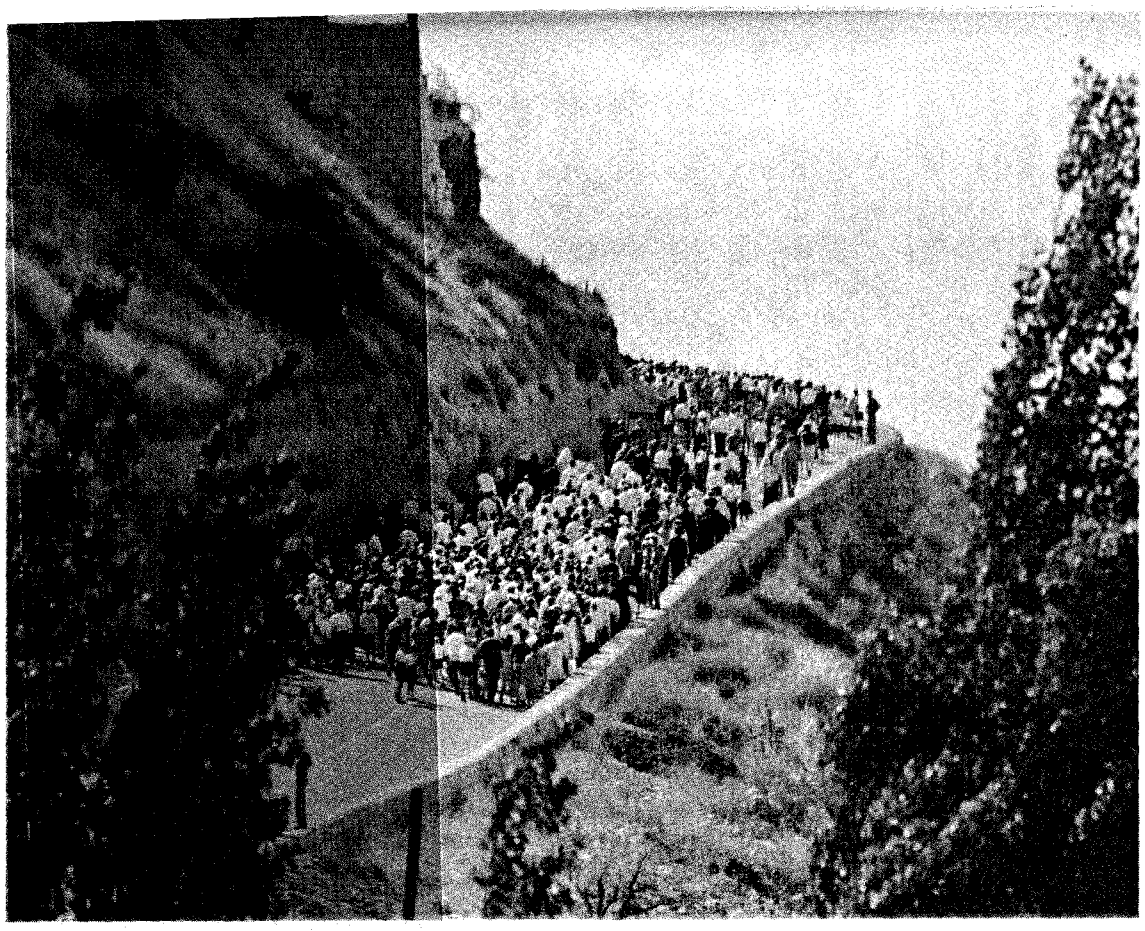

On June 14—Shavuot—*pilgrims from all over Israel crowded into Jerusalem on road built for Pope Paul's 1964 visit.*

close relatives killed at Gush Etzion. He had been told the story of the massacre in detail by one of the four survivors. "All these years I had looked across the border at Gush Etzion," he says, "and now I was taking it back." Perhaps some of the Arabs who were bowing and applauding the Israeli troops had taken part in the '48 atrocities. But he suddenly realized that he no longer hated them. It had been too long. His hatred had not kept.

Darkness falls quickly over Jerusalem, and by the time it fell on Tuesday, June 6, Israeli forces had broken through the Jordanian encirclement both north and south of the Jerusalem corridor, eating their way as far south as Hebron. Only the Legionnaires east of Jerusalem, at the Augusta Victoria Hospital and on the Mount of Olives, still held. The old city, site of so many conquests—taken by the Romans from the Jews and by the Saracens from the Crusaders—was once again besieged, this time by the Jews themselves.

That night the first scouts were sent into the old city to probe the extent of Jordanian strength. The old city had to be taken in a clean assault. The precautions taken to preserve the holy places help explain why there were 170 Israeli soldiers killed in the battle of Jerusalem, compared with 250 in the entire Sinai campaign against the bulk of Nasser's army.

Among the paratroopers who slipped into the old city that night were two close friends. Zeveulen Blitstein was of Eastern European origin, and his friend was from Morocco. Their patrol was soon lost inside the walls of the old city. Walking through rubble on the other side of a wall from a Jordanian sentry post, one of the men slipped. "Who's there?" a Jordanian voice called out. The Moroccan-born paratrooper replied in flawless Arabic that they were an Arab patrol from battalion headquarters. The sentry asked for a password which the Moroccan Israeli did not know. He tried to bluff. The sentry asked him to stand and show himself.

The dark, aquiline-featured Moroccan Jew looked so much like an Arab that he stood and exposed himself. A flashlight blinded him and there was firing. He was shot through the chest. The Israeli patrol dispersed. Blitstein carried his friend and hid among some ruins. He had to move often during the night to avoid approaching patrols. Nervous Arabs fired bursts in the direction of every sound they heard, and he was wounded. Toward morning he collapsed in the corner of a deserted house. He tried to cover the hole in his friend's chest with his hand but the blood oozed between his fingers. The Israelis found him on Wednesday morning in a state of shock, his hand still clasped tightly over his dead friend's chest.

Wednesday at dawn Israeli jets dropped canisters of napalm on Jordanian prefabricated barracks at the base of Augusta Victoria Hospital, scorching the top half of the hill black. Israeli infantry moved behind tanks to take the hill in an assault that one observer described as "exactly like drill at officers' school. The tanks first, the infantry in clusters behind mortars, forming a diamond pattern on the hill, and when they were almost at the top, the final charge in one straight line."

As the last Jordanian high point collapsed, paratroopers attacked the old city through St. Stephen's Gate, in the eastern wall, and the Dung Gate in the southern. They were joined by four militia rifle companies recruited in Jerusalem. The Via Dolorosa, the route Christ followed with the cross, goes through St. Stephen's Gate and continues uphill, past the station of the Flagellation and the Ecce Homo station, and this was one of the routes the Israelis now followed into the old city. Directly across from the Ecce Homo station, which is a convent today, the Jordanians were entrenched inside an elementary school. There were also Jordanian snipers atop a minaret across from the 12th-century crusader Church of St. Anne, built over the pool where Christ cured the paralytic. Israeli jets circled above it but held their fire, as did the tanks.

The paratroopers, deprived of air support, suffered heavy losses. They were combat-weary and nervous as they rushed through St. Stephen's Gate. One fired a burst at something that moved on the right. It was a seminarian opening the door of St. Anne's, just inside the gate. He was shot in the foot. Half the paratroopers proceeded up the Via Dolorosa to mop up the Jordanians in the school. The rest cut left to join those who had come in through the Dung Gate on the broad esplanade of the Mosque of Omar (Dome of the Rock). By this time small groups of civilians were starting to surface, approaching the Israelis in the stealthy, hesitant manner of an alley cat suddenly face to face with a large and growling dog. White flags began to appear at windows.

Jim Neal, the young Texan in the Al Arab Hotel near the Damascus Gate, was in the hotel lobby on Wednesday morning when the owner, who had been so confident of victory, came in weeping. "All Arab kings are bad," he said. He removed the portraits of Hussein and Nasser that hung behind the reception desk and tore them up. "It was so quiet," Neal says, "that I didn't realize the Israelis had moved in until I saw them below my window. The Arabs wanted me to stay in the hotel and protect them. 'We know what we would do to the Israelis, and we don't want them to do the same to us,' they said."

Organized resistance collapsed swiftly in the old city, but snipers remained a danger for days. As an Israeli sergeant-major explains, "You go into a room and it leads into another room, and steps going up, and steps going down, and an endless maze of passageways. Anywhere in this maze there may be a suicide-squad sniper." Besides snipers, there was the peril of simple emotion itself. "My men were walking about the old city as in a dream," a platoon leader says. "Tears rolled down their faces. They did not even bother to take cover. They had realized the two-thousand-year-old prophecy of recovering Jerusalem."

The emotional rush to the Wailing Wall was an example of this peril. Every Israeli knows what 'Article Eight' is. It is the paragraph in the 1948 armistice agreement that guarantees them access to the Wailing Wall. The 19-year violation of Article Eight has rankled perhaps more than any other single Arab harassment. Many of the soldiers who stormed the old city were infants in 1948 and had never seen the wall. When they broke into a run crossing the Mosque of Omar esplanade and scurried down an exposed flight of narrow steps—which soon became a prime target for Jordanian snipers—they were reacting to some deep, archetypal stimulus. They touched the wall and sobbed, as their ancestors had, when victory should have made them exult. Not only the soldiers were affected. Mike Elkins, a reporter, forgot about his tape recorder and his microphone and his interviewing, leaned his head against one of the large blocks of hand-hewn stone, and wept. On the inside of a cardboard film wrapper he scribbled a message and pushed it in a chink, not for his own embattled contemporaries but for those of his 11-year-old son: "May Jonathan and his generation live in peace."

The mournful bleating of the shofar sounded. Unshaven, red-eyed soldiers, their combat uniforms stained with sweat and blood, donned their skullcaps, opened small leather-bound prayer books and rocked back and forth as they chanted: "Thank the Lord, for the Lord has been kind." Beyond the wall, heavy firing could still be heard. But the war was forgotten.

As some soldiers prayed, others hunted snipers through garbage-strewn alleys and rounded up prisoners in a house-to-house search. A paratrooper with a loudspeaker said in Arabic: "Please obey orders. You will not be harmed. Stay in your homes. Lay your arms on your doorsteps." Men appeared waving white flags and were politely but firmly told to stay indoors. Over 100 prisoners squatted outside the Ophthalmic Hospital, their faces to the wall, their hands behind their heads. Three blindfolded prisoners in blue pajamas, hands tied behind them, lay face down in a pile of gravel. What you could see of their faces was purple and congested. "Snipers," said a guard.

The suddenness of the Israeli victory left Jerusalem's 60,000 Arabs numb. After hearing for days that Israel had been cut in two at its narrow waist, and that Tel Aviv was a smoldering shell, they were confronted with reality in the form of Israeli troops on their doorsteps. A Jordanian judge, a sophisticated man, barricaded himself, his wife and his children in one room of his Sheikh Jarrah apartment, and listened to the radio turned down to a whisper. When he finally came out, he was hysterical. "But we were winning," he said. "It

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was supposed to end before reaching Jerusalem."

At 7 P.M. on Wednesday, Gen. Chaim Herzog was appointed military governor of the west bank of Jordan, and thus became the first Jew to govern the whole city of Jerusalem since A.D. 70.

Looting had begun. It is a marginal activity of every victorious army. In Jerusalem there was surprisingly little of it. "I was in the British army in 1945, and I know what looting is," Gen. Herzog says. "Then it lasted for months. Here it was over in forty-eight hours. It wasn't the paratroopers. They didn't touch a pin. It was the men who came in afterward with nothing to do but stand there. Well, war is not a picnic. The army is not an insurance company."

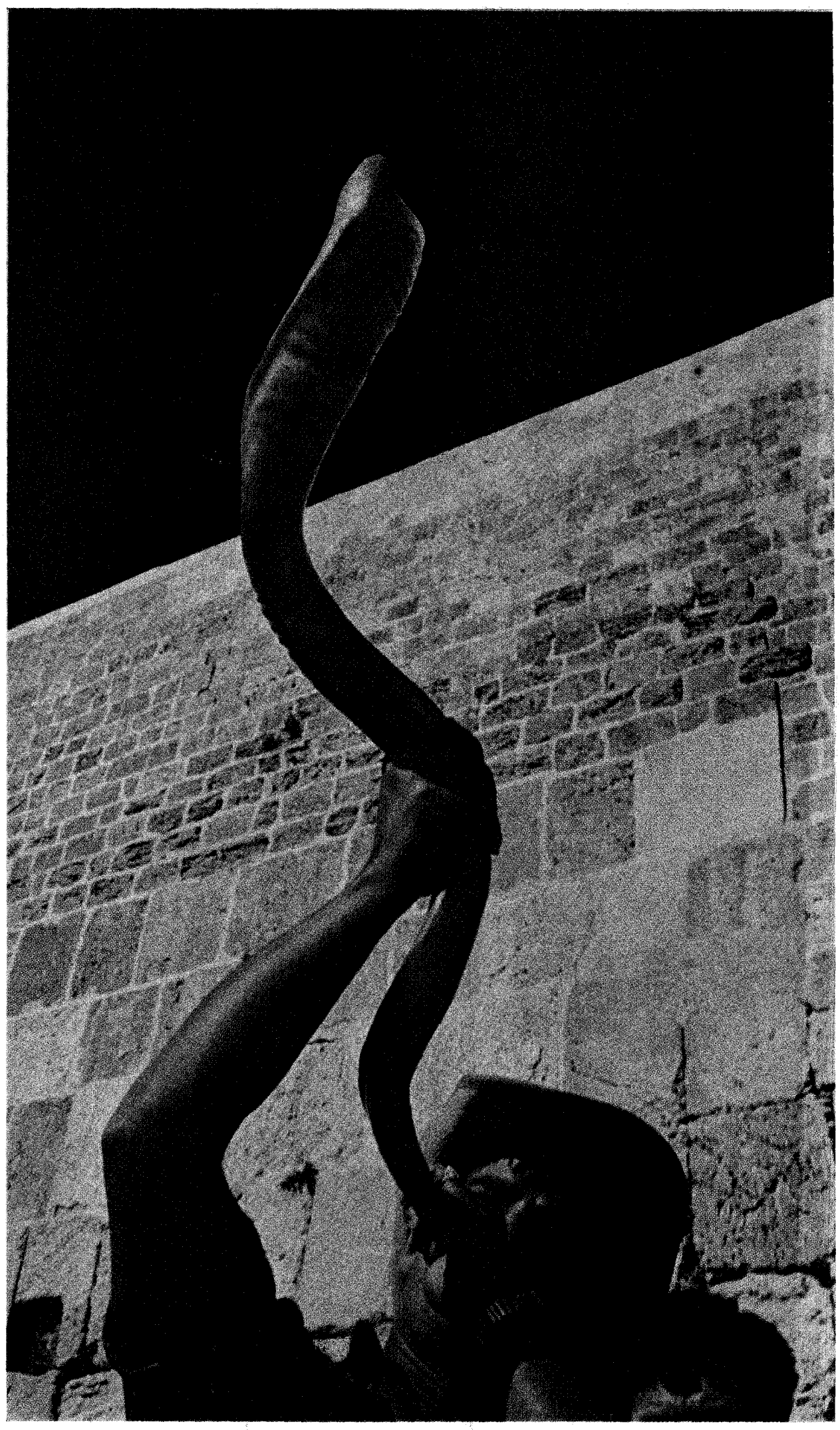
On Thursday evening in the bar of the Ambassador Hotel, General Herzog presided over a meeting of Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Russian Orthodox, Melchite, Armenian, Anglican, Coptic and Ethiopian prelates. Together they drank L'ha-im (to life) in Israeli champagne, and the aged Greek patriarch Benedictos remarked with great tact that "thanks to the care and prudence of the Israeli army, the holy places have suffered no damage, except perhaps certain places which were inevitable."

The Arab is resilient, and by Friday the shock of conquest had given way to the necessities of commerce. The old city seemed as crowded and disorderly as ever, as fragrant with the smells of foods and spices. Paratroopers were transformed into tourists who haggled in curiosity shops over the price of a plastic crown of thorns. Outside the undamaged Church of the Holy Sepulcher, a Greek Orthodox deacon in a purple cassock was learning his first words of Hebrew from Israeli guards.

Within 48 hours, water and electricity were working again in Jordanian Jerusalem. Bulldozers started to make the unity of the capital a physical fact by pushing over the dividing walls built in '48 and opening the sealed gates of the old city. Officials foresaw a profitable tourist boom. Some Arab families were evacuated so that their homes in front of the Wailing Wall could be razed to make room for a spacious plaza. Funds were raised to rebuild the synagogues destroyed in 1948. Jordanian civil servants and policemen were asked to report for duty. "It's the old system of indirect rule which the Romans practiced on us," says an Israeli major. "Government by the Jordanians and for the Jordanians."

But Jerusalem is essentially different from the other territory won by the Israelis in June. What they did with the Sinai desert, the Gaza strip and the west bank of the Jordan was a matter to be debated by their own political parties and negotiated with other powers. But Jerusalem was not a matter for debate or negotiation; the Knesset moved swiftly to authorize the proclamation that formally reunited the city on June 28.

The fact that much of the world—including the United States—disapproved of this action deterred the Israelis not at all, although some doubt remained whether this was "annexation" of Jordanian territory or simply "administrative reunification" of the city. Whatever the action was called, Jerusalem to the Israelis is not a piece of real estate to be bartered by diplomats, but Zechariah's prophecy fulfilled: "Yea, many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem and pray before the Lord. . . . In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you." □



Standing by the Wailing Wall, an Israeli soldier blows the shofar, signaling return to this Jewish holy place.

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Editorial

The numbers game

"The war is not a stalemate. We are winning, slowly but steadily."

—Gen. William Westmoreland

It has been 21 years now that Ho Chi Minh has led the Communist insurgency in Vietnam. Boys have been born, raised, recruited and killed all within the span of this endless war. It was some 15 years ago that the United States began subsidizing the French forces fighting Ho's Communists, and countless millions of dollars' worth of planes and armaments and supplies all ended in the apocalypse of Dien Bien Phu. It has been about 10 years now since the United States began "helping" the South Vietnamese with dollars and then guns—five years since American troops appeared on the scene, and two years since they engaged in full combat. And during all these years, during battles and during lulls, somebody has been prophesying victory in much the same words that General Westmoreland used last month.

When General Westmoreland took command of the Vietnam campaign three years ago, he had an expeditionary force of about 25,000 troops. Now he has 460,000, and, "to reinforce our mounting pressure," he wants still more. Defense Secretary McNamara, who must find the means of providing such additional troops, was reluctant to agree. One of his first questions to General Westmoreland was how he could achieve more results with the forces already in Vietnam. In the end, it seems a foregone conclusion that more men will be provided—fewer than General Westmoreland wants, more than Secretary McNamara wants. It also seems a foregone conclusion that these forces will not be enough, and that it is only a matter of time before General Westmoreland asks for more.

To provide still more troops, and yet to deny Westmoreland the forces he asks, seems to be an evasion of the real questions of how this war is going and how it can be brought to an end. Despite Westmoreland's claims of victory, his request for 140,000 more troops seems in itself a confession of failure—not of defeat but of the stalemate that he denies. If all these troops are really necessary, it seems hard to see how he can be "winning," slowly or otherwise. Still, let us assume that the average commander is an optimist, and that he invariably feels a good job could be done even better if there were just more troops to throw into the fight.

The more fundamental evasion seems to be that of Secretary McNamara. For if our commander in the field declares that he needs a certain number of reinforcements, how can anyone from Washington tell him he doesn't really need them? But conversely, if he is not really winning the war with the 460,000 men he now has, how can a "compromise" reinforcement of a few thousands achieve victory? In short, if our force in Vietnam is too small to achieve its goals, then it's presumably a lot too small. The likeliest explanation for McNamara's reluctance is that the political and financial cost of sending massive reinforcement is more than the Administration wants to face.

Behind this evasion, of course, is the evasion of the whole American people. According to the latest Harris Poll, 58 percent of Americans want an increased military effort, whereas only 36 percent want a greater effort at negotiating a settlement. As for specifics, 72 percent favor the continued bombing of North Vietnam, and no less than 48 percent favor a ground invasion of North Vietnam. Despite their belligerent views, however, one can't help wondering whether these hawks don't somehow expect somebody else to do the shooting. According to most estimates, the war, as it is now being fought, will last for years, perhaps five, perhaps ten. Thus, if Americans are now getting killed at a rate of 7,500 a year, the question becomes: Are we prepared to sacrifice 75,000 American lives in order to win the war in Vietnam?

Perhaps a majority would answer yes, but the implication of these appeals for greater military effort is that a greater effort would end the war sooner and at smaller cost. It is an unrealistic implication. If it takes a half million men to win the war "slowly but steadily," how many would it take to win the war quickly? A million? Even more? Then the questions to be asked in a poll are: Do you favor calling up the reserves? Do you favor ending all draft exemptions? Do you favor increasing taxes by, say, one quarter?

One of the great illusions about our struggle in Vietnam has always been that it could be won fairly easily, that the Communists, facing our overwhelming strength, would simply end their 20-year struggle and give up—that it is not, in short, a real war. One suspects that Secretary McNamara himself was once a victim of this illusion, and that the Communists' dogged refusal to give up has provided him with a terrible lesson in the illogicality of warfare. For though he can provide still more forces, the fact is that the Communists, too, still have reserve forces that haven't yet even entered the battle. And who, on either side, dares tell his followers that the goal may not be worth the cost?

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